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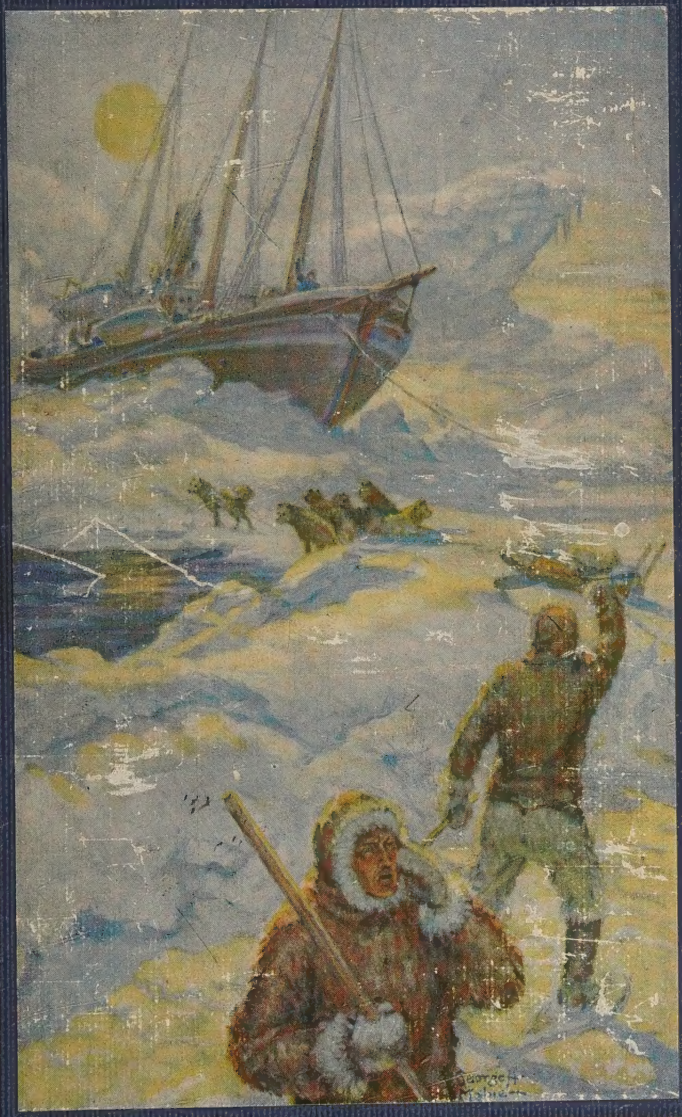

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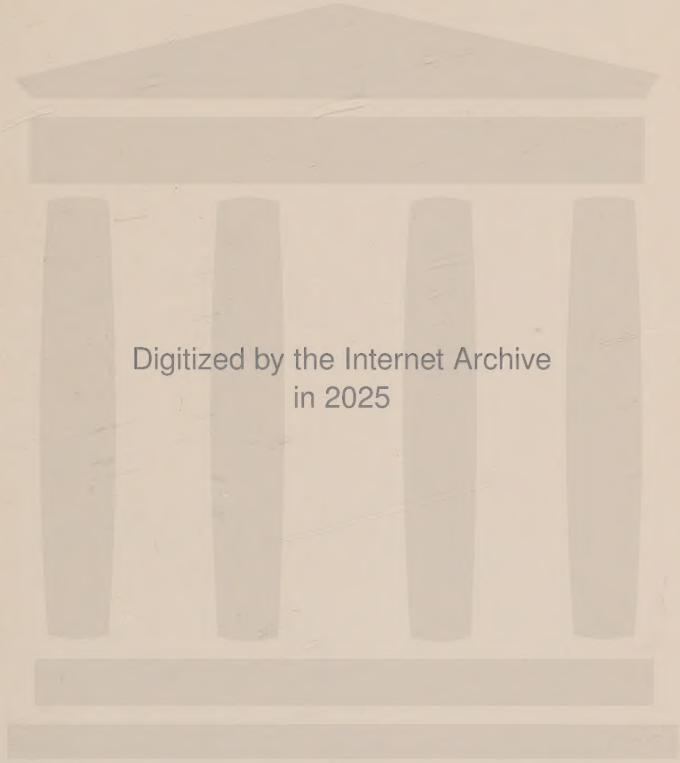

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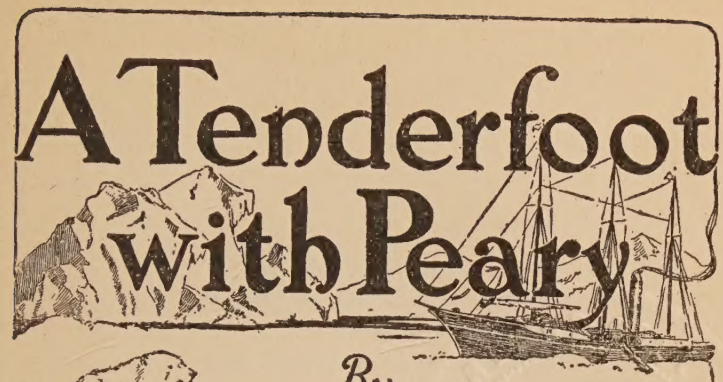
"WE SET OUT ON A DEAD GALLOP FOR THE SHIP, WHOOPING HER UP LIKE A BAND OF INDIANS"

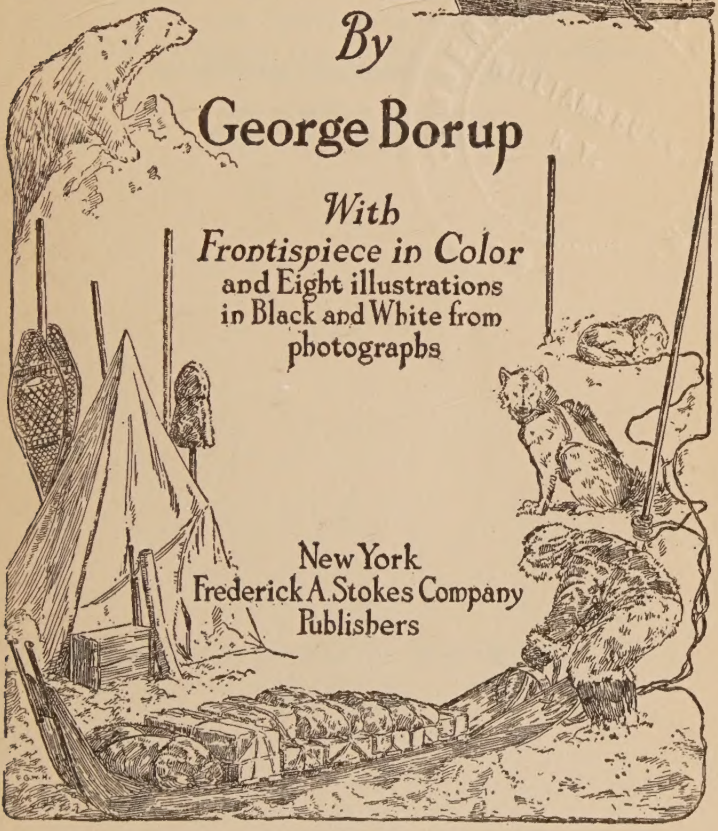
A Tenderfoot with Peary



By

George Borup

With
Frontispiece in Color
and Eight illustrations
in Black and White from
photographs



New York
Frederick A. Stokes Company
Publishers

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This Edition Published 1928
Second Printing May 29, 1929

Printed in the United States of America

TO THE MEMORY OF
ROSS MARVIN

1626

PREFACE

"PLEASE write me a preface," said the boy, "if only of a hundred lines"—he is only a boy. Yet, like the youth of all ages, he is full of the spirit of adventure, possibly inherited from his forebears, who saw duty, in the army, or as pioneers on the far western plains.

When our gallant little army fought its way across the continent to the Pacific coast, in the days now gone forever, it was regarded as the school of heroic endeavor for the youth of our nation. As well it might be, for the highway from east to west now happily spanned by the rails of commerce and peace was for more than a hundred years a trail of blood and death.

And following back the course of the pioneers, it takes but a short stretch of the imagination to carry us to the heroic days of the fair-haired, blue-eyed Norsemen, who, impelled by the spirit of adventure, took to their ships after the farming season was over and sailed the seas near and far. Here was bred a sturdy race, seamen and fighters, with bold hearts and stout arms, who knew not

fear. Here also our young author finds a prototype.

These fishermen, following the whales to their retreat in the far north, and battling with ice and cold, were the starting point of a line of explorers and discoverers who for more than four hundred years have commanded some of the best blood and brains of those who sailed the sea. They have carried on the campaign of discovery toward the "Ultima Thule," the North Pole of the earth, through a long series of heroic souls—Barrents, Jackman, Willoughby, Frobisher, Hudson, Franklin and a host of others to the present day.

But when we consider the toll of hardship and life which the grim king of the frosty north has collected of all men and of all nations that have dared to venture within his dominions, we are impelled to ask "To what purpose?"

I may answer now as I have a hundred times before:—to every purpose that is noble, for the benefit of mankind,—that all may have knowledge though at the price of trial and suffering on the part of the investigator of earth's phenomena. To the same purpose that Galileo endured the punishments of Rome for the acquiring of knowledge, to the same purpose that scientists and thinkers in every age have endured

hardship that they might know the truth. For knowledge in the end is power, wealth, and happiness for mankind.

Is there no good to come to this great nation by encouraging that sacrifice of self-interest, of comfort, possibly even of life itself, which is necessary for the successful Arctic explorer?

It is a terrible thing to be cold—cold unto death itself. When gnawing hunger is added to the fangs of cold, and through long hardship the heroic spark flickers and is about to go out, when it requires the combined thoughts of home, friends, and dying comrades who must be saved, to arouse one more effort to break the bonds of death, the escape from the ice king and his terrors is indeed a thing for which we must be devoutly grateful. And when a man who has made one such escape goes back again into the North that we may have knowledge, he shows truly the Christian spirit of sacrifice for others which we prize in this Christian land. In this school heroes are made.

Commander Peary continued in the struggle through half a life-time. Though rebuffed time and again in these many years of suffering and constant endeavor, though often driven back, he was never defeated. He always kept in view his one aim—to accomplish the work, though it had

defeated many brave hearts and demanded the lives of many.

Yet what could one man do without the loyal support of subordinates and comrades? To this support, coupled with the well-designed plan, do I attribute the final success of the last expedition for the North Pole of the earth. And not the least of the party is he of whom I write, who stood shoulder to shoulder with veterans of Arctic work and though but a boy accomplished a man's task.

In this modest book he has given to the world an account of his most interesting experiences, and I commend it to readers of literature of exploration and to lovers of books of travel. It was Emerson who said "we need books of this tart cathartic virtue." We can congratulate ourselves on the appearance of a new one from the pen of this young author of virile heart and hand. Anything which can be said about it must be uninteresting compared with the work itself; therefore I leave my young friend in the hands of those who I know will be the enchanted readers.

G. W. MELVILLE,
Rear Admiral U. S. N. Retired.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

The Voyage to Greenland 1

CHAPTER II

Taking Eskimos Aboard—Catching Little Auks . . 18

CHAPTER III

Walrus Shooting 31

CHAPTER IV

Final Preparations at Etah—The Argonauts' *au Revoir*—Bucking the Ice 43

CHAPTER V

Arrival at Cape Sheridan—Unloading the *Roosevelt* —Breaking in the Tenderfeet 61

CHAPTER VI

Hunting Trip to Cape Columbia—The *Roosevelt* Nipped by the Ice 76

CONTENTS

CHAPTER VII

PAGE

Photographing on Board—Igloo Building—Sledging to Cape Columbia 93

CHAPTER VIII

Return of the Scouts—Their Yarns—The Winter Solstice and the Expedition of an Eskimo Boy to Find the Returning Sun—Christmas—Hunting Hares—Lost in a Blizzard 110

CHAPTER IX

Final Preparations for the Dash—The Eskimo . . 128

CHAPTER X

Rushing the Pole 141

CHAPTER XI

Laying Down Caches after Reaching Land—Return to the Ship 191

CHAPTER XII

MacMillan's Experiences on the Polar Dash—Marvin's Death—Departure for Cape Morris Jesup—A Musk-Ox Hunt 199

CHAPTER XIII

Arrival at Cape Morris Jesup—Letter from Commander Peary—Soundings and Tidal Observations—Musk-Ox Hunting 229

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XIV

PAGE

The Start Back for the Ship—Finding Peary's Record at Cape Washington 248

CHAPTER XV

Commander Peary's System Compared with Others—Hunting Trip to Clements Markham Inlet—Capture of Musk-Ox Calf—An Eclipse of the Sun . . . 259

CHAPTER XVI

End of the Hunt—Photographing Birds' Eggs—Widow Buster has Piblokto—Monument to Marvin 276

CHAPTER XVII

Homeward Bound—Seal Shooting—Meeting of the Bride with the Groom who went with Peary to Win Her—Mac Shot 283

CHAPTER XVIII

Meeting Whitney—Dr. Cook—Last Walrus Hunt—Arrival in Labrador 299

ILLUSTRATIONS

"WE SET OUT ON A DEAD GALLOP FOR THE SHIP, WHOOPING HER UP LIKE A BAND OF INDIANS" *(in color)* . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Facing Page

THE COMMANDER 24

ROSS MARVIN 56

"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE" 88

AN ESKIMO LOAN EXHIBITION 106

AFTER THE BEEF TRUST 154

PEARY'S SECOND SUPPORTING PARTY 186

THE TOILERS OF THE NORTH 218

THE TENDERFOOT AFTER HIS POLAR PICNIC . . 282

A TENDERFOOT WITH PEARY

"You may recall that sweep of savage splendor,
That land that measures each man at his worth,
And feel in memory, half fierce, half tender,
The brotherhood of men that know the north."

—SERVICE

A TENDERFOOT WITH PEARY

CHAPTER I

THE VOYAGE TO GREENLAND

THE Expedition, under Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. Navy, sailed from New York the 6th of July, 1908, stopping at Oyster Bay en route, where it was inspected by President Roosevelt, who made a HIT. The real start, however, was from Sydney eleven days later, when civilization was practically left behind. The ship evidently sensed the situation and, as if to show she intended to do the job herself and that we had nothing to fear from her, smashed one of our whale boats between the dock and the davit as the hawsers were cast off. Marvin quietly said, to the point as always, "That's typical of the trip," and his remark was recalled more than once before we got back. As we were leaving the harbor, the lighthouse at the entrance

signaled *"Bon voyage,"* to which we *muchas gracias*-ed, or *a rivederci*-d, I forget which.

Sydney was not so very far away when we found what a holy terror for rolling the *Roosevelt* was. Our room was not prepared for such events as the *Roosevelt* pulled off that night. Sleep was constantly punctuated by the crash of objects landing on the floor; but, as everything seemed headed for that sanitarium, MacMillan and I thought we might as well sit tight and nail things fast in the morning. The tinkle of broken glass, however, started an investigation and the lamp was spotted as the truant; but, on account of the darkness, it was quite a while before we located it bottom up in the pitcher.

In the early hours of the morning I woke up and lay listening to the swash—swash of the water, thinking it was outside the boat but, on looking at the floor, saw a four-inch tidal wave having a bully time sweeping up and down. We did some tall hurrying to get pieces of wood to block our trunks out of the water, but we had no sooner returned to bed than a roll of the ship sent the bottle of tooth-powder to the mat, and of course it broke on arrival. While we were admiring the mess, the ink-bottle thought it might as well get in the game, so it made a good running broad jump off our desk and broke the

record by landing bottom up in the powder. Only a Turner able to sit up and see things could do justice to that color effect.

"Be prepared for trouble" is the maxim of an Arctic Expedition, so the Commander got us busy at once seeing that each whale boat had the right outfit. He showed at once how very considerate he is by telling me not to do any work till I got my sea legs on.

The second day out from Sydney we had an experience new to some of us. At nightfall the Commander sent six of us ashore in a boat to the Amour Lighthouse with some telegrams. Talk about your fishing! It was the kind you read about but don't often see. A school of cod had driven a few thousand caplen toward shore in shallow water. The water was just alive with them. I never saw anything like it. We hopped overboard in three feet of water and began throwing them ashore. Soon we realized that if we continued they'd only have to be picked up again, so we jumped in the whale boat and began taking them in by the handful. MacMillan landed seventeen in one grab. We caught about fifteen hundred, a good half-barrelful, in less than half an hour. What wouldn't we have given for a good scap net!

The next morning we were awakened by

Charlie, the steward, calling, "If you fellows want to see an iceberg, you had better get up." We took his advice, and rushed out. We passed by a berg about forty yards square and sixty feet high. It was my first berg and it looked pretty big.

A little while later we hove to within a couple of hundred yards of the Cape Charles Whale Factory, which is not precisely a plant for the manufacture of whales. Two whales had been killed on Saturday, and we stayed there all day while one was cut up and the meat put on our quarter-deck. We took on eight and a half tons, the price being three cents or so a pound. About eighteen men are employed in a whale factory, going to work in June and shutting up shop in November. In 1906 they got one hundred and four whales, but in 1907 only thirty-nine. Every part of the animal is utilized,—for oil, fertilizers, corsets, et cetera. A whale is worth about one thousand dollars ordinarily, but for an Arctic expedition the price is determined by, "How much'll you take?" "How much have you got?"

The whales when brought to the factory are hitched to a pier, and when wanted are drawn up by a windlass on the "slip," which greatly resembles a "shoot the chutes" arrangement, except that the grade is much less. Large "toad-stickers," about the size of carving knives, are

spliced to the end of six-foot poles and used to dissect the "finbacks." Cuts are made at right angles to the spine and then hooks are inserted; the windlass is put in action and the meat torn off. Recently, three ground sharks which were eating the dead whales were killed near the ship. A short time before we arrived, they said they had a whale on the slip and were just going to begin to cut her up when the dead animal gave birth to a young one, which went sliding down like a toboggan and took to the water.

When we woke up the next morning, July 21, we found ourselves outside of Hawkes' Bay. In going through the entrance of the harbor, which, like all in Labrador, was extremely narrow—called a "Tickle," possibly because it was a ticklish place—we hit a submerged rock hard enough to shake the *Roosevelt* up some. The *Erik*[1] was here getting her share of the whale meat aboard, and shortly after our arrival a beautiful yacht, the *Wychiva,* flying the New York Yacht Club ensign, came steaming in and anchored ahead of us. We promptly went ashore to get photos of the fleet, incidentally discovering to what a gigantic size the Labrador mosquitoes grow. A tennis net can keep them out.

[1] The *Erik* carried extra supplies for the expedition, going as far as Etah.

So far, MacMillan and I hadn't done much but look pretty, but, as we were leaving Hawkes' Harbor, the Commander put the Doctor and us, the tenderfeet of the Expedition, to work sorting the hundreds of magazines which were down in the lazarette and were filling every available space. There were fairly complete files of all the principal ones back to January, 1907, and as some one has said, "If the serial stories weren't good, the cereal advertisements were," and so for that matter were the open-work yarns in the ladies' journals.

Every day after this, when the *Roosevelt* wasn't practising in the gymnasium or playing water polo, MacMillan and I spent in the rear hold and lazarette straightening things out. The Commander showed at once that he was different from any leader I had ever heard of by going down and working on the boxes—hauling, tugging, lifting, seeing what things were in which hold, telling us how he wanted things stowed, etc., so that we soon saw he not only had a better idea of what was aboard than we had, but also knew better in which department it was stored than the chief of it did.

The lazarette was the arsenal of the ship, as in it were all the ammunition and powder, and the dynamite to be used for blasting the ice.

These were treated with distinguished consideration. The other articles residing here were tobacco, moccasins, alcohol, picks, handles, etc., all cheerfully intent on getting in the way, and eminently successful, as barked shins testified. Mac had his hands full in the rear hold, where jam, beans, cases of condensed milk, rice, soup, peaches, cocoa, candles, syrup, vinegar, peas, corn, candy, etc., were stored. He had to get similar things bunched, and at the start no two boxes of the same things were together, so what with the machinery of the windlass on which he would thump his head with great regularity, the rolling of the ship which would upset his boxes almost as soon as they were sorted, and the smell of the dead whale meat which got deader every day, time did not hang heavily on his hands.

July 22nd we saw about fifty bergs right side up and as many more upside down, with a few schooners mixed in. The latter did not cause the effect—only mirage. As we were approaching Turnavik, where Captain Bob Bartlett's father lives and where some moccasins were to be obtained, we ran into a lively thunderstorm, which made the *Roosevelt* rock some and blew one of the dogs into the sea.

These pure-blooded Eskimo dogs had been born and raised at Eagle Island, Maine. They

were always pulling off rough and tumbles amidst the encouraging yelps of their lady friends, or serenading the moon or their sweethearts at night and raising the devil generally. The day before one had started to throw a fit amidships. Another, evidently disapproving of his making such a spectacle of himself in public, sauntered up, got hold of his ear, dragged him off to a corner and then dropped him. Another fell head first down a hole between four barrels. Although trying furiously to get out he evidently appreciated the funny side of the situation, as he kept wagging his tail—his only visible part—all the time until rescued.

On one occasion, Billy, the cabin boy, went down the hold for some canned beef left over from the last Expedition. En route he tripped, and sat down in the whale meat. When he showed up in the galley Charlie, the cook, thought the beef responsible for the all-pervading smell and opened about three cans, sniffing their contents suspiciously. Then he transferred his suspicions. "Is that you, Bill?" he finally asked, but Bill was going for dear life, swearing he'd buy himself a new pair of trousers at Etah.

We left Turnavik early the following morning and, as the *Roosevelt* was trying to bale out the ocean with her gunwales, we quit work so that

nothing might interfere with our sympathy for the sea. That afternoon, as we were dozing off, the ship struck something, trembled violently, and went through the unknown with a grinding crash. MacMillan woke up not wholly speechless, thinking it was a rock. I hiked out on deck p. d. q. and found it was only the *Roosevelt* taking her first whack at the Polar Ice. After a rest of slightly less than two years she bucked that piece good and hard and went through for a touchdown. Few bergs showed up that day—not more than twenty—but we ran into a field of mush ice through which the ship wormed her way for several hours. We all kept our eyes open for a possible stray polar bear, but didn't see any, though one seal was glimpsed. It got fairly cold towards dark, and two sweaters, and a heavy coat too, were needed.

Two days later in a placid sea, the *Erik* being as steady as a deacon in public, the *Roosevelt* woke up, yawned, stretched, and, bored with the monotony, commenced playing diabolo and wig-wagging signals to her consort. In a dry dock it is inconceivable that the *Roosevelt* would sit down and be good, even though hitched and wearing a hobble skirt. The gentlest imaginable ingenue of a zephyr to her is an "On with the dance" cry not to be resisted. With gathered

skirts and ants on her legs, she swishes in, her gracefulness calling to mind these lines,—probably incorrectly quoted:

> "See the gentle dromedary
> Dancing o'er the plain;
> Dromedary dancing, dromedary prancing . . ."

I felt all right while on deck, but, when at work with MacMillan in the rear hold, the motion, combined with the smell of the whale meat, whose bouquet was still going strong, soon made me jettison breakfast. After that I changed my occupation, toting several hundred skins from the fo'castle for MacMillan to stow away aft.

The Commander is darn considerate. The lure of lunch wasn't particularly irresistible to me; but, after that meal, he came up on the hurricane deck with a few crackers and a pint of champagne, and, having uncorked the latter, told me to take a couple of glasses as it was a good cure for seasickness. I did, and felt O. K. again. It was mighty thoughtful of him; but, had anyone seen me tack back and forth across the deck, he would have thought I had an awful edge on, though it was only the terrific rolling of the boat. Her unholy restlessness made us solder down tight all the things in our room.

And what an astounding amount of stuff there was! Five bookcase shelves were filled with photo material and ammunition; incidentally, books also. Three inches from the ceiling hung two pairs of snowshoes to serve as shelves. Next to them, in a gun rack, were three Winchesters, a couple of Remington shot guns, with a Sauer and another Winchester on the wall, over hanging clothes. More garments, such as extra furs, were packed under our mattresses, and collegiate sweaters were strung between the bookcase and the head of Mac's bunk. A catch-all suspended from the springs of Mac's bunk, and another on the door, were well filled. A basin, brush, and dust-pan hung on the back wall; autochromes and a waterproof copper box were stored beneath the desk; on the bookcase was the dark room lamp. To touch only a few of the "other articles of *vertu,* too numerous to classify," a 38 army Colt hung beside my bunk, with a few photos, while Mac used a clock, thermometer, and barometer for decorations; and we each had field glasses and cameras. The tin pail we utilized for a bath-tub adorned the floor. Finally, there were four other shelves, all chuck-full of stuff. For the space containing it, it may be doubted if, barring booze, this literary, scientific, and artistic

collection could have been equaled anywhere—excepting, of course, a hotel room in Reno when a consistory is being pulled off.

Sunday, we took life easy. No religious service was held, but all work except what was absolutely essential was knocked off. We bucked a head wind and sea all day. I found a nook sheltered from the icy breeze behind the stack, and studied navigation and photography. We expected to see Greenland that day, but a fog gummed that idea. The following day found no change in wind or sea, but I started in to work in the rear hold, was soon subpœnaed to the rail, then felt relieved and completed the job.

Toward two P. M. the fog lifted and we saw Sukkertoppen, a little Danish port on the coast. Talk about Alpine scenes! We were about twenty-five miles off the coast and could see the mountains rising up four or five thousand feet or more, capped with snow and very rocky. It looked fine. The head sea slowed us down maybe about four knots, so our advance was about twelve or fourteen knots per watch of four hours.

The *Roosevelt* pitched very easily, even though she stood on her head one minute and sat on her propeller the next. As long as I was not in the hold, I'd acquired sufficient sea-legs to feel com-

fortable, but when I was there, a good meal aviated. The dogs got seasick at times, and they had my sincere sympathy.

During the day the Commander distributed some 10-gauge Remington hammer shotguns, also one hundred brass shells apiece, and a reloading outfit, so, that evening, we were happy loading shells. The load used was five drams black powder, one and a half ounces of No. 2 shot—a heavy one, but demanded by the game, as the sea birds all have very thick plumage. We were to have our duck and bird shooting up at Eider Duck Island, slightly north of Cape York, and it was said that the birds were thick there.

Shortly after midnight, the next day, we crossed the Arctic Circle with a bump, and Old Man Neptune must have had a line hooked to us, as we did not go over three or four knots an hour for several days.

The fog lifted a bit, about four, and we could see the Greenland coast again; this time the town of Egedesminde, nearly 69° N. The *Erik* hadn't been seen since Saturday, but of course we knew she'd turn up in time. It certainly was queer to think of going to Etah without getting any letters. It seemed as if there'd certainly be

some when we reached a harbor, but then I'd wake up with a jolt and realize that there was no rural delivery system in Greenland as yet.

Though we had not struck perpetual daylight yet, one could read a book at ten P. M., or even later, and almost forgot to go to bed.

The dandy coats of corduroy lined with sheepskin, furnished by the Expedition, were proving to be the warmest ever, though too clumsy for field work.

Commander Peary was good fun. Whenever I missed a meal, through being under the weather, he always guyed me about the way I made up for lost time on the next one, so that my general average was as good as anybody's.

When we went on deck on Wednesday (July 29th), we saw the large island of Disko, about seven miles away. The cliffs of reddish rocks went up about two thousand feet, not quite vertically. Here and there one could see through glasses narrow torrents of water, and green patches indicating grass. During the day we passed several hundred bergs. At one time I counted an even hundred of good size, not to mention lots of small ones.

It was almost impossible to realize that I was on an Arctic Expedition, and that the land in sight was Greenland—Greenland of which one

reads so much. I couldn't feel thankful enough for being on the wonderful trip. We all felt very Arctic indeed, and were deep in the very extensive library of books on northern exploration which we had on board. MacMillan and I threw overboard a bottle with letters in it—a message to those not fortunate enough to be in sight of Greenland. Of course it was a ten thousand to one shot it wouldn't be picked up, but it might have been—and still may be—as the current may have taken it south.

If this stuff seems somewhat jumbled up, it's because the same was true of all our curious sights and experiences. Curious as the icebergs was a phenomenon called a "fog eater" by the sailors, which we saw one night. This was a rainbow effect in a fog, yet color shy. One could discern the bow very distinctly, but absolutely no coloring. Where there was clear water, the horizon looked dark, but where there was lots of ice it was very light, in reflection against the sky.

By the 30th of July all in the way of storing things and shifting cargo was done, so we just sat around and took life easy. We passed very close to a beautiful berg and got some photos of it. A large one a couple of hundred yards away turned turtle, generating waves which made our craft rock some. The sun didn't set, at mid-

night, but kept slightly above the horizon, rolling along in that plane for half an hour.

I wish I had the ability to describe all I saw, but it has proved beyond me. Still, it may be doubted if anyone could do full justice to what we saw—mixed with a certain lot of excitement, too, you bet! We passed Duck Islands, the entrance of Melville Bay, about ten, and next morning were out of sight of land; but about midday mountain tops glided into view, and blending with them and the horizon was the great interior ice-cap of Greenland. We tried to get to Meteite Island, where Peary secured the great meteor, but were blocked off Bushman Island by several hundred icebergs cemented together by pack ice. This is about thirty miles south of Cape York. Our course was veered to the westward.

The next few hours were interesting ones. Enormous glaciers are the feature of this coast, one, the Humboldt, being fifty miles wide, and the sea is simply alive with bergs.

The exhibition Captain Bob gave during the next few hours in handling the *Roosevelt* was great. We dodged by, between, around bergs, skimming them at times by not more than twenty yards. The *Roosevelt* was just like a

good, fast dodging half-back running back a punt through a broken field.

An hour or so later we skimmed by a cliff a thousand feet high, the nesting place of millions of little auks which were flying to and from it, and sailing around were great, white burgomeister gulls—so named by the Danes, the birds' voracious and bullying habits reminding them of their own burgomasters. These gulls, other birds, and foxes live high on the little auks and their young, at this time of the year.

Gee Whiz! It shows great nerve, to say nothing of fine piloting, to go along not more than two hundred yards away from such cliffs, dodging bergs at the same time! Few skippers would care to do that in charted waters—but no chart was ever made of these.

And they call the country "Greenland," it being so christened by its discoverer in 986, because it would induce settlers to go there if it had a good name. That promoter of suburban real estate was sure in advance of his time.

CHAPTER II

TAKING ESKIMOS ABOARD—CATCHING LITTLE AUKS

HIGH upon the next cliff the Commander spotted a couple of tupiks,[1] with about ten dogs playing around them. The *Roosevelt* let out a long, loud toot from its whistle to attract attention, and then steamed on a couple of miles to where there were some more tents.

The anchor was dropped, a whale boat manned, and with the Commander coxing we headed for the shore. A heavy ground-swell and the loose rocky beach made landing difficult. The boat struck sooner than expected, resulting on my part in an artistic somersault over the seat of the bow oar. We piled out and started to haul her up out of the water, but a big wave climbed deliberately over the stern, and with a "Gee, he looks good to me," soaked the Commander.

The Eskimos were down the beach by this time and helped us pull up the boat. Short, stocky, and fur-clad, they looked more like foxes than anything else when we first sighted them on the

[1] Tents made of skins.

shore as we were rowing up, and S-M-E-L-L-!! We could smell 'em a hundred yards. I looked at Mac. "Good Lord! Have we got to live with that bunch?" But they hadn't been on board a week before we could hardly notice it at all. Possibly when everyone is fur-clad the olfactory nerves go back to the reservation.

We walked up to the tents where the women were, and then we simply gasped, fortunately, however, retaining sufficient presence of mind to assure them their hats were on straight. Though wearing *le dernier cri* of Doucet's, they were indistinguishable from the men, and oh, dress shields and talcum powder! their Houbigant Idéal came from the same bottle used by their husbands.

While looking at the assortment wading into a box of biscuits, the Bosun happened to glance at the boat and saw a large wave sweep her down the beach. A yell from him, then a great 220 dash over the rocks to the rescue. The Commander showed there were other dashes he was strong on besides that for the Pole, and Mac, though he had a head start, barely beat him out.

After a bit, all the male members of the village adjourned to the whale boat, which was headed for the ship. Of course she was rolling some in the heavy ground-swell, and the huskies

had a tough time shinning up the ladder (still decorated with the strips of the sheet—white no longer—which was used when the President came aboard). One huskie nearly lost his trousers en route. They were at once ushered into the mess-room and given hot coffee. As the huskies were dressed all in furs from head to foot, the dogs on board, most of which were born in the States, thought they were some new wild animals, and after one good look gave wild yelps of terror and hiked for safety.

During the evening we saw a seal about seventy-five yards off, and through the glasses a couple of walruses, a mile or so away.

It was raining when we went ashore, and snowing hard in the mountains, but Great Scott, what scenery! And to think how near, how accessible, and how rarely it is visited by lovers of the grand or beautiful in nature.

The next day the men chosen by the Commander came aboard, while we imported some thirty dogs in relays of half a dozen a trip. Before commencing this Frankfurter business the Commander told us not to be worried if they started a roughhouse en route. If they bit us it wouldn't be on purpose but only in mistake for one of their natural enemies—themselves. A huskie would grab a dog by the scruff of the neck,

dump him unceremoniously in the boat and tie him so he couldn't jump out, but not in a way that interfered with his fighting ability, and so the dogs engaged in several stormy sessions before reconciliations could be effected.

After supper three of us went over a mountain about eight hundred feet high to the tupik we saw the night before, to ascertain if we could get any more dogs. Commander Peary had made it a rule that, if anybody was going ashore for a walk, at least one more should go along, as the danger which might arise from one's turning his ankle badly and being unable to get back would thereby be averted. Marvin went to do the talking, while Mac and I acted as escort. The climb was fierce, as the mountain was nothing but bowlders, darn big ones at that, at a very steep incline. We had to hoist ourselves up hand over hand, as it were, and going down the other side had to be careful, so as not to get hurt.

On the top of the mountain we saw a couple of the implements the Eskimos use to catch little auks. They consist of a net on a hoop two feet in diameter attached to the end of a fifteen-foot pole. All you have to do is to sit down on the rocks, it being immaterial whether you are out of sight or not. The auks, returning from the sea where they've been feeding, fly by in count-

less thousands—one big stream. It is impossible to convey any idea, no matter what one may say, of their incredible numbers. One may sometimes have seen blackbirds migrating in the spring or fall in very large flocks. Imagine an endless stream of them, in width extending down the mountainside, and some idea of their numbers may be formed. They don't fly high and all you have to do is to make wild swings and you will surely catch something. However, in spite of their unbelievable numbers, it isn't a snap to scoop them, as the birds are remarkably good at dodging and the scap nets are not easy to swing. Then when one makes a swipe and either lands or misses, the rest of the birds swerve aside for a minute or so, but soon resume their course.

We got about thirty in an hour but at once set them free. They are about as big as robins. It is sort of funny to picture MacMillan and "yours truly" on top of a Greenland mountain, midnight of August 1st, in a howling storm, catching little auks. The Yale ball nines are generally bum at batting; but, if a team could practise on these birds for a while, you bet it would win the championship. Harry Whitney tells of a huskie who bagged—or netted—two hundred and eighty in three hours. The natives supplied

Dr. Kane with eight thousand per week. Langdon Gibson, who was with the Commander in '91, got ninety odd, I think, in one shot.

We returned to the ship about midnight with the five dogs Marvin went after.

We now had quite a bunch of natives on board. They were a funny lot. Of course they never took a bath and the result, combined with that of the aged whale meat, managed to butt in where X-rays would have feared to tread. The radioactivity of this fragrance may not have been agreeable, but it lent atmosphere to the scenery, and, with hat off to Punch, smells are one of the sights of the Arctic.

Some of the customs of the Eskimo differ slightly from ours. One day I sauntered into the engine room to hang up some things to dry and nearly fell over. One of the ladies had preceded me with the same object in mind;—well,

> "The uniform 'e wore
> Was nothing much before
> An' rather less than 'arf o' that behind." [1]

I josephed it.

The *Roosevelt* got under way the next morning, August 1, and after a short run dodging bergs reached Cape York. The regular crew at once

[1] Kipling.

went ashore and we tenderfeet had a good chance to see the Commander's methods in operation. He, Marvin, and Henson, after seeing what natives were residing at Cape York, began asking at what settlement various ones were living, men who the Commander knew were the best of the assortment and whom he wanted aboard.

At this place, there was quite a large settlement—about ten tupiks—and accordingly something of a crowd turned out. The Commander asked those he wanted if they'd go north with him, and as they fairly worship him they were just crazy to go, for all knew what the *Roosevelt* meant:—Very little danger of starvation, for the women anyhow, comfortable quarters, ship's grub for a year, and, when the Expedition was ended, guns, food, ammunition, knives, et cetera, so there was no danger of a huskie declining. The men selected brought their families and dogs, and the rest were glad to trade five or six dogs for an old Springfield rifle and some shells. Peary not only speaks their lingo like a native, but also understands their feelings. When one considers that when he first came to Greenland they had practically nothing, and are now rich according to their notions; that formerly there were but two old muzzle-loaders in the tribe and existence was precarious, whereas now

THE COMMANDER. (Photograph by Edward Fraser Carson, 1909.)

they have arms, boats, thread, needles, and all manner of necessities, it can readily be seen that he represents something more than human to them. Under no condition would they deceive him, whether ordered to by others, or of their own volition.

The Smith Sound Eskimos number about 113 men, 85 women and kids.

As usual, the inevitable box of biscuits was opened, and the equally inevitable football scrimmage followed. One old fellow, Kyutah, always a hog as regards food, as we found out later, tore his shirt off and began volleying biscuits into it with the rapidity of an automatic rifle. After watching them a while, Mac and I went for a stroll up the glacier. It was a fine day and so warm that we were in our shirt-sleeves, in striking contrast to the night before when we were catching little auks in a howling snow-storm. We had a dandy view of the ship, harbor, bergs, and gleaming glaciers opposite.

On our way back, we stood watching an Eskimo and his wife breaking up housekeeping preparatory to coming aboard. Mac was anxious to display his knowledge of the Eskimo tongue, so he sang out, *"Toy oi! Toy oi!"* (Hurry up! Hurry up!) The huskie never said a word, but a few minutes afterwards he came up to me,

pointed to a bunch of his stuff lying on the ground, and had me wingin' by saying, "Come on, shake her up for God's sake!" As we found out later, his name was Wesharkoupsi and he had been in the United States.

Mac thought he'd like to try a kayak lying on the beach. Wesharkoupsi said, "Sure Mike," but told Mac to take his shoes off so as not to break through the bottom of the craft. He had a hard job wriggling in but finally got seated, only to find his feet in ice-water. He didn't mind that but paddled up and down in shallow water while I stood ready in case an ambulance call was sent in.

Twenty feet long and eighteen inches wide, a kayak is just about as cranky a thing in the boat line as can be found anywhere. In the event of an upset the Smith Sound Eskimo has small chance of coming out alive. He doesn't know how to right himself, as the South Greenlanders do. There, the Commander has seen a man, capsized by the steamer's starting before he expected it, right himself and so save his life. He has also seen one of his men who had been upset manage to get out of his kayak, get a side chancery-hold on the boat with one arm and grab his sealskin float with the other, and calmly wait till picked up.

TAKING ESKIMOS ABOARD

After lunch the *Roosevelt* was made fast to the glacier we were on in the morning, and proceeded to take on water, after first towing a few small bergs out of the way. During the towing, I was working in the rear hold when the capstan was set going, in order to persuade a young berg to step lively. Unfortunately for me a mixture of water and "goo" from the whale meat came sailing through holes in the capstan and striking the hot cylinders was at once turned into steam. Have you ever seen a squirrel burned out of his hole? No squirrel ever got driven out of a place so neatly and effectively as I was by that capstan atomizer.

We left Cape York that night and early in the morning made North Star Bay, where we found the *Erik* at anchor waiting for us. Breakfast down, all went ashore. Kane says the Eskimos have little or no affection for their families, but perhaps he never saw such a scene as we did on landing. The tupiks were three-fourths of a mile away out of sight of the ships. One old chap named Tattarah, the "Kittywake" gull—the name might have once been appropriate—was completely paralyzed but wanted to see the Oomiaksoah (the big ship) and had been hauled the whole distance over bare ground on a sledge.

After lunch Mac and I climbed Oomunnui (the Heart). The last fifty or seventy feet the rock rose almost perpendicularly and was an interesting proposition, as we had to dig our fingers and toes in the crannies, testing the treacherous material. Going up I tried a different route from Mac's, and struck a regular cul-de-sac, when we had to have a "hands across the rock" arrangement to get me out of a bad hole. Once up, the view was fine. The unsympathetic aneroid showed an altitude of seven hundred feet only.

On our way back we amused ourselves dislodging rocks and seeing them go whirling, jumping, and bounding over the cliffs till they came to rest far down on the talus slope below. Once we struck a stiff corner, and, to negotiate it, Mac moved his camera from where he'd had it slung on his back. As luck would have it, the buckle slipped, and he had the pleasure of seeing his hundred-dollar machine go sailing through the air, ricochet from a rock, and whirl down the mountain. The grin he had on his face just before the mishap sort of froze there. Of course we thought the machine was all smashed to pieces but to our great relief found that it was undamaged, except that the finder had a slight St. Vitus expression.

We now had a hundred dogs on board. Talk

about your dog fights! These direct primaries were being pulled off continually, till the dogs could discover exactly how they stood in regard to one another. The champion is called the "king" dog, and his veto goes.

The Commander told me that on his journey over the Greenland Ice-Cap, when he unharnessed his dogs at the close of the day, the "king" dog, before retiring, would go up to each one of his own team, and the dog thus approached would immediately lie down and sing his song of praise acknowledging the champion as his king. An Eskimo dog which once licks another dog never has to scrap him again. The other dog yields the right of way, his grub, and all his inside information.

On Wednesday, August 5, we left Oomunnui and headed for Etah, while the Commander went on the *Erik* to complete the rounds of the Eskimo settlements.

We got our first experience in walrus hunting —and had all the excitement we wanted. Henson used to tell us great tales about hunting these brutes, and we always used to wonder how much he was trying to stuff us. One tale was how he and an army officer, when walrus hunting, were looking over the side of the boat for a wounded animal, when suddenly with a loud "Ook! Ook!"

a big bull rose right up in his face and covered him with water. This was too much for the officer, who was so startled he dropped his rifle overboard.

Another yarn: On one of the summer trips a party was out after walrus when a wounded one with a float in tow came tearing by the ship. Most everyone ran out to take a whack at him, but one chap was so excited he proceeded to get his bullets headed for the black sealskin float, which was jumping around in a rather lively way, and of course hit it, and though that was the last they saw the walrus or the float,[1] it's a safe bet that chap never heard the end of it.

[1] A float is an inflated bag tied to the harpoon thong.

CHAPTER III

WALRUS SHOOTING

HOLY Smoke! You may spiel of your lion shooting in Africa, or of the gentle rhino dusting your way with all the speed and daring of a Moisant, but if you want the real thing, try a scrimmage with walrus, when everyone is standing by to repel boarders, hitting them over the heads with oars, boat hooks, and axes, when one's decks are cleared for action and the ammunition hoist on the bum, and the gol-darned band playing "Annie Rooney";—*Himmel* it's *ausgezeichnet!*

Could we have trained a hundred of them to jam ahead and break the ice, or even to give it absent treatment, the *Roosevelt* could have steamed across the Pole to Siberia. About twelve feet long, and weighing from one to two tons each, they can punch a hole through eight inches of ice, and when one or more are seeing who can score the most touch-downs on the bottom of your boat, you feel like a golf ball when Blackwell lands on it good and proper.

When we were on their trail, the *Roosevelt* would steam along, everyone up on his toes; and perched a hundred feet above the water would be the keenest-eyed one of the lot, armed with a good pair of glasses. When he'd see a herd—we usually weren't so hard up as to attack a single animal—worth a raid, he'd sing out via the megaphone route, *"Awicksoah! Awick tedickshuah!"* (Walrus, a bunch of walrus.)

Then that perfume factory, the *Roosevelt,* would be headed a couple of miles to their leeward, to prevent the roosters on the ice pan from getting a whiff of her or her smoke. Like Pittsburg millionaires, we were sensitive about speaking of smoke among those whose society we intended to break into, as then they'd wake up, and that would be the last we'd see of them. "Come on! Shake her up!" would ring out; the crew'd arrive on the jump, wild with excitement. We'd lower away the boat, skate down the guy-lines, and be off long before the ship stopped.

To win out against our fighting friends, it was up to us to develop the snappiest kind of team play, without any secret practise at that, and after one or two sessions we were pretty hot stuff all right. Our lineup would include a sailor at the helm, four huskies as motive power, and a huskie with his harpoon up in the bow alongside

one of us with the guns. Henson, Mac, and I were usually in charge. The two men in the bow would enable the galley slaves to be relieved in a long chase.

Now a walrus, when killed, will go to the bottom like some submarines, so it was up to us to get him harpooned before such events materialized. But this was dispensed with when we got skillful enough to kill him dead and simultaneously knock his head under water, so that the air couldn't get out of his lungs, when he'd float for a while.

Sometimes we could get near enough to harpoon them on a pan before they realized they were in danger. Usually, though, they'd wake up when we were twenty or thirty yards off, and then there would either be a battle or a pursuit race. If we harpooned one, that chap would be attended to at the ship, just to put in the time. Once we harpooned an energetic if sweet young thing who was trying to sleep it off. Some of her friends, also trying to forget it, were in speaking distance, and, not wishing to disturb their rest just then, we refrained from shooting her. She set sail for the *Roosevelt,* and knowing she'd be received there with open arms, we didn't follow. The shooting on board wasn't such a much, so the Mate, who had been saying

what he thought of it, was given a boat and his chance. Away he and his bullets sped, none of the latter going within miles of the walrus. He then drove her toward the stern of the *Roosevelt,* whose engines happened to be stopped at the time. That walrus first tried to knock the blades off the propeller and then attempted to wind the harpoon line around it, yelling "Ook Ook! My voice may be funny but it gets me the money, I don't care." Then she accepted an invitation to meet the Captain on the quarter-deck.

As luck would have it, our first engagement with the walrus was a lively session and no mistake. We'd seen about ten or more taking life easy on the ice pan, so Captain Bob thought it was a good chance to put the tenderfeet through the ropes, and away Mac and I went, with the Captain shouting instructions, mostly as to what we weren't to do, and emphasizing the necessity of getting the harpoon fast before firing. We stopped rowing a couple of hundred yards from the walrus, and let Dennis Murphy, a sailor, scull us up. When within about fifty yards, every now and then a stray walrus feeding below would come up for a breath of fresh air. Sometimes they'd appear so close we could almost pat their heads with our hands.

We didn't try to stick any of those in the

water, as the ones on the pan were more promising. We wanted to row right up to them, but our huskies thought they were too fierce looking to get very close. While we were debating what to do, one of the heavyweights woke up, nudged another, and information being passed that the police were raiding, they started for the fire-escapes.

Mac then got his Winchester automatic into play and the bullets streamed out of it like water out of a fire-hose. We hit a couple and half killed another, but with a convulsive flop the brute slipped into the water. The huskies' blood was up by this time. Kyutah make a corking throw, harpooning one just as it was sinking, and another was handed out his epitaph.

Just then about forty others, which had been attending a banquet in the Rathskeller, came rushing upstairs to see what all the roughhouse was about, joining the ten from the roof-garden. Jerusalem! it looked as if a million whales were spouting at once. The air was full of water, cuss words, and clam-shells. The water was just one writhing mass of merry Hades let loose.

Just then a trio came to the surface, about fifteen yards off. They all bore marks of the fray and were mad clean through. Giving their battle cry of "Ook! ook! Hold on to your seats,

you fellows; we're going to sing the second verse," they charged us. Our magazines were as empty as a Princeton man's pocket-book after the Yale football game. Our huskies didn't like the looks of things. They grabbed the oars and banged them on the gunwale of the boat, yelling like Broadway on the night of December 31st, but as well try to head off the New Year. Mac and his automatic were having a bully time and we cut loose. The walrus were treading water and banging their front flippers together, madly shouting *"à la baïonette! à la baïonette!"* as they urged the Old Guard on. The general racket, the crepitating rifles, the shouts and pounding of the huskies, the bellowing of the infuriated animals, resembled a Vanderbilt Cup Race in Pandemonium. Mazzazza pazzazza, it was grand!

We torpedoed one and knocked the propeller off another; but the biggest one dived, and the next second we were half blinded by a water spout as the giant ranged alongside and tried to give us the hook with his tusks. With the guns almost touching his head, we let 'er rip. That ended Mr. Walrus, and with an exultant cheer the Eskimos threw their harpoons.

A couple of days after arriving at Etah, we went on a hunt to Littleton Island, where Gar-

lington was to have left supplies for Greely, and had what we afterwards agreed was the best time we had north of the Arctic Circle, which is saying a good deal.

Anyway, in thirty-six hours we got one hare, over a hundred ducks, thirteen geese, and four walrus. At first none of us could hit the ducks at all. They'd look to be within thirty yards, and we'd let drive and never disturb a feather. The carpenter, Bob Bartlett, one of the best shots in Newfoundland, would look at his 10-gauge Remington in disgust and begin to tell of the wonderful old muzzle-loaders they used in his part of the world. From his accounts, with ten fingers of powder, and Lord knows how much shot, they could stand on "The Labrador" and pick off a duck flying clean across the Straits of Belle Isle. Well, after having burnt up a whole lot of ammunition, we finally realized that while thinking the ducks were maybe forty yards off, as a matter of fact, in the clear air, with no trees or anything to gauge distance by, they were twice as far away; so that at last we waited and wouldn't shoot till the ducks seemed to be almost sitting on the ends of our guns, then let her rip, and there'd be a dead one about forty yards off.

Late in the afternoon, we landed at Macgary Island and "boiled the kettle" (our expression

for preparing a meal or tea) while the Eskimos went off to get some duck eggs from their caches. Soon we found what we thought was a glorious feast waiting for us, but the Captain, who had acted as Commissary, had brought along just tea biscuit and condensed milk—no sugar, butter, or canned stuff. We kept on banging away all that night, and toward morning we curled up on a nice sunny rock, wrapped ourselves up in a tent, and went to sleep.

Captain Bob boiled the kettle for breakfast, and then we rigged the tent as a sail and started for the ship, some eight miles away. While passing a small bay, they landed me to take a whack at any ducks they might scare up. Soon I heard Bang! Bang! Bang!—six shots go off, and then some more. Three large birds got up from the neighborhood of the boat and very considerately came and sat down in front of me—and remained. That's how we got the whole flock of brant geese, thirteen in all. Gee, how good those brants did taste when we had them on board the ship!

Shortly after rounding into Etah Harbor, a quarter of a mile beyond Sunrise Point, we saw four walrus "fishing" for clams. They would come up to the surface for wind every few minutes. We got to within one hundred yards of

them and began to shoot. By great luck we hit the calf. Its mother naturally put on the brakes to stay with it, and the bull, oddly enough, remained with his wife. They slowly headed for parts unknown, and we after them. Every time they came to the surface we'd fire. The more you can keep walrus diving, the less time they have at the surface to get their wind. The sooner they get tired, the greater the chances are of overhauling them.

A huskie manned Mac's automatic. He didn't know how to work it and was overshooting about a mile every crack. Finally the bull was harpooned, then we got the calf and its mother, and after a good deal of work managed to get the calf in the boat. Then with the cow in tow we headed for the bull. We got hold of the harpoon line, and when he came up he got a glancing shot in the head, which didn't hurt him any. Down he went for a long dive; but, as he was heading for the harbor, the more he towed us, the better. At last he came up, and again a bullet went home in his head. He looked like a dead one, and we hauled him up to the boat and were just making the harpoon line fast to a seat when he came to life with a rush and dived suddenly. By great luck the line wasn't secured, as otherwise he'd have upset us. He towed us toward

the harbor, and the next time he came up he was killed.

Every time he showed up, the Captain, who saw he had a fine set of tusks and wanted to give them to a girl in New York, swore strange and terrible oaths, threatening us with all manner of evil if by rotten shooting we picked off a tusk. We got to laughing so that it's a wonder the lady ever got the head.

We were now opposite the place where we had killed the geese. The combination of a boat full of game, two walrus in tow, a head wind, and tide, made a stiff proposition. While rowing after the wounded, we nearly died laughing listening to the Captain's invocations to row. He was yelling to Mac: "Go it, Bryan! Go it, McKinley! Row! For God's sake, row!"

We hauled up on a beach three miles from the *Roosevelt* to boil the kettle. Having completed the operation, we saw some walrus feeding where our victims had been, early in the day. A council of war, and, after casting off the two that were alongside, we went out for more. But has anyone ever remembered that "better" is the enemy of "well enough"? So far the hunt had been a success, but now we got stung. After some maneuvering with no result, a cow came up forty yards off, and I let drive. The bullet hit her

squarely in the head. She fizzed a few bubbles and sank like a rock, giving no chance for the harpoon.

A walrus when killed will go to the bottom like a ton of lead, and it's up to you to get a harpoon in him before that event takes place.

The harpoon is fastened by a long thong to a float made of the entire skin of a seal. Now a thing we soon got to look out for was to let this thong, which was neatly coiled up like a lasso before it's thrown, have the right of way and all the gangway it wanted, as, if it had happened to take a turn round a leg when the other end was fast to a walrus, we'd have been shy a fin sure and pulled into the drink and possibly drowned.

More maneuvering put us about sixty yards from a string of eight. Whether we hit them or not is uncertain. Anyhow, after a few dives and attempts at circling, they gave it up and headed for the tall timber in the direction of the western end of Littleton Island. I soon used up the five shells I had remaining, hitting one. Then Mac's supply gave out, and we had only the 40-82 left. Captain Bob took the gun, but overshot—no result—and gave place to the Eskimo, who landed once and then blew up, when Bob tried it again with nothing doing, and then

just off Littleton Island I had a chance. I scored once but missed three straight, and that being the last cartridge we had to turn back—though we thought of trying the 22 or the shotgun! It was too bad, too, as the walrus were puffing badly and were evidently nearly done up. However, we weren't fresh. Rowing like the devil and then trying to hit a moving and small target is not easy. It turned out afterwards that the reason we overshot so was that in pulling out the rifle the sight hit something and, unseen by us, went up three notches.

It may be mentioned that when a walrus is killed the huskies go for his stomach and get out all the clams they can find there. This has some predigested foods skinned. However it's only another variety of "hot dog."

CHAPTER IV

FINAL PREPARATIONS AT ETAH—THE ARGONAUTS' AU REVOIR—BUCKING THE ICE

THE week succeeding our hunt was the busiest ever. The first two days were spent writing letters. Then when the *Erik* joined us the Commander landed six months' supplies for the whole crew and made arrangements for Bosun Murphy and Billy Pritchard, the cabin boy, to stay there. Harry Whitney of the *Erik,* wishing to take advantage of the chance of musk-ox shooting, obtained the Commander's consent to remain. To be prepared for a possible wreck, all pemmican, tea, coffee, oil, sugar, biscuits, were taken out of the hold and put on deck, two or three tiers deep, ready to be heaved out on the ice should the *Roosevelt* be crushed. The spanker-boom was rigged at an angle of 30°, and a derrick arrangement with ropes, pulleys, et cetera, led to the rudder to hoist it up out of harm's way should that article open up shop in our vicinity. Then the *Erik* came alongside

and the huskies transferred her whale meat to the *Roosevelt.*

All our dogs, two hundred and thirty-six, had been sent as delegates to a peace conference on a small island, so for a while we could adjust matters on board in the ordinary way, but on the 17th Whitney's motor boat was commandeered and began towing three or four whale boats plumb full of fighting, snarling canines alongside of the *Roosevelt,* where an Eskimo would pass a rope around each dog's equator, while another would pull, and land him flopping and yelping on the amidships deck. When the Erik came alongside, a few dogs tried some stunts in the broad jumping line and went exploring on her decks. Well, every once in a while, one would not gauge his distance right and would go kerflop into the suds. When about four dogs were down in the water between the two ships and in danger of being crushed, we formed a rescue party to get them on deck. Unfortunately the dogs weren't strong on appreciating our efforts to save them and objected to being grabbed by the back of the neck and recaptured. Mac got a bad bite in the wrist and bled for a while. After that, sentries were posted to keep them in bounds.

Finally, on August 18, all was ready. Captain Sam of the *Erik,* Whitney, Larned, Norton, and Craft came aboard and said good-by. With three whistles from the *Erik,* the old *Roosevelt* tooted the *"Chant du Départ,"* and we said our third and last farewell to civilization. It was a great relief to be all through with good-bys, letter writing, et cetera.

We left Etah in bright sunlight, but soon were running at half speed through a fog, then—smash, jolt, rip! as the *Roosevelt* struck the real article in the ice line. About ten P. M. we passed in sight of Payer Harbor and Cape Sabine, the former where Commander Peary wintered in 1901–2, and where the *Windward,* with Mrs. Peary and Marie aboard, was caught by the ice and forced to winter, the latter where Greely and his men had such a terrible time.

The next morning at breakfast the Commander gave us a little talk. He said that the first round ended at Etah—that to there it was child's play. Now, however, it was serious work; when he gave us a thing to do, we were to work irrespective of time, sleep, or anything, till it was done. To prepare for possible eventualities, he ordered Mac, Doc, and me to stock the five whale boats, as follows:

BOAT EQUIPMENT

6 oars,
2 boat hooks,
6 row locks,
1 bailer,
1 liquid compass (for each 28-foot boat),
1 oil stove (3-burner),
4 1-gallon tins oil (plain tins),
1 1-gallon tin oil (patent nozzle),
1 Springfield rifle,
100 cartridges,
1 shotgun,
50 loaded shells, No. 2 shot,
1 miners' tent (7x7),
1 box matches in tightly corked bottle,
2 tins biscuit,
12 tins pemmican (No. 1),
10 tins milk,
2 tins sugar,
1 sugar tin full of closely packed tea,
2 sugar tins full of coffee,
1 harpoon line and float.

At meals, every once in a while we were lucky enough to get the Commander talking about his experiences and the habits of the Eskimos. In speaking of their personal cleanliness he said some of the women took great pride in their clothes, keeping them always neat, free of holes, et cetera. Some of the older ones can tell merely by glancing at the stitches who made the clothes,

and the way they chatter when several get together is quite like civilization.

The men, likewise, by looking at the size and cut of the snow blocks, can tell who made an igloo.

They pride themselves on their strength. The Commander told about one Eskimo coming up to a stone hut they were building and remarking, as he dropped a heavy rock, that he guessed he was not so bad, having lugged that rock from so and so—two miles off. Sipsu heard him and next day quietly located a rock larger than that one and a good mile further on, and carried it back. Ootah, who is one of the most perfectly built men I've ever seen, would, the Commander said, probably be unable to chin himself more than once or twice or to raise a weight at arm's length. However, when it comes to lifting with his back and legs, he'd be there with the goods.

One afternoon, when stuck in the ice, we had a series of strength tests. To begin with, the Eskimos all did something we thought pretty hard and which not very many fellows in civilization can do:—put a small piece of wood on the floor, get down on one arm and, with your feet on the floor, lower yourself with one hand, pick the chip up in your teeth, and shove your-

self up again, all without letting your body touch the ground.

Then we tried the Eskimo strength tests: Interlock fingers and then pull to see who's got the strongest fingers; interlock and pull wrists and, as a final, sit on the floor, clasp hands, feet opposite each other, and pull. The object of this was to see which one could pull the other man from his perch onto his feet. To my surprise, Mac won very easily from Ootah, who had the reputation of being the strongest man of the tribe; and so did I when I went against him. Later we rigged up a horizontal bar on deck and had a regular "Gym" class in session. Some of those fellows got pretty good at it.

The huskies couldn't make out what manner of man Mac was. He paralyzed them by trying some pinwheels and somersaults, and ended up the performance by walking on his hands. "Piblokto" (crazy, bughouse), was their verdict, and yet he seemed sane enough, and when their best men tried their strength tests with him he put it all over them; so, while they may have thought him piblokto, they were careful not to mention it in his hearing.

One member of the party had an "emergency bag" in which was put his outfit, to be in readiness for a quick disappearing act in case the

ship was smashed. It was rigged very scientifically above his bed with a slip-noose, so, if the proper string was yanked, down she'd come, theoretically at least, on his bed. One morning, wishing to test it when he lay asleep, an Eskimo damsel was beguiled into pulling the rope; but to the disgust of the gallery the bag didn't seem to notice it at all, so the joke was not particularly on the sleeper. Later, during his absence, it was thought a larger food supply would make the bag more useful. Murder nearly resulted.

The noise on board is now something terrific. Two hundred and thirty-six big wolves are holding a regular meet-all-comers tournament to settle the championship of the pack and to see how each dog stands in regard to every other one. They spar with their feet with great swiftness and are up to date at catch-as-catch-can. We are finding out they aren't as fierce as the dogs Nansen had. When one dog gets down and knows he's licked, he hollers and yelps to beat the band, just like a kid who is getting trimmed and begs for mercy. They go on the theory that the more noise they make the less they'll get coming to them.

The only time I ever saw the pack refuse to scrap was when I took my kodak out to get a

photo of a good rough-and-tumble. Then they acted as if they were at a big dinner when a flashlight was about to be taken. Possibly this instinct could be used by the police in stopping riots. Anyhow, they refused to oblige, and after twenty minutes or so I gave it up and took my machine inside, leaving them to resume their ordinary occupation of remodeling each others' faces and figures. The hatch of the main hold, being slightly elevated, was their favorite resort for a siesta, as there they were not in any danger of being disturbed by people crossing the deck. We used to have a lot of fun watching a dog who knew he could trim some other one, bluff him out of his lair. The weaker dog would know it was either get out or be chewed up, but, while forced to give up his place, he would risk a fight to save his face, and then withdraw with dignity and fierce growling.

On the Labrador Coast there have been instances of the dogs, when both dogs and men were out of food, varying the usual mode of procedure in such cases, and eating the men, but these true-blooded animals are not man-eaters. In all his long experience the Commander has only known of two cases where the dogs of a team have deliberately killed and eaten another dog, and in both instances the victim was a mem-

ber of their own team, and as regards work a conscientious total abstainer. The other dogs, actuated by animalitarian motives, evidently decided he was easier to carry subdivided, and, led by their king, disposed of him.

It is generally thought that in the Arctic it never is warm; but the morning of August 22 was fine and clear with no wind, and for quite a while there was no ice in sight and we worked on deck in our shirt-sleeves. As we steamed along we passed close to the Grinnell Coast, and the Commander pointed out many capes by name, remarking he ought to know this coast well, having gone between Payer Harbor to Cape Joseph Henry from three to eight times on foot. The next morning we passed Lady Franklin Bay and tried to see Fort Conger, Greely's old quarters, through the glasses. Then the pack forced us over to the east side, where the house used by the Polaris Expedition was visible.

When Captain Bob got into his heavy coat and mitts and swarmed up into his little nest in the barrel, a hundred feet above the waterline, it meant business. From up there he could see for miles and could get a good bird's-eye view of the network of leads through which to drive the *Roosevelt.*

Lashed to the side of the barrel, with its nozzle

pointed downward and almost directly over the wheel, was a 3½ or 4-foot megaphone. When Captain Bob got to slinging orders through that instrument you'd know it was a queer, if sweet, little cherub sitting up aloft on our boat. "Starboard!" "Hard a starboard!" as we dodge past a large pan of ice. "Steady!" Smash! Crunch! and the bow of the ship rears half out of the frozen foam and sort of sprawls for some twenty yards on top of another pan blocking the channel. Before the ship starts her rearward slide, we hear, "Back her," "Full speed astern," and the Commander, or whoever is near, grabs the telegraph and whisks the handle to that mark. Then "Full speed ahead" from Bob, and again the ice is ripped into. "Port, quick, for God's sake!" "Aye, aye, sir," and the sailor at the wheel, and his two Eskimo assistants, make that wheel spin like the champion dancing dervish. When the ship hits the center like that good and hard, if you're in bed you'll find yourself up hard against the wall; if above, you've got to brace, or massage the deck; while the Captain, high up in his conning tower, swings back and forth like a bamboo in a simoon.

Sometimes when there would be a lot doing and the Captain's vocal organs were working overtime, the dogs would think it was mean of

him to monopolize the conversation, and with one accord would tune up in their long wolf howl, drowning out the cherub's solo, and then we'd hear *"Na pa tay,* to hell with you, shut up," from everyone on board, which Maxim silencer went with the dogs. Then, that pandemonium over, the referee's whistle would blow, the signal would be given, and the play would be on again.

Just north of Lincoln Bay, the heavy pack closed. Further progress was impossible, and so the ship was moored alongside of it, while the huskies enticed ice on board for fresh water. That afternoon a black object was sighted a couple of miles away. It seemed to be moving, as sometimes we could see it and at others not. A scouting party was organized, and after a long walk it was found to be a large black rock perched on the side of an ice hillock which was slowly turning, thus accounting for its varying visibility.

As soon as we returned, the *Roosevelt* steamed out to avoid being nipped between a couple of heavy pans. While endeavoring to side-step the clinch, the port side of the ship touched a young berg, splitting off a cold storage plant, which decided to come aboard, and, liking the looks of our room, came sailing through the port hole,

incidentally putting it so much out of shape that it could not be closed. During the night the *Roosevelt* retreated south some seven or eight miles, but came back again, so that when we tumbled out to breakfast in the morning we found the ship nearly where she had been the day before.

That evening we had a very good example of the rapidity with which ice conditions change. The ship was some six hundred yards from land and the Commander suggested that Mac, Doc, and I go ashore for a hunt. He told us to return the moment the whistle was blown. We started, each taking a boat hook and a rifle; but we had not quite reached shore when the *Roosevelt's* warning note was heard, necessitating the use of our return-tickets. Now so far the ice cakes, varying in size from a yard in diameter to fifty or more, had been closely packed by the tide, but on the return-journey it was doing its best to separate them. It was like walking on a moving sidewalk. We couldn't do much more than hold our own.

Mac and I were lighter than our physician and could take chances on smaller ice blocks than it was safe for him to attempt. In making a jump from floe to floe he missed his take off, and, with a big splash, commenced taking tidal observations and soundings, but we interrupted this scien-

tific work. Captain Bob from the lookout barrel saw we were not doing an ordinary cake-walk and suddenly sung out, "Something has happened to the Doctor. I can't see his head." He started the ship to our rescue. The Doctor had jumped from where Mac was to where I was standing. He slipped and went in, but I grabbed his hand, while Mac pole-vaulted across and we got him out. It was amusing to see Mac apply the hook of his pole to emergency stations on the physician's map to keep him from falling back into the water.

The following day the wind drove the ice off shore, and the *Roosevelt* steamed up as far as Cape Union, where the ice came in against the shore. There were no sheltering floebergs to protect the ship in case of an inset of the polar pack, so the Commander ordered a retreat to a point a little south of Shelter River. The Captain knew that spot only too well, as on the return journey in 1906 the heavy ice jammed the boat ashore on the flood tides for three days straight.

The ship was put on the land side of a couple of stranded bergs. Here we stayed three days, but the monotony was given its quietus on the jump. I'd taken a shave and the luxury of a bath and had just hopped into my sleeping

1626

bag when someone came down the alley at a ten-second gait, shouting, "All hands on deck." A heavy wind, resenting our presence, had been trying all day to dislodge our protecting bergs and, having succeeded in doing so, was now driving them into the polar pack drifting steadily southward. It didn't take long to obey that order, and, with Mac, Marvin, and some huskies, a whale boat was lowered, and we were directed to run lines around floebergs so that the *Roosevelt* could be moored in safety. On our first attempt we'd hardly run a line around a berg, after smashing and bucking our way through an inch and a half of ice, when it was seen to be a bum place, so casting off the rope we beat it down the coast a few hundred yards, got out a sounding line, and, finding the necessary depth in a neat little harbor behind some floebergs, we ran lines around them. The tide, however, tricked us, and about two hours later left us aground; but, after quite a circus, and much cussing, the Captain got her off.

After that all-night session we didn't do much but sleep the following day, and probably the ice did too, for it left us alone until the next morning, when we were wakened by its rumbling and grinding on the port side of the *Roosevelt.* While we were wondering what was doing, a

ROSS MARVIN
"Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter."

floeberg came toddling along the side of the ship and took a look into our room. Luckily it concluded there was enough in the joint without any more additions to the collection, and brushed by. However, it changed its mind when it sighted the luxury of Captain Bob's flat and suited its actions to the words of "I'd leave my happy home for you-oo-oo-oo-oo." Marvin, asleep there at the time, flew the coop quickly that A. M.

The ship had quite a list to starboard, and our strenuous friend showed at least that he could "come back," landing this time a knockout blow on the quarter-deck rail and putting some of it out of commission. The Captain thought it was time we retaliated, so, with dynamite, and appropriate squeals from the huskie show-girls, we torpedoed that masher. The ship was nicely aground though, and it was a hard job to get her off.

About midnight a couple of days or so after this, Mac returned from a scout ashore and said he'd seen a lot of open water. When the Captain heard this he undertook to go to the top of Cape Union and see what things looked like, Mac and I joining him; but by the time we reached the place where Mac had previously been, the lead was closed. Still, we had a fine walk of it. Perched on top of Cape Union, a

floeberg came toddling along the side of the ship and took a look into our room. Luckily it concluded there was enough in the joint without any more additions to the collection, and brushed by. However, it changed its mind when it sighted the luxury of Captain Bob's flat and suited its actions to the words of "I'd leave my happy home for you-oo-oo-oo-oo." Marvin, asleep there at the time, flew the coop quickly that A. M.

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good thousand feet or so high, we had the Polar Sea stretching out at our feet, the heavy ice-pack piled high up on shore and the red midnight sun, looming up to an awe-inspiring size, rolling along the northern skyline of the cliffs. While enjoying the scene we tackled the contents of a Thermos Bottle. It was the first time I'd seen one in action, and it seemed odd to go for a two-hour walk with the temperature 20° below freezing and pull out a bottle colder than blue blazes outside but with the coffee inside so hot we had to put ice in it before it could be swallowed.

Speaking of that coffee recalls the elegant way the Captain had attended to the Commissary Department on the Littleton Island trip. We swore the next time we went with him we'd see that at least there was some sugar along. However, we were in such a rush this trip we forgot about this, so when we opened the bottle it was found shy both milk and sugar. Mac didn't like it, which, however, didn't bother the Captain or me, as we each had all the more.

About twenty-four hours after our return a lead opened, and after engaging the ice for a hundred yards we got into open water, and fought our way half the distance from Lincoln Bay to Sheridan, finally stopping a mile short

of Black Cape. The ship was moored behind some floebergs in a corking little harbor. The Commander immediately went ashore on a scout and soon sung out to me to bring him his large kodak. I started shoreward, but some of the ice that had to be crossed was newly frozen and looked suspicious. In order to be perfectly safe, special pains were taken to step in the Commander's tracks, reasoning that what would hold him would stand for me. But another guess was due, for, stepping in one of his footprints, I went on through. Luckily I didn't get the machine wet, and managed to get out before the Commander, who had started to the rescue, reached me. The kodak, though, seemed bound to take a bath that night, as in negotiating a sharp turn he dropped it in an expectant puddle of water. These machines seem to stand a lot of hard knocks, as this bath didn't hurt it at all.

The floebergs here had been shoved up while we were at Lincoln Bay. In the afternoon Marvin and I measured the biggest one. The highest point was forty feet above the water, and the bottom was twenty-two feet below. At the ordinary proportion of one-eighth of its bulk above the water, this piece should have floated in the water eight feet high, so it is a simple mathematical problem to calculate the

force that had been necessary to raise such a mass of ice out of the water, without considering that necessary to overcome the tremendous friction as it bumped along against the bottom. The whole shore was lined with blocks of almost the same size. What a wonderful lot of energy going to waste!

CHAPTER V

ARRIVAL AT CAPE SHERIDAN—UNLOADING THE ROOSEVELT—BREAKING IN THE TENDERFEET

A HEAVY wind from the south, on the 4th of September, drove the pack northward and opened up a lead near the land. The *Roosevelt* forced her way out and ran half the distance to Sheridan, when she was compelled to stop. The Commander went ashore and came back with a couple of big hare—the first game pulled in Grant Land this trip. We got under way about five or six hours later in a fine lead opened by the south'ard wind. Talk about running on schedule time! At a quarter past seven we passed Sheridan, which was reached fifteen minutes earlier on September 5, 1906. The *Roosevelt* steamed a mile farther north, beating her record and again securing for herself the honor of having gone the farthest north of any ship in the Western Hemisphere. She had made the trip from Etah in just thirty hours less than was required three years before.

The Commander and the Captain having

picked out the place where she was to winter, the *Roosevelt* was headed shoreward, but ran her nose hard and fast aground. With a bunch of huskies, we were soon chopping and smashing a way for her, working all day. The rising tide floated her, and we finally got her nearer shore with her stern protected by a floeberg. When she rammed the mudbank, the stern went down correspondingly. Then, when her propeller was trying to unscrew her, a young Chagres River tore into the lazarette near the propeller-well, and before our keen-eared bosun heard the noise of running water and had caulked the leak, all the sheepskins were soaked.

The dogs were landed at once, so peace, perfect peace, reigned on board. The pack immediately held a "songfest" ashore and, having brought their knitting and fancy work along, proceeded to celebrate their freedom, holding an election for President General with all the decorum unobserved at such functions.

The work of unloading the ship was begun at once. Everything was landed, and we all wondered when the stores were finally ashore how the ship could ever have carried such a cargo. What we were the gladdest to see go over the side was the whale meat, and when the quarter-deck was given a good washing down and all

that stinking stuff was piled ashore surrounded by coal bags, we felt like cheering. We managed to make a fool break getting the ammunition ashore. For some incomprehensible reason it was all put on one sledge, Marvin going with it. The next we knew, the sledge and Marvin were in the water, and the priceless ammunition was ten feet down. There was an anxious lot at Cape Sheridan till we managed to fish it out.

The explosives—powder and dynamite—occupied a portion of the lazarette and, while there, were treated with the respect due their rank. They were installed ashore apart from the other supplies, their departure from the ship filling us with rapturous relief. The whale boats were taken to land, turned bottom up, and left for the winter.

In about five days the ship was stripped of all provisions and equipment. Now, if anything had happened to the *Roosevelt,* if she had been burned, crushed by the ice, or driven by a wind and lost, the success of the Expedition wouldn't have been jeopardized—only we'd have had a long walk home.

Several of us went hunting, but didn't land a single thing—not even a hare. The Doctor came in empty-handed one day and remarked that at Etah one day he killed eight hares and

thought he was doing well; but he was told to wait till he reached Sheridan, where he'd find them plentiful enough. But, though out twice, he hadn't noticed any over-supply. To add to his tribulations the Captain sprang a story of how on the last trip he went eight days after one hare before finally getting him.

On September 11th, six huskies went hunting, two returning the next day with the news that they had killed a bear in Black Cliffs Bay; but that there was so much young ice and open water where it had fallen they couldn't get it, so they had returned for a kayak. The next day they came back in triumph with the bear. Bears are not numerous here, and during all the Commander's expeditions and in those of the English and of Greely, none had been killed so far north, except one on the northern coast of Greenland. Their great haunts are Kane Basin and the western side of Baffin's Bay. We were too far north for them because, according to a veracious author, they delight to sit up and warm their mitts by the Northern Lights, rarely seen in these latitudes.

The maximum intensity of the Lights is in the neighborhood of the Magnetic Pole. During the winter nearly all exhibitions of the Aurora consisted of slight, ghostly fingers in the

sky. The best displays were off the Labrador Coast on our way south.

In honor of Marie Peary's birthday, all the flags were put up and we had quite a banquet at night—a clean table-cloth, bearsteak, a cake with fifteen candles, and white coffee cups. Everybody was in fine form, especially the Commander.

September 16th was a red-letter day, as it marked the start of the fall sledging and was the first time we tenderfeet endeavored to master the intricacies of dog driving. Marvin, Doc, and I, with eleven huskies, had to take fourteen sledge loads up to Cape Belknap, about twelve miles away. The Captain saw I wasn't a thing but green, and helped lash the 400-pound load on the kamuttee sledge while old Onwagibsu went to get his crack team of eleven dogs.

"All ready! Going away!" yelled the huskies, and off we went. Onwagibsu chaperoned me for a quarter of a mile, and his dogs went like a streak. Then he dropped off, returning to the ship. I kept mum, and soon the dogs began to go slower and slower. I wasn't wise to the huskie vernacular as applied to dogs, and my English the dogs didn't "savvey"; so, when addressed, they didn't understand what was wanted,

turned around as if to see who was responsible for the racket, and sat down. The twenty-five-foot whip was tried, but the dogs never moved. They certainly were amused at the exhibition put up. First thing I did was to sting myself a crack in the face, then I knocked my hat off. On the third trial I managed to miss myself, but hit an Eskimo who was passing. Next time the lash snarled around a dog-trace, and the lash as well as some temper was lost. Then I got next to a snowshoe and that looked large and formidable, besides making a big "swish" as it went through the air; so after they had been handed a few slams in the slats the dogs were persuaded to get a move on.

Driving these animals makes one thoroughly realize that story about the difference between oratory and eloquence. If your dog comes to you when called, that's oratory. If he runs away, what you say is eloquence. Many hours were later devoted to learning the mysteries and vagaries of the Eskimo dog-whip, and with either hand, too, so as to have the left available if the right should be disabled. Mac and I had a "property" team of dogs, frozen stiff, which we used to practise on so as to be able to hit the one requiring such attention.

When we reached Cape Belknap we piled the

seventy boxes of biscuit together and tackled the contents of three Thermos Bottles. The tea, still very hot in spite of the cold air, drew forth huskie admiration by the yellful. While drinking the tea I had my first practical lesson in the incalculable advantage of a warm stomach. My feet were very cold, and a huskie kindly volunteered to warm them on his stomach.

Returning to the ship with empty sledges resulted in a grand free-for-all race.

Later we went to Cape Richardson, six miles beyond our cache, and had to cross Black Cliffs Bay. Here we got a glimpse of really rough ice, as we frequently had to fight our way with the picks before making land. En route, we hit a lead of young ice about six hundred yards wide. Suddenly the ice began to go in waves in front of the team, and I was just beginning to wonder whether it was me or the ice, when I saw Marvin jump from his sledge as if he'd sat on a tack, and walk well to one side. I caught on and did likewise, so if the sledge went in I shouldn't. The huskies took it on the fly, urging their dogs to the limit; but, before they got over, Karko's sledge, or one runner of it, broke through and we had some trouble getting it out of the water.

At dusk that night there were three tents to

pitch, so Marvin had the Doctor, one Eskimo, and me in his tent to show us how to run things. He was an instructor in mathematics at Cornell, but he seemed to have changed to the Culinary Department, as here he showed us how to manage things in a tent, how to cook, make tea, dish out supplies, divide the rations, and do the thousand and one little things which we had to learn but would have been a long time doing by ourselves. That night was not particularly restful, as it was our first one out, and neither the Doctor nor I knew how to make ourselves comfortable.

The next day we brought the cache from Belknap over to Richardson and then hiked for the Oomiaksoah (the *Roosevelt*). Incidentally I began to understand that driving Eskimo dogs was not to be easily learned. In the morning I was helping my team up over a pressure ridge by pushing away for dear life at the upstanders, but when near the top managed to let go for a fraction of a second. With a grin like that of the Cheshire cat, which remained in the air after the cat had vanished, away went the team, with me doing a 220 behind, yelling to Marvin, who was ahead, to open the switch and ditch the train. Shortly afterwards Tawchingwa had the bow of his sledge strike a projecting chunk of congealed Polar Sea and stop dead. However, his bridle

line snapped under the strain, and away went his team, heading for parts unknown. Another huskie took his sledge in tow, while he jumped on mine and gave me a good lesson in dog driving. After a couple of miles we came on the runaways. Some had tried to go on the south side of a small ice-mound while others took the northern route, and, as the ice happened to stand the strain, they were brought up short and Tawchingwa came into his own again. While Goodsell, a huskie, and I were untangling our traces prior to starting, all three teams, thirty dogs or so in all, concluded to sample a tin of biscuits, and in just thirty seconds they had the Gordian Knot tied to the post. It took nearly an hour to get the sorting done.

The next time we went out we were gone four days from the ship, and each of us had charge of a tent and three huskies. The weather was relatively warm about this time of year, although getting colder every day, as the sun was sinking lower all the time. Not only were we learning how to be *"maîtres d'hôtel,"* or rather, *"maîtres du camp,"* but also how to wear our Eskimo clothes, a thing only experience and no amount of talking could teach.

The general prevailing idea that underneath our furs we had several tons of woolen garments

is as correct as most popular ideas on the Arctic. We wore very little wool; what we had was not to keep us warm but to prevent friction. The more woolen stuff you have on the colder you get. This is because the wool absorbs the moisture.

We had socks made of sheepskin worn with the fur next to our bodies, or, for extremely cold weather, the fur of the Arctic hare. These were put in moccasins or kamiks of sealskin, or the fur from the legs of the reindeer, bear, or musk-ox, for cold weather. A nest of grass was put in the bottom of the kamik on which the sock rested. This absorbed the moisture and helped keep us warm. By changing the grass every two or three days, we could use a given pair of socks and kamiks much longer without drying them over a stove.

From just below our knees to our waists we had knickerbockers made of bearskin. Bearskin is the only fur that is almost as warm when it is wet as dry, due probably to the habits of the *ursus maritimus,* which is almost amphibious in its life. As a matter of fact the portion of my anatomy presided over by the bearskin was the only section in which I was never cold, unless I got a hole ripped in the knickers. To prevent friction we wore light

drawers or had the bearskins lined with red flannel.

Above the waist each had on a light undershirt, over which was a shirt made of blanket material with a tight-fitting hood. The last and outer covering was a jacket made of either sheepskin or deerskin, called a kooletah. The sleeves of this were fashioned by the seamstress in such a way that one's arms could be easily withdrawn at any time; this to enable us to warm our hands on our useful and long-suffering stomachs.

This coat was fitted with a hood on which was sewed a bearskin or deerskin roll. In case of wind this could be unrolled and projected maybe three inches, and protected one's face from the wind. The back of the coat was made very loose, to allow a continued stream of cold air to circulate up and down one's back and thereby remove any moisture from perspiration. In case we got really hot in our work we could push our hoods back off our heads, and that would make regular ventilating shafts.

Now the niftiness of our costume lay in this: that by drawing the kooletah tight at the waist and passing a string between our legs from the back to the front to hold the thing in position, at the same time tightening the strings at the top of our kamiks, we could transform the outfit

into an air-tight sleeping bag. This enabled that article, before Peary a necessity of every expedition, to be consigned to the scrap-heap. Every man had a piece of fur two by four between him and the snow and used that to sleep on. In about two weeks a sleeping bag gets so full of moisture that it will double in weight, and when you want to crawl in it, you have to thaw your way in. By using this method, we lightened our loads and were much more comfortable. In sleeping we would take our arms out of our sleeves and fold 'em across our main decks further to help us keep warm.

On our hands we had mitts made of sealskin or bearskin with a lining of sheepskin.

All our fur, with the exception of our socks, was worn with the fur outside. Had it been reversed, we'd have been too darn hot.

In other words we used no sleeping bags, had no covering whatever, and just slept the way we stood, on a small piece of fur.

Although I soon saw how warmful our furs à la Peary were, it was not till afterwards that I realized how wonderfully Commander Peary has worked out *everything* connected with the Arctic.

On this trip we took a load from the ship straight through to Porter Bay, thirty-five miles

from the ship, then doubled back to Richardson for part of the cache there. Just as we got into Porter Bay, the dogs scented something, either musk-oxen or deer, and we cut nine new notches on our gun stocks. Then the Eskimos turned their attention to showing their ideas as to how to cook venison. It was not complicated. Just add hot water and serve. This they call "ki-al," and the rest of us, soup. We thought that the "nine" were all there were in the neighborhood, but while we were asleep old Panikpah went out and pulled in the substitutes—five more nicks.

That night I was amused at thinking how much my point of view had changed. We had long ago ceased to notice the huskie smell, but were all still a little disinclined to getting infested with their vermin. As I lay on my musk-ox robe just before going to sleep I looked at "Harrigan" (a huskie who had mastered the song of that name and known I think as Inighito in private life), who was busy swallowing the bugs off his shirt with great relish. It was nothing unusual and hardly worth mentioning. About this time we found the best and most satisfactory way to keep insect proof was to take off our undershirts at night and turn them over to the huskies, offering a reward of a cigar for every scarab they caught. A successful hunt

might cost four or five cigars, but it was worth the money.

The next day Marvin had a laughable experience which showed how stiff a job it was to estimate distances or the size of objects up there at that season. He and his huskies sighted what they thought was a deer half-way up the mountain. He took his rifle and started after the animal, but when he got about half way the deer flew away. It was a ptarmigan. Three years before, Marvin said, while hunting in the Lake Hazen district during one of the winter moons, they came on what they thought was a herd of musk-oxen. After quite a chase they tumbled to the fact that their oxen were hares. The hares, pure white, were just about invisible against the snow in the moonlight; but their black shadows loomed up only to be converted by imagination into musk-oxen—but stomachs aren't as easily fooled as eyes.

The march back to the ship taught me some more of the "don'ts" in dog driving. About six miles from the ship I started to untangle the traces, which were pretty effectively snarled. Before commencing, I waited till all the dogs were curled up and apparently asleep. But just as the job was completed, one fool dog started off, his legs full of acceleration. Every other

dog in the pack, dreaming of "I wonder who's kissing her now," woke up and left to find out. I made a beautiful dive tackle at the traces and got hold of about eight, but that didn't bother the dogs at all, not with that idea in their heads, so I went sailing over the snow like the country lad who stuck his head in the double yoke to help his newly acquired Texas steer haul the plow, and who, after leaving the field behind, and while sprinting down the village street, calioped: "Here we come, damn our fool souls, someone head us off." After a hundred yards or so dog after dog was cast loose till three were left, when the anchor held. The others had gone straight to the ship and were at once recognized as part or most of my outfit. The bleachers were full when Casey came to bat.

CHAPTER VI

HUNTING TRIP TO CAPE COLUMBIA—THE ROOSEVELT NIPPED BY THE ICE

WE stayed around the boat three days and then came a long—at least it seemed long to us then—two-weeks' trip to Cape Columbia. The night before we left the dogs howled, yelled, and barked as though they scented game. The huskies said they were yelling at "Tornarsuk"—the Devil—but that didn't stop them from grabbing their guns and going out on a scout for a possible bear. Nothin' doin'.

We were on short rations—one pound of biscuits and half a can of beans, frozen at that, per man per day, relying on the prospect of getting game. This diet didn't do a thing but make us hungry as wolves all the time. Still it gave us a good object-lesson as to what it would possibly be like in the spring if we ran short of food.

Personally, about the most valuable lesson I learned on this trip was how easily we could get frostbitten and not know it.

The Captain, Doc, nine huskies, and I left the

ship September 28th and reached Porter Bay two days later. The first night out, one of the Eskimos who had not been with me before, and who, however learned in the ways of dogs and the goings on of ice, was not wise as to the devils that might lurk in a tin can, put a can of beans on the stove to thaw it out. My suggestion as to the advisability of first punching a hole in one end was met by the reply that he savveyed cooking and that my services were not needed.

Soon the can, warming up, exploded like a shrapnel. After the bean blizzard had subsided, it was found that the fire had gone out and that the boy had tried to. For the next few days he was a walking Jack and the Bean Stalk and whenever hungry only needed to shake himself.

The third day we had to cross the Feilden Peninsula, about five miles wide. We went via a pass the Captain had discovered and christened Peary Pass. But Hully Gee! Getting over those six miles with a 400-pound load on the sledge was one of the stiffest jobs I'd tackled so far. It took us five hours to go those six miles. For yards at a time the sledges had to go over bare ground from which the wind had swept the snow. It was a case of strip and go at it, and it was surprising to find how warm one could keep even when down to an undershirt,

with the thermometer five to ten below. Once we reached James Ross Bay beyond, we struck good going for a change, and camped just short of Sail Harbor.

Karko, who was in my tent, did himself proud by getting two hares, so in that tupik there was a well-fed lot. As it turned out, Karko's strong point was not ability to shoot straight. One hare he missed seven times running, finally killing it with a rock.

It's wonderful what an appetite we developed. I never tasted anything so good as the eight biscuits and quarter-can of frozen beans—frozen because we hadn't the time nor the fuel to cook them, though we boiled the hares while they lasted. Short rations and a feeling of emptiness don't do a thing but make a crowd work overtime to land game. And the air is so wonderfully pure, due possibly to the population not talking all the oxygen out of it.

The next day began auspiciously by my nose freezing, and in my then green state I was very much concerned about the possibility of losing that organ. Whenever the huskies would see us à la Tad Jones—arms akimbo—they'd laugh and say it was a bad way to stand. That posture let a lot of air pass between the body and arms, and both would have a tendency to get cooler.

But if the arms were close to one's sides, the body, at least, would be warmer. Later on in the day, all my fingers were frostbitten trying to bring to a rifle, also frostbitten; that is to say, the oil, under the influence of cold, had thickened sufficiently to stop the action of the gun. Still, two musk-oxen were persuaded to join us during the day, so we wittled as carefree as he or she does at Del's when another pays the bill.

Opposite the mouth of Clements Markham Inlet, hawk-eyed old Kyutah spotted two black dots upon the mountainside three miles away, and diagnosed them as musk-oxen. A glance through the field-glasses showed he was right. With three huskies, I hit the pike for the shore, the others keeping on. Well, when almost on land, the *mikkie* dogs came on the musk-oxen tracks and followed them at top speed along the ice foot. When the tracks left the shore and clambered up the hill on the top of which were the animals, Ahwatingwah, on whose sledge I was, advised me to leave the sledge and try a short cut, as the dogs appeared to be in trouble in the deep, soft snow. However, the game didn't work out as planned, as the going improved for the dogs while it didn't for me, and away they went with me vainly trying to catch them. The musk-oxen ran for a precipice a quarter of a

mile away to get their backs to it and make their stand. When I arrived, both oxen and dogs were at the bottom of a young canyon a hundred feet deep. The dogs and sledges had come sailing over and down an almost sheer cliff twenty-five or thirty feet high till they hit a talus slope which went down at a lively angle, to say the least. Why dogs and sledges weren't pulverized is incomprehensible.

After the game was skinned, cut up, and loaded on the sledges, there was a chance to see how the huskies feed their dogs. Before loading the sledges the dogs had been unhitched, their traces wound around their necks, while I mounted guard with a whip to stand off a raid on the pile of meat. Then when all that we needed had been placed out of their reach, the pack cut loose on the rest, and I never saw so many dogs trying to get in such a small space before. One dog would get hold of a nice large slice and try to go off to some less populated district, but a few others, objecting to such a course, would grab hold of what he had and begin to back-pedal, each in a different direction, growling like fury but not daring to let go. Then the cause of the litigation, unable to stand the strain, would do the usual in such cases—give up—and each dog would get a mouthful.

The main party were overtaken about midnight.

Karko, the lad who got two hares, proved to be mighty effective in a tent and elsewhere when he wanted to be; but he was extremely hotheaded. When angry at a dog, he killed it with an ax.

The next day we struck fair going and made Cape Good. One dog broke loose from a team, and, getting his fangs in a steak, started out on a dash for the Pole with the Doctor's and my teams as supporting parties. We went along in this fashion amidst the shouts of encouragement, and otherwise, from the huskies before the brakes became effectual.

We reached the spit of Cape Aldrich the next day, October 3d, after a long march. Under this high bluff was Camp Crane, from which some four and a half months later, the rush for the Pole began. The next day, we took the pemmican half-way between the twin peaks of Cape Columbia and dumped it off there. Then we went on after musk-ox but though going as far as Markham Bay none was sighted.

Old Kyutah had the laugh on the crowd. He concluded that where the rest of us were heading was bum country for musk-ox and quietly doubled back into Parr Bay. Just as everyone was turning in, about nine P. M., in he came with a big

head in more ways than one, incidentally making remarks about dubs. We headed back east, reaching our old camping ground near Sail Harbor in two days.

As we were swinging around a bluff marking the entrance, Tawchingwa, Karko, and I in the lead, suddenly, for no apparent reason, the dogs burst into a mad gallop and after a 300-yard dash turned at right angles, and the next thing we were all mixed up in a rollicking scrap over a cache of whale meat which we knew nothing about. Though there was plenty, of course the dogs had to have their fight over it. Possibly it was their way of saying grace. Then the other teams began to arrive lickety split, but one might as well have tried to check a charging rhinoceros with an air gun as to prevent them from raiding the cache. With at least eight teams of nine or ten dogs each tending to business, it was as gleeful as Chinatown when the warring Tongs are providing business for police and ambulances. And as for our tempers! Untangling those half-frozen traces with bare fingers for an hour or more didn't tend to make one "love me love my dog" much.

We found, after examining the wreckage, that there was a note from the Commander saying he had gone on a scout through Clements Mark-

ham Inlet, had left the meat for us, and that we were to move the Porter Bay cache to Sail Harbor.

The next day, an early start was made. The huskies thought that the English Pass across Feilden Peninsula was better than the one we came by. We didn't do a thing but strike trouble, mostly in the shape of bare ground, and didn't reach Porter Bay till late in the afternoon. We saw we were in for an all-night session before we got back to the tupiks, and while loading up the sledges our invariable idea of boiling the kettle bored in; but we experienced a scare when the census enumerators reported the match population as two. One of them, however, enabled us to banquet with a zest known only in the Arctic.

We found to our relief that snow now covered the bare spots traveled over with such difficulty a week or so before, and we crossed via Peary Pass. The Captain very kindly stayed with the Doctor and myself to give us a helping hand. The huskies, being good dog drivers, soon got way ahead, some going to sleep on their sledges. Karko's team got off the trail, ran the sledge into rough ice, upset it, and Mr. Karko woke out of a sound sleep to find himself half buried by his sledge. We passed him about then

and lent him a helping hand in filling the air with the English equivalents of the Eskimo expressions appropriate to such conditions. We blew into camp twenty hours after we had left it.

Before going to sleep, I thought I'd have a look at my feet, which had been hurting some, and found to my annoyance that both heels, both big toes, and the ball of one foot were more or less frostbitten, the intervening territory being thoroughly blistered. Thank heaven, I was not a centipede! An hour or so after turning in I heard a noise outside of the tent and went out to see what was doing. The Commander was coming over the hill, gun over his shoulder, and looking in great shape. In answer to my question, he said, "One deer, one bear, and fifteen musk-oxen," a good hunt for fair.

Hearing from the Captain what a tough time we had had, the Commander changed his orders, moving the Porter Bay cache to the head of James Ross Bay, which shortened the distance about ten miles. On our way back to Porter Bay, the Captain was running ahead, and my dogs, spying him a mile or so off, concluded he was a bear or some other wild animal and hit up the pace accordingly. When they got near him, they all saw their mistake and slowed down,

except one which evidently thought that though in the wrong shop he was in the right street, and if he couldn't get bruin, a steak off the Captain would do. We then endeavored to show him the error of his ways, as he had just previously made a similar diagnosis in two other cases.

A bit further on, the Doctor and I were let in for a little additional excitement. The trail skirted the edge of a young glacier some fifteen feet high, which ended in a gulch, down which the trail went. The Doctor's team got to beating records down the slope just before reaching the ravine, and I was right behind him. Suddenly he jumped from his kamuttee, grabbed the upstanders in a vain attempt to stop his sledge going over the edge; then the next second he and his outfit went over. I rolled off my sledge, not wishing to call on a physician professionally engaged. A good half hour was put in in repacking sledges and untangling dog-traces.

The next two days were devoted to moving the Porter Bay cache to James Ross Bay, and I had a chance to see how considerate the Eskimos can be, if so inclined. The first day over, a couple of fellows in my tent saw my frostbitten feet were bothering me a little, and, on the return, one fellow took my sledge in tow while

the other chap made room for me on his own. Result, got back to camp almost an hour before I would have done otherwise. The next day, the Eskimo whose dogs I had, got in front on the way back and kept calling to my team. They were anxious to keep up with him, and so I landed at my tent much sooner than if he had not assisted me.

Sunday, October 11: We inspanned early and reached the boat in time for supper, though before arriving I had had a great fight with my whole blamed team. They'd got in a discussion with a sick dog which had been lying down, and nearly killed it before I managed to drive 'em off. To start proceedings, I broke my whipstock over one dog, then took a snowshoe, till I got to hitting so hard with it I was afraid it would break and, as a last resort, got a short hatchet into action. Using that tomahawk broadside on, drop-kicking, and punching with the free hand, the poor dog was saved, though by this time it was almost a tottering sausage.

The Commander had planned for me to go with MacMillan and help him make a running survey of the Inlet but, hearing that my feet were touched up a little, asked to see them. After one look, he said I was in no condition to take the field, and that he'd rather have me laid

up two weeks now than a month later on. Jerusalem, I certainly felt bad a couple of days after that when Mac and the Captain started out for the Inlet and Columbia respectively! "Left behind" is no fun.

The last time I saw the sun was on October 8th, though it didn't go definitely below the horizon till four days or so later. Poor Chantecler! Had he consulted his migratory friends and accompanied them here, he might have made good in his "No cocorico, no sun" business. It was very interesting to note how fast the actinic power of the twilight was reduced. Starting with the 20th of October and ending eight days later, photographic exposure had to be increased one hundred and fifty or two hundred per cent. daily, and by the 30th we had to resort to flashlights.

Speaking of photography, it may be mentioned that the autochrome plates were disappointing. Their keeping quality is limited, and when this is improved, they will form a valuable addition to an outfit.

The last day of October, Mac got back. He'd had a bully time on his trip. He was accompanied by two of the Commander's star huskies, Egingwah and Ooblooyah. They had killed a herd of five musk-oxen near the shore

at the head of the Inlet, but a snow-storm with no accompanying or following wind to pack its products had made the going so bad that the Eskimos could not go after more.

Mac was very anxious to learn Eskimo, and every word he heard he wrote down in his note-book. Now opposite the word *"sung-nock-too,"* the English word was illegible, so he tried to get the men to explain to him what it meant. The huskies tried and failed, till suddenly Egingwah's right leg doubled up, he grabbed hold of his thigh with both hands, and between clinched teeth groaned out, "O my God! *Sung-nock-too!"* The word meant "cramp," a complaint we had a good deal.

Another time, after the tent was pitched and the water was boiling over the stove, he thought the men had put some musk-ox in the pot and they thought he had. After an hour Egingwah stuck a knife in the boiling water and said, *"Tima naga,"* (not done yet). In about half an hour, they took the kettle off and started to fish for the steaming menu, when to their surprise, amusement, and disgust they found there wasn't any in it.

On November 5th, the Captain arrived from Cape Columbia, having moved there most of the caches strung along the coast. The next day

"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE"
Koolootingwah, Ahwatingwah, Borup, Kudlooktoo, Inighito and Kyutah, as photographed by MacMillan.

Mac, with Jack Barnes, a sailor, left with two huskies, their wives, and a supporting party, for Cape Columbia for a month's tidal observations.

The men in the fo'castle during this time had been having a lot of fun in boxing a bit themselves and trying to get the huskies to. However, the Eskimos do not enjoy it, and dislike getting hit. Some of the young boys about ten to fourteen put the gloves on and, stripped to the waist, mixed it up in lively style. A flashlight of a scrap was obtained, the Commander suggesting as an appropriate title, "Effect of civilization on the young Eskimo."

Marvin, after a good deal of work, built a large igloo on the ice foot near the ship, cut a hole four feet through the ice, and put in his tide gauge. The igloo was canvas-lined to try to keep the heat in, a two-burner stove lending a hand. On November 12th, we started to take tidal observations in accordance with the instructions given the Commander by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. After talking it over, we decided to stand nine-hour watches, taking hourly observations, except near high or low tide, when they were to be read every ten minutes for one and a half hours before and after the "stand of the tide." Unfortunately the high and low water did not always arrive as per schedule, and

often after about three hours we'd find the tide still going up and no sign of a stand in sight.

While taking my spell at the observations, which were a bit monotonous, it seemed as if something were wrong, for there'd been no entertainment, bridge, or worry for quite a while. However, the local boss and the insurgents of that region ended the tedium very effectively that night.

It had been blowing stiffly from the north all day, and during my watch one could hear the ice cracking. I turned in about eleven, but every once in a while the ship would crack and groan under the ice pressure. About one o'clock she gave a jump, and—same here—into my clothes. Just then Matt Henson came sprinting down the alley yelling, "All hands on deck. The whole Polar Sea is coming in on us." When I got on deck—rats, sinking ships, exodus, hejiras, and prunes!! They weren't in it with the way the huskies, men and women, were beating it shorewards with all their penates. In spite of the howling wind we could hear the ice groaning and raging like a soul in torment. The strong reflector lamps were pressed into service, revealing the ice breaking twenty yards away and piling up to a height of twenty feet or more behind the large protecting berg on our

stern. While this performance was going on, the Commander, with a lantern, was out on the ice, going from bow to stern and back again to see if the ship was getting nipped. In the midst of the racket the Bosun looked at the tidal station and sung out that the igloo was wrecked. Hurrying to it, I found about four square feet had come down out of the roof and that the igloo was cracked all over. Marvin had decamped temporarily, when the roof got to dropping, but took his ten-minute readings just the same. Soon the Commander joined us and jokingly remarked that Casabianca wasn't in it with "the boy that stood on the breaking floes whence all but he had fled."

My first thought when I saw the ice coming in was "Good-bye, tripods." I'd been taking moonlight photos, operating two cameras, one about one hundred and the other four hundred yards out to sea. It was an infernal nuisance lugging those tripods out and in every time a picture was to be taken, and as the ice hadn't been moving lately it seemed pretty safe to leave them outside. The Seven Devils of the Polar Sea were not of the same opinion. As soon as the fuss was over a searching party of huskies was organized and all kinds of rewards were offered to the man who found them; but where

the first tripod had been was now a large pressure ridge, and the large floe where the second one was left had completely disappeared. It is rather interesting to note, however, that, after the sun came back in March, the Bosun found one out on the ice.

The Commander said he thought the trouble was caused by the spring tides, combined with heavy wind and a big floe coming down past Cape Sheridan.

CHAPTER VII

PHOTOGRAPHING ON BOARD — IGLOO BUILDING—SLEDGING TO CAPE COLUMBIA

I HADN'T been on the tide job for more than a week before the Commander called me off to help him photograph the huskies on board. Over the main hatch they had built a large igloo. Then a vestibule arrangement was added, a trap-door put in the roof to let out the smoke of the flashlight, while a two-burner oil stove attended to the thermometer.

Then we began to take the photos. Now taking pictures in our "studio" was not easy. The temperature inside never got up to zero, and, after numerous failures, due to the frosting of the lens, the stove was finally arranged so that its heat kept the lens free from moisture. To help matters further, a two-inch cylindrical cap was put on the lens. In focusing on the ground glass, one's breath had to be held, as otherwise the screen would have become covered with ice crystals. Also, while the flashlight was going off the victim had to hold his breath, or the con-

densation from it would look like a young cloud and cut off half his mug. Besides, there were minor troubles—cold fingers and still colder feet, and every once in a while a hurried dash to the galley stove to get our extremities slightly above the absolute zero.

After taking one or two photos, they were developed, and if not satisfactory we'd try it again. Conditions were quite as much against us in developing pictures as in taking them. We used the ordinary developing machine, but the water which we used for developing and to wash our films had to be obtained from a lake one and a half miles from the ship, and for every bunch of films that we developed it would mean several trips to the water-hole.

On our sledge trips, the films after being exposed were put in small tin cylinders, around the opening of which was a small band of electric tape. This made them waterproof; and, as our sledges had a habit of breaking through the ice into the water and soaking everything aboard, we were able by this scheme to bring back many films which would otherwise have been destroyed.

Now the Eskimos had never seen any developing done before, and one day, for the fun of the thing, I called one in my room, locked the door, turned on the red lantern and showed my

visitor the undeveloped plate. Then I muttered a few incantations, made such passes as seemed suitable to the ceremony, and slung on the developer, while the huskie stared in amazement, thinking I had piblokto; but, happening to look at the plate and seeing his own map coming out, and reversed as to blacks and whites at that, he let out one screech and started to aviate it. Bringing him back to earth was no fool business. When the lamp for printing got going, it excited a great deal of admiration from the Eskimos with its brilliant light. That lamp had everyone on board more or less scared. The gas would leak a little once in a while and then explode, so that previous engagements on deck or elsewhere were kept with remarkable celerity. The chief promptly dubbed my room the "Chamber of Horrors," and the gas plant, "Borup's Blow-up Lamp."

About a week before the end of November, this sign was posted:—

"Thursday, November 26, 1908, is proclaimed 'Thanksgiving Day' in Grant Land.

"(Signed) R. E. Peary."

When that day came we had a most wonderful musk-ox steak and a mince pie made from the same animal.

Twilight disappeared about November 1st, and from about two weeks later until the winter solstice, December 22nd, when the sun turns northward, the Commander said, is the most dangerous part of the Arctic night, corresponding in a way to that part of the night in lower latitudes when vitality is supposed to be at its lowest. The dogs are most apt to have the dreaded piblokto about this time, but those that pull through stand a fine chance of lasting throughout the winter. Every now and then I caught myself saying, "Well, I won't do this now; I'll wait till to-morrow when the sun gets up and do it then." Then I realized that it would be some time before we saw him again.

The whale meat was all gone by Thanksgiving, but whether that fact and the day impressed the dogs is uncertain; anyway, after that, they were fed walrus and bacon every other day. When the winter routine of two meals a day came in force, on November 1, we new hands thought we were in for a general starvation period. Much to our relief we found that we had quite enough, as with little exercise we didn't develop much in the appetite line. If we did get hungry we'd raid the larder at twelve A. M. and at twelve P. M. for a "mug up" of tea, coffee, or cocoa, and some of Charlie's wondrous bread.

The ship had a list of at least five degrees, which varied with the tide, going sometimes to ten degrees. The starboard side of the ship was about a foot higher than the port, and, on the principle that hot air rises, our mess-room was most infernally hot. On the floor of my cabin it was 20°, at the ceiling of the mess-room, 100°; a rise of 10° or so for every foot. With a little higher ceiling we might have done our cooking there. We were all troubled with the condensation on the floor, and especially the outside wall of our rooms. The ice collected very fast and once a week it was up to us to form a pickax brigade and clean out a few icebergs.

My feet were now entirely recovered, and on the 30th the Commander said I was to go out in the field again in the December moon. Always thoughtful of his men, the Commander gave me a lot of extremely useful pointers on the fine art of keeping warm and avoiding trouble.

In America, for instance, if you get a rip in your clothes, it's regarded as sloppy and bad form not to remedy it at once; but, in the Arctic, if your regalia gets punctured, you may be seriously frozen before you know it. Another extremely important thing is keeping one's kamiks (moccasins) in good condition, and every

morning making sure that one's feet go well home in them and that one doesn't walk over on the side of the sole and so put the stitching to the bad.

Then he went on to say how necessary it was to watch the Eskimos closely so as to get on to points that would help to keep us warm.

So many things, difficult to describe, apparently trivial, play a very important part in one's comfort. For instance, in really serious temperatures, at night the kamiks get a little moist and soft from condensation. In the morning, on leaving the igloo, the Eskimos stand around for a few minutes, hardly doing a thing, not moving any more than they can help. If you weren't wise to what they were after you might call them down for loafing. As a matter of fact they are waiting for their kamiks to freeze into the right shape. If they started in to rush things immediately, their kamiks would probably be frozen more or less out of shape, with the result that their feet might get badly chafed.

The next day, in order to give the Doctor and myself a chance to see what the conditions really were like at camping time, the Commander sent us out with our division to build igloos on shore. Everything was all so new and strange to us!

When the igloos were done, the Commander came ashore and showed us how to deposit our effects to most advantage on the floor of the igloo. This seemed rather trivial, but it wasn't, and no end of experimenting on our parts improved matters.

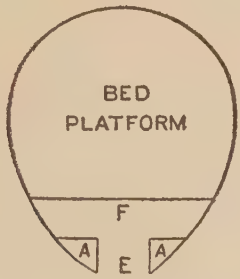

Diagram of an Igloo.

E — Entrance, a hole barely wide enough for a man to crawl through, the top of which was about level with the bed platform. Having come through E, you found yourself in a narrow space in front of the bed platform where the furs were placed and where we slept.

A and A were little snow-shelves level with the bed platform where the stoves for cooking were placed. We could sit on the platform and let our feet hang over the edge into F and be quite comfortable.

The higher the bed platform was and the nearer the roof and the deeper F, the warmer we'd be, owing to the warm air reserve. Later, in an igloo where we lived several days, the temperature was a bit too chilly for even the huskies, so

one chap got energetic and put a row of snow blocks over the platform, raising it up a foot or so, and the result was we slept much warmer. As a rule, we slept with our feet toward the back of the shack, using a box of biscuit, a can of pemmican, or a chunk of snow, for a pillow. We'd stick a snowshoe in the side of our igloo eighteen inches or thereabouts above the stove to act as a shelf for our socks and kamiks when drying.

It may not be amiss to describe the way igloos are run up, and the following description, taken from an article I wrote for the *Yale Alumni Weekly,* will serve the purpose:

With the end of our day's march comes the most unpleasant part of the day's work, especially if the wind is trying any stunts, and we all want to get our snow hut or igloo built as quick as the Lord will let us. Dogs and sledges are left standing. Each Eskimo grabs his snow knife—an ugly looking affair some twelve inches long—and begins poking the snow to get building material of the right consistency.

As soon as one man finds snow which will answer, he sings out and all hands fall to and begin cutting blocks, working hard to keep warm. If we stand around and look pretty we get chilly, and the next thing some part of our anat-

omy will be frozen, so we have all the incentive we want to make us stick to the job.

As soon as enough blocks are cut out to start proceedings, one man traces an ellipse on the snow, three of us begin to carry blocks, and the fourth keeps on cutting them. As soon as two rows are up, only one man can be actually engaged in the construction, so one man proceeds to fill in chinks, while I play the part of the man who totes bricks to the bricklayer and carry snow blocks to the Eskimo. The fourth man may keep on cutting blocks, or, if enough are cut, he unharnesses his dogs, cuts a hole in a piece of ice and fastens his refractory canines for the night, and then relieves one of us to go ahead and do the same. By that time the ticklish job of putting in the last block—the keystone of the whole business—is done, and the igloo is finished.

If we have been lucky and have worked at our best, we have the job done in an hour.

As soon as an igloo is done, I rush the stove box inside, light both stoves, see that the wicks burn fairly well and don't smoke too much, clap on the boilers which have been filled with ice, put on the covers, and dash for my sledge.

You've got to keep on the move or your feet

will get cold, and if you don't look out you'll get some of your extremities frostbitten, and then there's hell to pay. Then I strip off my light sheepskin kooletah and get into a heavy deerskin kooletah, and do this changing act just as quickly as horribly cold fingers will let me, as it's no fun standing round in nothing but a jersey at 50 below. Then, while the Eskimos are untangling their dog-traces and hitching their unruly steeds to a block of ice and feeding them, I get busy with a tee-duck-tock (a heavy, short stick) and endeavor to beat all the snow out of our sleeping gear, kooletahs, and bags, so as to avoid the snow's changing to water when the igloo gets warm.

By this time one huskie is through with his mikkie dogs, and with a dive wriggles through the door of the igloo and arranges the furs, etc., while I sling them through the door, taking care however, for all my hurry, not to let them come in contact with any snow.

Now half the ice in each boiler has turned to H_2O. Then the man inside pours all the water into one boiler, chucks the ice into the other, then heaves in a cake of compressed tea.

This done, we look around to see that everything we want is inside the igloo—pemmican, biscuit, tea, milk—and then we all pile inside,

while the last man comes in with a large block of snow for a door.

This he chips with a long knife, till, with an almost metallic ring, it goes home, and we know a good job is done. No wind will come butting in through that door.

By that time someone sings out, *"Tea Timah O-nark-to-tee-deck-shua"* ("The tea is done, it's very hot"). Someone has already chopped the can of condensed milk in two (the milk is frozen stiff, only hatchets need apply), and half a can goes to enrich the brew.

Then, while dense clouds of steam arise till you can't see two feet in the fog, each man has a full quart of the delicious stuff. Someone gets next to the biscuit can, and each man grabs his eight biscuits—the sledge-ration. These are hard as boards. By experience we know the best way to break them up into small pieces is to bite them in your mouth and put them into the tea—your own tea.

The pemmican follows suit, and the concoction is just great. Then if you have done a good job there may be another quart for each man. You wouldn't change places with a millionaire as you stretch out on the bed platform and doze off. A good march, ten hours, twenty-five or thirty miles—you don't feel tired. You're as

hard as nails, in fine training. You wonder how you could do the two-mile with a little training under Johnnie Mack. Those were fine days, but these are finer still!

When camping time came, we would try to spot a place sheltered from the wind, near a pressure ridge, high chunk of ice, or sastrugi (snow-waves which are formed by the wind), to moor our teams for the night. There were several ways of doing this. If suitable ice was available, we'd chop a hole through it with a knife, pass a rope through, and tie our steeds to this hitching-post for the night. Sometimes the ice would be covered too deep with snow for this method. In that case we would dig a hole in the snow, pass a rope around a can of "red" pemmican (the shape of which was on the lines of a brick, only once and a half as long), drop it in the hole, shovel some snow on top, stamp it down, and there you had an anchor which would have held the *Roosevelt*. If the snow was really very hard, sometimes all you'd need would be to stick the handle of a pick into it up to the head, and that would hold the mob.

When making mental calculations as to the strength of a given piece of ice, or of the number of foot-pounds required to pull a can of pemmi-

can out from the snow, one had to remember that the motive power might be generated by seven dogs weighing close to a hundred pounds apiece, with a running start of twenty-five feet and getting in their work all at once. Now and then, somebody's team would drag its anchor and throw the throttle wide open, while the owner, with suitable invocations, would sally forth to bring it back again. So, unless we wanted our slumbers disturbed, we'd try to get our animals hitched as securely as possible.

Pemmican was put up in two differently colored tins:—blue for the bipeds of the party, and red for the four-legged exponents. Now we soon noticed an interesting thing, and that was that, if a dog broke away and got his burglar kit in action, he would invariably pick out a red tin. Punching holes through that with great ease, he'd thoroughly enjoy the result before being caught. As the dogs were sometimes fed from the blue tins, but never broke open any of this color, we were rather puzzled as to why they always picked out a red one, till we asked the Commander. He said that of course the dogs knew what raw meat looked like, and that red was that color, and that they undoubtedly went instinctively for the red tin because of its resemblance to their natural food; and this reason, too, prevented

their tackling supplies for the men—another evidence of the Commander's all around foresight. He said, as a further example, that once, when wearing red mitts, a dog sprang for his hand like a whirlwind, mistaking it for meat.

December 3d, the Captain left for the Lake Hazen district after musk-ox, and Henson for the Inlet on the same quest. The following day, the Doctor and I started out with our Eskimos.

So far we had always gone with either Marvin or the Captain, but when the winter moon first came the Commander sent us out by ourselves with the huskies. Of course this was quite different from having Ross or the Captain nearby to explain to the natives what we were trying to say, and, besides the knowledge of the conditions and the ability to wear our clothes in such a way as to get the maximum comfort out of them, we learned by sheer necessity a good deal more of the native lingo than we otherwise would have, as well as how to handle the huskies. All that, acquired long before the start of the northern trip, helped put us in wonderful shape for the serious spring sledge work and resulted in our traveling in private cars, where otherwise we'd have been pounding the ties if we'd been with anyone but the Commander or if the Com-

AN ESKIMO LOAN EXHIBITION. Drawings Signed by Artists. (A) Siedge, Eskimos and tent. Shooting reindeer. (B) Stalking reindeer. Eskimos with meat hung up to dry. White man taking Eskimos' photographs. (C) Catching little auks. Whaleboat and kayaks. Loaded sledges and tent.

mander had not had his long experience to help us.

We had been on the ship for about six weeks and were glad of a little change. We had fair going, reaching Cape Richardson, eighteen miles away, in about twelve hours. En route a gorgeous meteor burst like a rocket high over our heads. Shooting stars were extremely thick and were seen all the time. The march done, we built our first igloos for active service and found, to our great relief, how much more comfortable they were than tents. It was a luxury to be in one, compared with the fall work in the tents.

Starting out at the first streak of the returning moon, which was not above the horizon for very long, the Doctor and I each had a lantern along to help. When the men halted to rest their dogs they would hike for the lantern, form a ring and stick their noses at the top where the heat came out of the chimney, and warm their noses—*"Onarkto aipah Oomiaksoah"* (hot like the ship). Each morning, before setting out, everyone would look over his duds to see if there were any holes, and, generally, half a division got out thread and needles and began to sew. At first we fellows were inclined to be careless and not inspect our clothes but, after one or two mixups with young cyclones, resulting in frost bites

through rips, we learned to go over our things very carefully.

With seven men, I reached Sail Harbor on the third march, fifty-five miles from the ship, and spent five days there, making as many round trips to Cape Colan, twelve miles away, sledging the entire cache of 8600 pounds over. By great luck we struck glass ice with no snow for four miles, and made fast time. After the first trip, I sent two of my men to Columbia to help Mac get back.

I soon found out that my companions, though without alarm clocks, could adjust their schedule very satisfactorily, by the stars. When ready to turn in, they'd pick out a good big star, and, pointing to a mountain about 120° to 180° in a different direction, would say that when that star had sledged that far, then we'd hit the trail again. We'd cut in the shack wall a hole in the direction the star was to be when it should be time to get up. The first man to wake would squint through the hole and see how much longer we had to sleep. If the observer couldn't go to sleep promptly, he'd tune up his monotonous "Yah, yah, a yah yah," and, if requested to ring off, would get sore as the devil.

One day on the return trip I told my men not to wait, that I'd walk back; so away they went.

Half-way over, I came on a sledge turned bottom up in the snow. Its owner, thinking I might be getting tired, had left his sledge for me and hopped on another kamuttee—a rather thoughtful act. On one occasion, when he had gone about half the march, Karko came up and said his kooletah was all soaked from perspiration and asked if he could go back to dry it. Tawchingwa volunteered to take his load. I said, "Sure, if he'd have the kettle boiled by the time we got back." But when we reached camp we found him curled up in Tawchingwa's bag, fast asleep, and no tea ready. But if you can't make tea with boiling indignation, you can grin in a fashion that will insure no repetition of the incident.

The cache moved, we took the trolley back to the ship, reaching it in two marches. My watch had gone on a strike a couple of times, and when I shinned up the side of the *Roosevelt* I didn't have any idea whether it was day or night by ship time, nor did I think I could place the date, by at least two days. As I poked my nose over the side, the first person to appear was our Chief, and, in answer to a question, he said, "Four o'clock Sunday." I let out a yell of delight: "Just in time for a fine Sunday dinner!" That's running on railroad schedule, all right.

CHAPTER VIII

RETURN OF THE SCOUTS—THEIR YARNS —THE WINTER SOLSTICE AND THE EXPEDITION OF AN ESKIMO BOY TO FIND THE RETURNING SUN —CHRISTMAS—HUNTING HARES—LOST IN A BLIZZARD

HENSON arrived from the Inlet thirty-six hours afterwards, and the Captain, heavily tanned by wind, a day later. Then we began to swap yarns, the Captain landing the championship on narrow escapes. Outside of a few hares, he bagged nothing, saw no signs of musk-oxen, but came on numerous deer tracks; in fact his team came so close that they could hear the deer hot-footing it to safer regions.

One day, when sixty odd miles from the sea and eighty from the ship, he sent his Eskimos, Ootah and Ooqueah, two of the best men aboard (two of the four who went to the Pole), ahead to an igloo, while he took a rifle and went off on a scout. When his men left him, he wasn't a quarter of a mile from the igloo, but unfortunately it grew hazy almost immediately and he lost his bearings. In about three and a half hours he

stumbled on the trail, and just as he did so along came his men, all the dogs on one sledge, fleeing as if the devil in a phantom aeroplane were chasing them, not unlike the *Chasse Galerie* of the Canadian habitant, and that means lots in this country where they pray to that Johnny-on-the-Spot to let them alone. This odd religious notion sure is a cut-across-lots scheme to go direct to what they are after. Possibly, too, they may agree with the Irishman discussing the outcome of the last war, who when told that the Japs could pray to the Lord as well as the Russians, said, "Av coorse they can, but who the hell cud ondersthan thim?" When they saw the Captain they were indeed happy. It seemed when he didn't show up they came to the conclusion that he was "shadagoed"—that the devil had butted in and dislodged him. Instead of getting a hustle on and looking for him themselves, they were beating it for the ship to get help. Had they gone by, he'd have been left seventy or eighty miles from the ship, with no food, oil, or stove—a nice predicament. The moral of his tale was: in no condition get far from your huskies.

Mac arrived the next day from Columbia, and he too had a lot of stories to try out on us. At Porter Bay, while pitching their tent near the

cache, Mac saw a dog belonging to none of the teams, apparently cast off by an Eskimo on a previous trip, which was living high on the cache there. Mac gave half a tin of pemmican to each of his men to feed the teams. Soon Egingwah returned, and Mac, who at the time did not know the lingo very well, understood him to say that he wanted another piece of pie for his team. Mac replied that he had given him all he was to have, and Egingwah left. Soon he heard a rifle shot ring out, but that didn't bring on insomnia. Well, the next morning on leaving the tent, the first thing he saw was the stray dog dead, a bullet through his head and his stomach ripped open. He at once held an inquest and found that, the night before, Egingwah, having chopped up the six pounds of pemmican for his dogs, turned his back a moment. The stray dog seized the opportunity and food simultaneously. Then Egingwah applied to Mac for more and, on being turned down, quite naturally wasn't going to have his animals go hungry and consequently be n. g. the next day, so he bust that trust with a bullet and then, holding an autopsy with a can opener, got his clutches on that unearned increment of pemmican and fed his team with it. Acute indigestion brought on in this way is thus cured in the Arctic.

Egingwah dearly loved a joke, practical and otherwise. On their homeward trip one dog got piblokto and was cast loose from the team. Every now and then the crazed brute, mostly bark, claws, and teeth, would come charging down among the dogs, keeping everyone tuned up to nightmare geniality. Egingwah noticed that Jack Barnes, the sailor who was to help Mac take tidal observations, was very nervous, continually looking back over his shoulder, as if he expected that dog was going to play with him. Egingwah crept up behind Jack, gave vent to a terrific roar, and with both hands grabbed Jack by the back of the leg. Jack let out a yell of terror, and made an ascension under his own power.

Jack was an awfully hard man to wake up to take his trick watching the tides. Mac would give him a shake; he would say "All right" and go right off to dreamland again. Five minutes of stiff jolting was the minimum time to get him on his feet. On one occasion, however, Mac just touched him on the arm, and Jack simply whizzed out of his sleeping robe. Once on his feet he looked around as if he didn't know where he was and his disappointment was extremely manifest. He told Mac, who couldn't understand what made him get up so phenomenally

fast, that he'd dreamt the ship was lying at the foot of 24th Street, New York, and that Coadey had come up, tapped him on the arm and said, "Come on, old man, let's have a drink."

The entire gang, both men and women, used to amuse themselves coasting down the steep mountainside, when the moon was up. They would either sit, or lie down on their stomachs, arms out in front, and go down the toboggan slide at a great clip. Shackleton's penguins haven't a monopoly of that polar sport.

They found taking tidal observations no joke. First of all, seven holes had to be dug through the ice before they struck water. Then there was not enough oil to heat the igloo with—only enough for a lamp to take the readings by. Lying down on one's stomach, taking them at five-minute intervals for twenty-four hours, with the thermometer at minus 47°, was not an armchair task, and those who make use of such observations cannot readily understand the amount of physical discomfort their making involves. In making soundings on the way to the Pole, Marvin always froze a heel. An interesting feature of this work was that sometimes the water would fluctuate over an inch in less than a minute. At the same time could be heard the far away rumble and crunch of a large ice pressure. The temperature of the air

would change as much as 14° F. in thirty minutes, and once it changed 18° F. in an hour. Cape Columbia, thirty-seven miles north of the ship and seventy-three miles west, had an average temperature of 6.2° colder than at the ship during a month's observations, November 14th to December 14th.

Monday, December 21st, the temperature dropped to minus 53° F., the coldest recorded at the ship. The next day was the winter solstice; the sun had reached its "furthest south" and had started back to us again. The Commander decided to celebrate the halfway point in the winter night. About four P. M. all the Eskimos, men, women, and children, were called out on deck. Pointing toward the southern horizon, where, at noon, a very faint twilight glow had appeared, and drawing out his watch, the Commander said the sun had just started back to us again. As he finished speaking, Marvin began ringing the ship's bell, Henson fired six shots from a revolver, and I touched off a volley of flashlights, a series of performances which elicited uproarious admiration from the occupants of the boxes. Then they trooped to the galley and our mess-room, where all were given "kappa te-dick-shu-ah"—musk-ox steaks, biscuits, coffee.

Scarcely had they gone when someone sung

out that young sixteen-year old Pingahshoo had piblokto and was running around outside in his shirt-sleeves looking for the sun. A search expedition—we were in the Arctic, please—was organized, but without the usual dinners and speeches incident to rescuing those lost in the North, and embarked on its voyage. Unable to locate the returning sun in the open, he hiked for the tidal igloo in hopes it might come up through the hole, and there the relief squadron pinched him.

The Arctic night, dreaded and feared by so many expeditions, the terrible, depressing darkness mentioned by so many explorers, the night which drives men mad by its monotony and oppressiveness, was now half gone—almost before we knew it. Under Peary's methods, traveling during the moons, always busy on the ship, diverted by the Eskimos, if there was any monotony or dreaded darkness going the rounds, none of us crossed its trail. Constantly occupied, we were happy; the working day wasn't long enough; and I never knew until then the real joy of living.

When Christmas came, it was celebrated in right royal style. It was the first Christmas in many years that all the Commander's men, whites as well as Eskimos, had been together. In the

forenoon, the Captain and I laid out a track seventy-five yards long and ten wide, smoothing rough spots off with picks. After that we drummed up every available lamp aboard, so that, with our resources, the race-track resembled Broadway after dark. Then the North Polar Athletic Club held its first meet. The A. A. U. sanction didn't arrive in time, but we decided to pull it off just the same, sanction or no sanction. With the thermometer at minus 23° F. it seemed very warm and springlike compared to the minus 53° of a day or so before—fine weather for a track meet.

We had races for everyone: the Eskimo men, mothers with their children on their backs, and for the girls, then for the white men. In the first heat for the huskies, they were not up on how to finish. They slowed up before reaching the tape and all the four or five hit the line together at a walk. After explaining to them how it should be done, they did finely. The women's race, where the mothers ran with their kids in the hoods of their kooletahs, was greeted with fervent applause. To our surprise the girls ran very fast—in fact, we thought, almost as fast as the men.

There was a good deal of rivalry between the fo'castle and the aftercabin, the sailors betting all

they had on their crack to win the championship; but Marvin and MacMillan scooped first and second, with Wiseman, the flyer from the engine-room, third. Then came the final event outdoors, a tug of war between the rival parties. Now, in the Chief and the Doctor, we had two heavyweights who, we thought, were invincible. The fo'castle evidently thought so too, so to even things up they gave us Jack Barnes, a lightweight, for Bosun Connors. The Commander counted seconds, and, at the gun, they got the jump on us in spite of our husky anchor weights to leeward, Goodsell and Wardwell, and gained the six inches that won the event.

Our mess-room was all decorated with the Commander's flags, and we had a great and wondrous spread, the inevitable climax to our ideas of enjoyment, same as in other latitudes. Our menu was simple but we always talked lots about it. Afterwards, we shook dice for prizes. The winner for'ard had his choice between five dollars and a box of cigars, and didn't take long deciding. Of what use is money here! Later we had boxing, wrestling, and all kinds of strength tests in the fo'castle. Our husky chief won the championship in that line.

On the 29th of December we were all together for dinner for the last time on the ship. That

night, Marvin and the Captain left for the Greenland shore for a month's tidal observations at Cape Bryant and to tap Newman Bay for musk-ox. When Marvin returned in February, half the party had left for Columbia and in July, when we were assembled on board, poor Marvin was somewhere in the Polar Sea.

Twenty-four hours after their departure, the Doctor and I left for the Inlet and the first glacier. The Commander, from the Captain's report, concluded that deer might be had at the latter place, a large inland glacier one halfway between Lake Hazen and the Polar Sea and situated on a plateau about 2000 feet high—a very pleasant, cool winter resort after the oppressively hot weather near the ship.

In my party were four Eskimos, three with sledges. It took us five days to reach the glacier. We ought to have done it in four, but we struck some of the caustic soda in the pemmican, which put some of us to the bad, so much so that one day we only marched four hours. Speaking of pemmican—pemmican is made, theoretically, of beef, that has been dried to expel all the water, chopped up, and mixed with fat, sugar, and raisins. In addition to this, we had, as an occasional flavoring extract, glass, tacks, nails, and the caustic soda mentioned above. Arriving at the

igloo which the Captain had built on a previous trip near the first glacier, two of the men went back a day's march with the dogs, to prevent their scaring the deer. This was in accordance with orders. Now the plateau was decidedly cool; for, on the only night I read my thermometer, it registered minus 17° F. on the bed platform of the igloo, with four stoves going. Outside, the spirit fell so fast that the machine broke in astonishment.

After a good sleep we sallied forth after deer, which, from their tracks, were in great numbers, but we couldn't get near them. Hares were there by the million, so thick you'd fall over them. In some places they'd literally stamped the snow flat.

When we woke up the next morning, a fierce wind seemed to need all outdoors in his business, and we let him have it, remaining in the igloo until the performance was over—twenty-four hours later. Then it was us for the hares. The huskies, having given up hope of getting deer, manned a shotgun and twenty shells, while I took a rifle. We separated and quartered the plain for a couple of hours, till suddenly Ooblooyah and I saw Panikpah, who had the shotgun, stalking a tremendous drove of hares. They were as thick as leaves in an autumn gale. I

never saw anything like it. Pure white, it was almost impossible to see them even in the brilliant full moon. But their black shadows were very conspicuous. Moving noiselessly, they looked like an army of ghosts.

Panikpah, crawling up close, let drive with the shotgun, and nailed six. The flock then ran my way, stopped fairly close, stood up on their hind legs, and two, *en brochette* with one bullet, was the contribution of the rifle. They'd run a hundred yards or so, stop, stand upon their hind legs, and look at us. It was a steady run, stop, shoot, for an hour, and then, the swarm splitting, we quit. Laying down our guns we started in to gather up the unlucky little fellows but had hardly gone four hundred yards when we suddenly saw four more between us and our abandoned battery. Every ounce of fresh meat was needed, so we had to make an effort to secure them. I told Panikpah that I'd watch the hares while he chased back for a gun; but his starting was a sign for them to do the same, and in the same direction too.

I've heard about driving pheasants, et cetera, but never of driving hares; but that's what we proceeded to do. We walked very slowly, making no swift motions to scare the animals. First I'd shoo them over to old Panikpah, then he'd

shoo them my way. Several times I tried to scoop one up by the ears; but, when my hand got within six inches from his antlers, the hare would gently side-step. I'd have liked to have made a dive tackle at one, but the rocky country didn't appeal to me as a soft spot to put such football tactics into play. We finally drove the four to our guns, when Panikpah landed all with one shot. While engaged in this drive the comical side of the performance struck both of us, and we had all we wanted to keep from bursting out laughing. Of course this was pot hunting but all the meat was needed and eaten, and the fur was of great importance in equipping us with good socks. Their fur is the warmest of all the Arctic furs, and for socks was invaluable, in facing the bitterly cold weather we hit a month or so later. As sixty hares at ten pounds each were too much of a load, we built a small igloo and cached forty-five there, taking five apiece to the main igloo.

Early the next morning Aletah and "Monkey" arrived. Leaving Monk at the igloo, the rest of us set out to get the hares cached some six miles off. Old Panikpah looked at the sky and said it would probably blow some before we returned, and asked if I hadn't better stay behind; but, as there was always the chance of a shot at

game, I went. We made great time till we got half a mile from the cache, and then Panikpah's team ran slam bang into a dead hare we hadn't picked up. At once every dog in the team got to scrapping for a chunk, and both of the other teams butted in. This resulted in an enchanting battle, and a still more enchanting thing in the line of a fourth-dimensioned trace snarl which required an hour for its solution.

On reaching the igloo, we noticed that the sky, slightly overcast on leaving our camp, was now fairly well clouded, and that the wind was gradually increasing. Aletah, a notorious coward, who had faked being sick to avoid going on the sea ice in 1906, and whose wife, Bill, a wonderful seamstress, was the real reason for Peary's bringing him, came to the conclusion that we were in for trouble, and dug out for the camp without a word to the rest of us. With a caustic comment, "Aletah no good," the other men finished loading the sledges, and we simply tore holes in the atmosphere in a wild attempt to reach the main igloo before the fury of the storm should burst.

Gradually it got more and more overcast, darker and darker, the wind increasing to the violence of a volcanic gas onrush, sending the snow scudding by in a mad, blinding, swirling drift before

it. It got so bad we couldn't see ten yards, yet still we bucked forwards, tacking wildly about, across the plain, back and forth, in a desperate fight to find our camp. Finally, after a couple of hours, Ooblooyah turned to me and said it was no use; that he didn't know where he was, that Panikpah didn't, and that of course I didn't. There we were, lost in the plain, with the wind blowing a gale and terrific drift. Now this wouldn't have been so bad had the men had a snow knife, but they had left their knives at the main igloo. They each managed to stamp out a few blocks with their feet and, removing the hares, stood them up on their sledge, lay down on the hares behind this rude shelter, let the snow cover them, and were soon asleep.

I tried the same thing, but gave it up, as my feet were bitterly cold and I was scared silly, afraid they'd freeze. I dug the snow out from under a sledge and stayed there for a while till I found I was being drifted in, and after some trouble managed to wriggle and squirm out. In so doing my kooletah got out of place and my bare stomach came in contact with the iron runner of the sledge. Gee whiz! how cold it felt! Then I got up and did a war dance to keep warm. Pan got *ikky* too, and crawled out of his snow-hole and we marched back and forth between

the sledges. Finally though, it blew so hard we could not see one sledge while standing at the other, and we prairie dogged it to our respective holes for a while. I didn't dare to try my walking stunt then, fearing I might not be able to find the other sledge. Once I lay down on top of a dog to try to keep warm. However he didn't have a speaking acquaintance with me, knowing me only by sight, and resented such familiarity. His method of expressing it was so aggravating, it kept me hot for some time. After twelve hours, during which I kept from freezing by practising skirt-dancing and lying down behind the sledge, beating my feet together, with my face buried in a frozen hare, I finally decided that I'd have a decent snow igloo or bust, if I had to swipe their blocks to build one of my own. My nose was frosted and so were four fingers. Ooblooyah's blocks had partly blown down and I yelled to him, "For God's sake, get up and build an igloo!" and shook his sledge up, which proceeding demolished the rest of his edifice. He came up out of his hole, and I told him, "Get a jump on! Let's get in one igloo and keep warm." He got sarcastic and said, "*Niny now igloo?*" ("Where's the igloo?") I said, "Build one," but he objected on the score of not having a snow knife. I got rather sore about then and told

him to build one anyhow. He woke Panikpah, and they stamped out blocks of snow four feet by two and, by putting a double row up, blocked up the cracks. Then my snowshoes and rifle served as struts to hold up blocks of snow for a part of a roof—a heluva shelter but better than none.

Ooblooyah then let me take a sheepskin kooletah off his feet for mine, as he was wearing his deerskin one. I sat on a snow block with my feet in his kooletah and on some rocks, and by keeping up a constant stamp, stamp, stamp, kept my feet warm. At times I'd even doze a bit. Well, we watched the wind, which kept up without much hope of a let up, and I thought we were in for at least a day more of it. Luckily, however, I was wrong, and she eased up enough to render it possible to see through the drift. We lost no time in digging the sledges out of the snow and got under way with the utmost speed, fearing the wind would begin again. Once started, it didn't take the men long to locate where we were, and it didn't take long to get to camp. We weren't more than 800 yards from the main igloo when we were lost. As we galloped up, we saw Aletah attending to his dogs. He had just arrived, having been forced to spend the night out too—only he had his snow knife

and built an igloo. We returned about twenty-four hours after leaving. Monkey had put in the time sleeping.

When the dogs were seen to we tore for the main igloo, and my gosh! perhaps we returning "prods" didn't pile in the grub dreamily and soulfully! Six ten-pound hares for five of us, with pemmican, biscuit, tea—and we'd have eaten the table-cloth too had there been one! We slept with no fear that we would wake up again for a good eighteen hours.

When I happened to take my kooletah off for minor repairs, I was startled to see how the swirling drift had cleaned it. Before the storm it had been very dirty, but it came out of the mess almost as white as the driven snow that did the job.

Then we yoked up the teams and the weary plowmen did the wended-their-way-home act. We reached the ship in three marches, the wending being down hill for a good part of the way. Fortune was smiling now, as that northern idea of paradise was just about going on the breakfast table, and the Captain found her still smiling the next morning when he arrived. He and Marvin had struck young ice all the way across the channel, Marvin frosting both big toes the second day out.

CHAPTER IX

FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR THE DASH—THE ESKIMO

THE next two weeks were busy ones. In them, the complete fur outfit for every man had to be made. By this time, we former tenderfeet knew how vital it was to have the sewing done well. The only way to have it satisfactory was to pick out one girl, make her think she was just IT in your estimation, give her a lot of stuff, tip her husband to get his good will, and give him to understand there'd be more coming his way if his wife's riveting was solidly clinched.

Of course, if an Eskimo wife didn't do a good job for her hubby, he attended to the make-up of her eyes. While there were no cops to interfere and run them in if they indulged in a little wife beating, we objected to our rooms being converted into facial massage parlors; so if we found a woman taking homeward-bound stitches one every half mile or so, we'd merely unravel them with a knife. One or two such criticisms

helped matters amazingly. Personally, I'd get my stitcherina in the cabin, give her the repair outfit, lock the door to keep out visitors, and stand guard over her to see that the job was done right.

There is a subdued hum of excitement aboard. Less than a month and we'll all be away! The sledges are being made, ashore, under Henson's direction, by two of the most skillful men. Henson and Scott, the second engineer, are working on the new alcohol cookers. These chaps can do anything in preparing traveling gear, from snowshoes to sparking plugs in an angel's wings. The Doctor is overhauling the medical outfit. The Captain and the Mate are marking off the fathoms on the sounding line, and designing the most effective arrangement for putting it on the sledge. The Commander is here, there, everywhere, restless as the time approaches. No detail can escape his eye.

At our mess, the talk is continually of what we'll meet on the sea ice, whether there will be open water, rough ice, storms, the chances of an easterly drift, et cetera.

About the 17th of January, the Commander gave us an interesting talk on leads.

A lead may be doing one of four things:

1: It may be stationary,
2: It may be widening,
3: Or closing.
4: One side may be going by the other.

A narrow lead of not more than ten feet may be bridged with a sledge, the dogs walked across and, with a quick flip, the sledge got over. Sometimes a young ferryboat can be improvised by putting a detached ice cake into commission. If the lead is too wide for that, then a thorough reconnaissance in both directions should be made to see if it can be crossed further to one side. That failing, it's a case of sit down and wait till it freezes over or closes.

The following day the Commander called me in, and said that he expected to work me very hard the first ten days or so, that I was to go out three or four marches on the sea ice, dump off my load and, doubling back to Columbia for more, make forced marches till my division overhauled the main party, when I was to go on with it. He went on to say that, to have me able to stand the gaff, he wanted me to take care of myself and get in A 1 shape; so the rest of the time on board I ran up to the water hole and back, about three miles, on a round trip, every day.

Once I ran up to the hole, and as the moon

wasn't on the job I had a reflector lantern. I forgot to take any extra matches, and on my way back, in the dim light of the lantern, I thought I saw a bear about fifty yards away. I got so excited I promptly fell over, and at once the lantern, *il est sorti.* Of course my imagination swooped in; I could feel that polar bear coming right at me. The time I made in getting to the ship was the swiftest bit of running I ever did in my life.

We were all very much worried about the possibility of the Eskimos' going back on the Commander. Of course it goes without saying they were scared to death of the sea ice, with the possibility of going through young ice or of their getting blown to they don't know where. They were not interested in his getting the Pole. You couldn't order them to do a thing and be sure it would be done. If they had been white men and up against it, you could have said, like the Captain, "Well, come on, boys; it's tough, but we've got to do it. Grumble you may, but go it we must." Several of them frankly admitted they wouldn't go out on the Polar Sea, but I was in hopes they would be more afraid of saying to the Commander that they wouldn't go, than of the Polar Sea.

A couple of days later, an Eskimo, young

Harrigan, started pulling the bedclothes off one of the firemen, who wanted to go to sleep. He told the huskie to cut it out; but, no attention being paid to his request, he got sore and hit the Eskimo a crack in his left lamp. Harrigan, like the other Eskimos, didn't savvey boxing and just sat down and cried. Later he came aft and told the Commander, who comforted him and tried to make him forget it. Of course the Commander was very much afraid such a scrap might create ill feeling between the Innuits and Koblunocks (natives and white men), and make the Eskimos still less inclined to go out on the ice.

While the rest of us were sorry it occurred, still we were also glad, in a way. In the field, we were at a great disadvantage. We couldn't drive dogs, build igloos, stand the cold, follow a trail, see game, like the Eskimos. We knew it only too well, and so did they. Accordingly —and we couldn't very well blame them—they were apt to get a little too much ego in their cosmos, and look down on us. But this little scrap emphasized the fact that, in some ways, we were their superiors.

Most of us who had been out with them had been put through a grand course in self-control, and had learned that under no conditions must

we lose our temper; as, if we did, what ascendency we had over them was apt to vanish. Among some savage tribes, if a man gets funny you can paste him a few and teach the rest of them a lesson, but, though we'd been angry enough to settle matters à la code of the Marquis of Queensbury, we had to sit tight and not beat 'em up. Of course we were only too familiar with their bad points, but we found a lot to admire in them.

They proved to be absolutely honest, having the run of the ship, coming in our rooms any old time, whether we were in them or not, and in all the thirteen months we were aboard we never had a thing pinched by them.

In their own country they will leave a cache of thousands of eggs for a couple of months or so, and return to find it unmolested. If you intimate that the line of talk they're handing out to you is not quite accurate, they are greatly cut up. "To lie is no good."

With reason, they call themselves "Innuit" (the people), though the name came from their supposing the earth had no other human inhabitants. The word "Eskimo" means "One who eats raw meat."

With no laws, no chief, every man his own boss, it's remarkable that murder is so rare.

There have been only two since 1891. If a man sets himself up to be an Angakok—a medicine man—who can get secret dope from the spirits, on things that are coming their way, and gets too cocky, he may get invited out to hunt and find that he is the huntee instead of the hunter.

One man going on a hunting trip may borrow the wife of another, as a matter of course, and the husband doesn't either object or sing, "My wife's gone to the country. Hooray!" Their habit of changing wives does not break up the love of man and wife, which is sorter like German separable verbs. Their trial marriages are strictly up to date. If a child is born as the result of one of these temporary exchanges, it is cared for as much as though born of the union of the husband and wife. The husband shows no more favor to his own son than to the son of his wife by another man, evidently going on the theory he may have kids of his own somewhere else.

Cousins do not marry. But sometimes they may not know exactly what their relationship is, and accordingly, from the point of view of scientific breeding, it is extraordinary that the race has not diminished in vigor nor deteriorated; inbreeding as they must. The Commander has known of only one idiot in the tribe. It would

seem as if, under the rigorous conditions in the Arctic, the law of the survival of the fittest were effective at every point. There may be no lid in that land, but there's no graft.

With the coming of the February moon, the Captain, Doctor, and I went out on short trips, principally to get our final outfit tuned up to the highest possible efficiency. The Captain left the ship on January 31st to sledge some supplies to Sail Harbor and examine the old Hecla cache of 1906.

Two days later, the Doctor and I started for Sail Harbor, whence he was to sledge all supplies to Colan while I went into the Inlet after musk-ox. Now my division carried about fifty gallons of alcohol, and when we'd gone about twenty miles we discovered that there was a leak. On reaching Porter Bay, we examined the tins. Made of too light material and imperfectly soldered, of the fifty tins, two were empty, twenty-three were on the leak, and twenty-five were O. K. This was a serious state of affairs; as, if the tins got on the bum from being shaken up over relatively smooth traveling, what would we be in for, out in the terrific going on the Paleocrystic Sea?

When we blew into Sail Harbor, two days

after leaving the ship, to our surprise we found the Captain and his men asleep in the igloos. Held up by heavy winds, he'd been having a tough time, and the faces of all his men were black as night from being severely frosted.

The hunt in the Inlet was not a brilliant success. There had been no wind there since the fall snow-storms, to pack the snow. The tracks of the musk-oxen that the Commander and Mac Millan killed were still visible, and when we tried to get back into the hills we sank up to our knees, even when on snowshoes, and could get nowhere.

The wind, quiet so long, of course had to open up shop before we could leave the Inlet and force us to build an igloo; but no sooner was it finished, all getting well frosted faces in the process, than the gale lost interest in us. That wind really was almost human in its cussedness; it blew just long and hard enough to force us to halt and build a shelter, and then, all work done, it quit. On the next day, while crossing James Ross Bay, that same wind, or one of its friends, jumped from behind the horizon, gazed around, noted us, and evidently thought, "It looks to me like a big night to-night," for it sure kangarooed our way.

We had now quit traveling by moonlight and

were going for the first time by twilight. In the southern horizon a strong reddish tinge covered the sky. It was the first touch of color we had seen in a long time, and how good it seemed! I felt so exhilarated I bounded on my sledge with the dogs going at full gallop and gave the long Yale cheer with three "suns" on the end.

"The sun! We won't know how much we've missed you till we see you again. Won't it be great! No more of this cussed moonlight traveling. The sun will put up a front about being warm anyhow, even if it isn't."

On February 10th, the Commander told me to be ready to leave on the northern trip in a week. A couple of days later it started to blow some, the temperature sailing up to minus 25°—fine warm weather. The Commander, always giving us good points, suggested it was a capital opportunity to give our outfit a final try out, so some of us walked up to the water hole and found we could face the wind with no trouble at all, and that our clothes were absolutely windproof.

During all the winter trips the Commander had assigned us different men each time; so that, when the start for the North came, each of us had had about three-fourths of all the men with us at one time or another. Now he told us to make out a list of those we would prefer, and, if there

weren't too many conflicts, we'd have the men we wanted.

A few days before the first division left the ship, the Commander laid out on the mess-room table two rifles, one shotgun, all kinds of knives, lance heads, reloading outfits, and tobacco and, covering them with a cloth, called in the huskies. He took some twenty matches in his hand, each match representing a sledge, and advanced all six inches, then pushed four back to the starting point, the others being moved six inches further, when four were set back; and so on twice more. He explained to the huskies how on this trip all the sledges were to stay together; that every five days there would be two, three, or four empty sledges, when the weakest men would be sent back; and that, when the men once reached the land, they were there to stay and would not have to go out on the sea ice again. Then he went on to say that he wanted four *men* to go with him on the final stage, and with a sudden movement he whipped the cloth off the table and said that he would give to each of the four who went the whole way a duplication of what lay on the table and, in addition, a whale boat, lots of grub, oil, wood for sledges, et cetera; and to the men who were not able to win out he'd give what he thought each deserved. The sight of all the

knives, lance heads, tobacco, and rifles laid out on the table made an impression and no mistake, and the huskies brimmed with grins and smiles.

Marvin arrived from Cape Bryant on Wednesday, February 17th, after a record-breaking trip. Till the Captain and he did the stunt, in January, no one had ever crossed Robeson Channel in midwinter. Only thirty-three years before, the English under Lieut. Beaumont had had a very stiff job going over in April, and the idea of attempting a trip to Bryant during winter, the English would have regarded as suicidal. The ability to cross that twenty-mile strip of treacherous ice by the light (and a bum one it was, too) of the half-clouded moon, showed the strides Arctic exploration had made under the Commander.

Poor Marvin had his troubles, too, as he had managed to get both his big toes frozen, the second day out.

During the first two weeks of February, we all felt more or less the way you do when you're on the track team and waiting the call for your event. When the first call comes you get even more nervous than you were before; but, when the second and last call for your distance comes over the wire, your nervousness drops from you like the sweater you peel off, and you thank the

Lord the agony of waiting is over and now there's nothing ahead but action. One last look at your shoes to see the lacings are up tight, then the pistol cracks and you're off!

CHAPTER X

RUSHING THE POLE[1]

THE Start of the Dash began February 15th, when the Captain left the *Roosevelt* at the head of his division, followed on successive days by MacMillan, Matt Henson, the Doctor, myself, Marvin, and the Commander, who brought up the rear on Washington's Birthday. I left the ship the morning of the 19th with Karko, Seegloo, and Keshungwah, and with my old team of dogs, which I'd had in the fall and which now knew me fairly well. Just before leaving, the Commander called me to his room and cautioned me about watching my feet all the time, to avoid getting frostbitten, which would incapacitate me. I hadn't been gone more than half an hour before I began to take account of stock of the number of things forgotten, principally a map of the coast, field-glasses, and Baedeker's Wellmania.

[1] The title of this chapter is a little misleading, as it gives my experience only over that part of the journey I participated in. The full account is in Commander Peary's book, "The North Pole."

Six miles or so from the boat, a stop was made to unsnarl traces which were all tangled up. When nicely unraveled, the dogs, with their usual abruptness, unanimously started to eat up the distance to the Eskimos who had gone ahead. I grabbed the traces, and, better versed in dog-ology than in the fall, dug my heels in the snow and sat down. It was up to me to stop them, which was promptly done; but after a few yards gain through the snow, feet first, about a ton of that material slid inside the kooletah on my bare stomach. Jiminy, how cold the stuff felt!

Five marches brought us to Columbia. The Captain had arrived half an hour before, from a two-days' unsuccessful hunt after musk-ox at the head of Parr Bay. He and MacMillan doubled up in the "MacMillan Hotel," the large canvas-lined igloo Mac used when taking tidal observations, which, equipped with a wood-burning stove, was very warm. Henson had already built an igloo alongside, and our suburban home was soon slung together.

The next morning it was blowing hard, so Captain Bartlett, the "Governor" of Camp Crane, told Mac and myself, who were to have gone to Cape Colan to bring up supplies and four sledges cached there, that we had better not start till the next day. We spent the time

sitting around singing, eating, and sleeping overtime, but the clear dawn of the next morning saw us swinging across the lawn.

The eight of us who were to make the trip doubled up two teams on one sledge, to enable the extra ones to be brought back. Mac and I went together. We sauntered along the "Great White Way," first running into Marvin, then two hours later the Doctor, and, half a mile behind him, the Commander. The first thing he did was to grab me, clap one warm hand on my right cheek and thaw it out. Then, turning to Mac, he informed him that his nose was gone. Both of us had been frostbitten since passing the Doctor. Now we had hitherto not thought it especially cold, although we'd had to go on the run to keep warm. In answer to our question, the Commander said, "About fifty-seven below," and at once we both began to feel very cold. I never was sorry not to have a thermometer along, as, when you see the liquid all doubled up in the bulb, your imagination gets busy, and you think you're cold, even though, actually, you're perfectly warm.

The next day we reached Colan, loaded up and marched half way back to Columbia. We all agreed that that night was the coldest we had ever struck. We had no thermometer, but with

four four-inch wicks going we could not keep warm. In fact, the huskies gave up trying to sleep, and we just sat up all night, hot-teaing it and shivering. If you shiver long enough you get warm, maybe. So it was a relief when the twilight came and we could hit the trail and start some movement in our arterial glaciers.

The whole outfit now at Columbia was seven members of the party, nineteen Eskimos, and one hundred and thirty-three dogs. The supplies were designed for four months, for twenty-five men and two hundred and fifty dogs. These extra supplies the Commander had laid down in the event of his being unable to bag the Pole, in which case he intended to raid Crockerland and get something out of the Expedition anyhow. All the sledges were loaded to the standard weight of about five hundred pounds. Each division had one new Peary sledge, three to four feet longer than the ordinary Eskimo sledge, for crossing leads, a repairing outfit for smashed sledges, and one .44 Winchester carbine.

As soon as I arrived, I was told that the Captain was starting with a light sledge and three huskies to pioneer the way; that my division was to go with him as an advance supporting party; that the Commander was in "the hotel" and

that my division was to spend the night with him, drying out our things.

After supper, the Commander called us all into the igloo and gave us a little talk. It reminded me somewhat of the way a football team gathers round its leader just before trotting out on the field for a big game. He told us he wasn't a believer in hot air, but in action. Said the next six weeks were going to be undiluted hell, the only variation in the monotony being that occasionally it would get worse. Then he told us to cheer up, however, when we thought of those sandy Italians facing minus 52° Centigrade in woolen clothing, tents, and forty-eight-pound sleeping bags.

The Captain had been to the summit of Columbia with Poodloonah that morning and had seen no signs of open water—slightly different from '06, when everything was afloat. The Commander was very much encouraged, and I felt better than I had since the Commander had told me I was to go out three marches and return for more supplies. I was afraid it would be my luck to get hung up by open water and so be unable to overtake the bunch.

After a while, Mac, Marvin, and I went to visit the Captain in his igloo. We talked things

over, speaking of how all the moonlight trips had toughened us up, that we now had been out from ten days to two weeks, on the go all the time, with no hardship to speak of, and were in wonderful training. Then somebody suggested a sing-song; so we started off and sang for an hour, going through all our College songs, and ending with:

> "*Amici usque ad aras,*
> Deep graven on each heart,
> Shall be found, unwavering, true,
> When we from life shall part."

As we were shaking hands we wondered, "When shall we four meet again." As the Captain said, "When you say good-bye to a fellow here, the Lord only knows when you'll meet him again."

We did get together for about fifteen minutes once more, for the last time on this earth.

Sunday, February 28th, 1909, came at last—a fine day, clear, calm, at a nice temperature—minus 50° F. The Captain got away first, the Commander walking a hundred yards or so beside him. Then I followed on his trail. The Commander went with me a short distance, giving me some final good advice. I told him I couldn't want to leave on a better day, as it

was my sister's birthday, and she had always been my mascot.

It was easy sailing for three or four miles, till we reached the end of the glacial fringe. Here, in crossing some young rubble ice, the bow brace of my sledge smashed, and a few hundred yards further on, in skirting a sharp turn around a deep hole gouged out by the wind, one dog tried to see how close he could walk to the edge without falling in, incidentally yanking the sledge that way. Naturally, with the innate cussedness of inanimate objects, the sledge simply had to imitate Diavolo's-daring-dip-to-death act, landing at the bottom upstanders down, puncturing all four tires simultaneously. After demolishing a young berg with a hunting knife and righting the sledge, a busted upstander needed repairing, and doing a job in your bare fingers at minus 50° is no joke.

The going was the worst I struck while out at sea. It was a case of "Huk! Huk! Huk!" at the dogs, with a few forceful English words thrown in, and put your back into it at almost every step. At that, it was good sport all the same. You no sooner got out of one bad lie than you would wonder what would be the next bunker you'd run into. You'd come to a small, sharp rise, the dogs would get over it, and the

sledge would be only half-way up. The next stride would land you on glass ice, and you couldn't exert an ounce of pressure. One's legs ought to have been built on the lazy-tongs plan, so that, by extending the joints, landing on glass ice would have been avoided.

The dogs, in the meanwhile, would sit down to look at you work, wink at each other in a "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" way, and then turn their attention to admiring the ice-scape. Like the teamster, I thought, "O, wait till I get you home, you scenery-loving devotees"; but finally the sight of an infuriated madman, brandishing a heavy "te duc tock" and charging, would induce them to get up steam. At last the sledge would start, come up over the rise, bang down the other side, where one end of it would ram a steely ice spar and the sledge would stop dead in its tracks, the rope fastening the traces to it would part under the strain, and away would go the dogs. You'd yell to the sledge in front to flag the runaways, chase after, rehitch, madly attack the cause of the disaster with a pick, and get under way again.

These spars, seeming to materialize out of the Nit at the psychological time and place, are like sentinels of an outpost. They, with pressure ridges, cold, hunger, drifting snow, wind der-

vishes from the caves where the absolute zero dwells, open water, faulted or obliterated trails —these constitute the line of defense of the War Lord of the North. And, too, his strategy necessitated that our base of supplies should accompany the main body, the supporting parties sloughing off at regular intervals as food and *non-valeurs* demanded. Empty cars and passengers were not carried on that train. The Spirit of Ice, hitherto invincible, was now clashing with one even more determined—Peary.

My men were of course traveling faster than I, arriving first at the Captain's camp. He got a little anxious about me and started back to find out if anything had occurred. I was mighty glad to see his musk-ox *kammick pucks* suddenly appear around a berg, and he gave me a mighty welcome lift the rest of the way in.

Now, igloos built, dogs fed, everything ready for grub, we thought our troubles were over for the day. The seven devils (or perchance there were more that ran things and provided entertainment on the Polar Sea) guessed we'd better guess again. For when the cooker was ready and the alcohol touched with a match it promptly went out as though it had been stuck in so much water. That was a new one on me, so the experiment was tried again. Same result. I

looked at the huskies. They had seen the cooker work beautifully on the ship and now promptly said the devil was in the stove, the alcohol, and everything in the flat, and began swearing with the luridness of Aurora Borealis on a jag. I didn't know at first what was wrong. It's no joke not to have a hot drink coming your way after a long march with the bottom dropping out of the thermometer. I called to the Captain to find out whether another devil was holding forth in his igloo, and, from the sentiments which emanated from his vicinity, gathered that there was. We held a scratch-your-head council of woe, and then licked the alcohol into shape by warming it over a small kerosene stove. Before this heating, it had been too cold to vaporize.

The night was very comfortable. The igloo, purposely made very small to conserve all heat, compelled us to snuggle up to one another when asleep, and so we kept warm. It was a great relief, because the Eskimos had been always saying to me that out here I'd soon be "all same Peary"—that I'd get my feet frozen. In a previous expedition the Commander had his toes frozen so badly that several had to be amputated. Their arguments were good, too. If I had been troubled this way on land in igloos where we

had four stoves going, what would it be like out on the sea ice with no stove?

The Captain's division got under way a bit before mine, as we had to repair two damaged sledges. The going was a good deal better, and we didn't have to pull or push our insides out as we had to the day before. The Captain started the fashion of putting up our empty pemmican tins at intervals on top of pressure ridges to blaze the trail. Every day the advanced guard had six or seven to decorate the ice-scape. That meant one every couple of miles or so, and these black spots could be seen a long way off. Every little bit helps. Toward the end of the march, we crossed about a quarter of a mile of young ice and camped several hundred yards beyond. During the day we could see clouds of drifting snow near Columbia, and that night the wind swung out to sea and began blowing very hard from the east.

At night, we were awakened by a sound that had a Dreadnought battery licked to a frazzle for noise. At least with our heads pillowed on the ice, that's the way it sounded. We hiked outside to investigate. A pressure on the young ice was smashing it all to pieces but didn't seem to be coming near us, so we retired.

It blew somethin' strenuous till midday, when

we jammed ahead for five hours, striking good going, and camping, as we estimated, about twenty-five miles from land. Now the Commander had told the Captain to send me back at the end of three or four marches, depending on the distance covered. The Captain wasn't sure whether it would be better to go back from here or wait till the end of another march. Talking the matter over I told him I'd rather start for shore the next morning, because if I went another march it might take two days to reach land, though if the wind kept on from the same direction it would be impossible to make connections anyhow on account of the resulting open water.

Wednesday, March 3: At the first streak of light my division was on the go, the Captain ultimately deciding the return should be made from here. Now the Commander had told me when leaving him at Columbia that, as I passed the main party on my way shorewards, he would give me definite instructions as to what to bring out. We dumped everything off our sledges, left the large one at the cache to replace damages to those of the main party, then shook hands and said, "So long and good luck" to the Captain. My last words were, "What shall I do if I miss the Commander?" He replied that I'd surely

meet him—could be no doubt of it. Well, we trekked for shore, going lickety split with empty sledges, literally hitting the high places, as the ridges reared up twenty to thirty feet.

The Arctic Furies, after a day's rest, sent the ball around my end; for, arriving at our second encampment, we saw no signs of the main party. Either they had not been able to start the day after we did as planned, or they had lost the trail. Following it we came to where the young ice had been, on the outward trip. The place was unrecognizable, being a tangle of pressure ridges mixed up with a small remnant of young ice which, under a severe stress, was putting up a holler in Esperanto.

We beat it across for dear life, and, on reaching terra firma, in the shape of old ice, we found the trail gone—no signs of it anywhere. Now the question was, had the wind blown the ice on the northern side of the lead to the westward faster than that on the landward side, or vice versa? In a hurried consultation the huskies decided the trail was east of us, so we lit out in that direction. After going for a couple of hours we hit our old trail and saw at once that the main party had passed, the day before.

I told Seegloo and Keshungwah to go ahead to Columbia, and with Karko turned back to see

if I could catch the Commander and get his orders as to what to bring out. But after an hour's run we saw we could not catch him and reach land too, that day. This would lose valuable time and make it all the harder to overhaul the main party again, as they would have just that much more start on us. Accordingly we decided to give it up, hike to Columbia and, loading up with the standard load, trust to luck that was what the Commander wanted. Coming to the first encampment we now saw four igloos instead of the original two and found the other two men there, waiting for us. They had improved the time by boiling the kettle. Karko and I got next to the unused half of the condensed milk and ate it with great relish. We hadn't had a bite for ten hours, and the frozen stuff resembled ice cream.

A few miles further we came on two sledge tracks pointed for the shore. On reaching the place where I had first wrecked my kamuttee and which connected the land and sea ice, we found it very effectively pulverized, with a sociable pool of open water. Slightly to the westward the lead closed. Seegloo manned a pick and went ahead to pick the trail while I took his team and promptly proceeded to drop down a ledge with the sledge, turning a somersault and

AFTER THE BEEF TRUST

A king dog ripping open a can of pemmican. He has driven away the dog at the right.

landing on the inevitable ice spear. It knocked the wind out of me very neatly, and incidentally, I thought, broke a rib. While lying on the ice making night radiant in an attempt to get my breathing gear in working order, I was greatly amused by the huskies gathering around with prophecies of my early death and assurances that the devils were right on their job. But what made me sorer still was inability to express my opinion of them, my speaking feature not working.

Then we struck the pressure ridge and saw that the ice we were on was slowly drifting westward, squeezing the rubble ice of the lead into an almost firm mass. We partly bridged it with the sledges, yelling like blue blazes at the dogs; reached an island effect in the middle of the water hazard; and then crossed more of the treacherous stuff to the land ice. Then we saw that, instead of being opposite Columbia, the trail had been blown way to the westward, and that we'd hit the coast line near the middle of Markham Bay. Instead of four miles back to camp, we had about fifteen still to go, while close to the mountains the wind was screaming right in our faces. It was a case of run to keep warm, and buck it, with your head in the upstanders.

When we reached Camp Crane, we found

Inighito laid up with a very badly frozen heel, and Ooblooyah, one of the star huskies, down and out with a sweet case of water on the knee, while young Kudlooktoo, who had smashed his sledge and had come back for a new one, had been unable to get out again. My men were greatly disheartened by the sight of the cripples, the long march, the faulting of the trail, and the great amount of open water. The situation was critical; nerve was reeling; panic was looming big, "dancing the devil dance over the naked snow." In desperation I threw a drink into the men, hoping to make them hoodoo-proof, if but for a few minutes. Anything to gain time. Keshungwah got lit up on about a tablespoonful and, while so, displayed great energy getting his sledge loaded for the morning. We didn't get much sleep, spending the night drying out.

March 4: We woke up to find a snow-storm attending strictly to business, obliterating the trail. In an hour it apparently cleared, and two of the men went off to the cache at the end of the spit to get more pemmican. They came back soon with frosted faces, their clothes driven full of snow, and said there was *ah-no-hee te-dick-shuah* (much wind) beyond the shelter of the mountain and they couldn't find the cache. I thought they were putting up a bluff and went

out to investigate. Their tip was straight. It was blowing great guns.

On coming back, we started getting the sledges repaired and loaded. While on the job, I heard a wild whoop from Karko, and saw him and Keshungwah sprinting for the "MacMillan Hotel," from the chimney of which clouds of smoke were issuing. I realized at once what had happened. The canvas lining was afire. All our spare clothing, kooletahs, kamiks, socks, bags, sleeping skins, were inside and were in great danger of being destroyed—an extremely serious state of affairs. If their effects were wiped out I knew the men, afraid of the ice anyhow, would refuse to work, and the Commander would lose the supplies he expected.

I was darn near crazy with anxiety. The huskies dove through the door, saw the place one mass of flames and choking smoke, and vamoosed. Just as they came out, coughing and spitting, I arrived, gave a yell, "Pick, Karko, pick, *shad a go igloo!*" ("smash the igloo") and charged inside. It looked like the interior of a furnace. I tried a couple of kicks to bust up the igloo, but the heat had turned the walls to ice many moons before, and it was like trying to butt down an iron wall.

Then I began slinging everything I could find

towards the door, where Seegloo, more sandy than the rest, had stationed himself and kept the door from getting clogged up. The smoke was choking, and although working with my head as low as possible, I had to fight my way out for air. Then, refreshed, resumed salvaging operations. Most everything was out when, under the impetus of Karko's pick, the roof began to rain blocks of snow; and daylight, with a burst of fresh air, appeared.

We immediately took account of stock and found that not very much was destroyed by the fire. However, everything we had was soaking.

It was now two P. M. The wind died down at once, the weather cleared, we could have started, but the Eskimos went on strike, said if we didn't get our things dry we'd freeze,—that the trail was so badly faulted we could never find it or reach Peary again. They were greatly unnerved.

Going into the igloo to look for something, I suddenly heard a cheer from the men and dove out the doorway to see what was doing. There stood Marvin and old Kyutah, shaking hands and laughing as though it were the most matter of fact thing in the world suddenly to show up here, when we thought they were forty-odd miles out on the Polar Sea.

I dragged Ross to one side and began shooting questions at him. He said that, on the second march out, the Commander had decided that he was to join me on my return to land, and that toward the end of the march they had struck open water, which prevented their reaching the Captain's camp. The following day, after a good deal of wasted time, the trail was found, to everyone's surprise, to the westward. On reaching it the Eskimos had at once seen I had gone by, but they had neglected to tell the Commander. He did not find that out till well on in the afternoon and then sent Marvin and Kyutah back at once. They had been unable to make the land that day.

Marvin went on to say that the alcohol tins which had been soldered by Henson at Porter Bay and the ones which had seemed O. K. had all sprung leaks and that it was of vital importance to get out to the Commander with the additional fuel, though, as Marvin put it, "The trail is so badly faulted and there is so much open water, I'm not sure whether we'll be able to."

The Commander was now forty miles out to sea, there was lots of open water, the trail was badly faulted and, to make speed, we put on only three-fourths of the standard load. Then, everything ready, we turned in.

March 5th, came, and with it a howling wind which held us up three hours. Then we set out. The sea ice had begun drifting east, Marvin landing on the glacial fringe four or five miles east of where I had, so we followed his trail to the end of the land ice. Marvin got to the high pressure ridge marking the end of the land ice and climbed up before I arrived. "—— —— ——!" It was the first time I'd ever heard him asterisk it, and I hustled up to see what was doing and, seeing, amplified his sentiments. There stretched a lead, four hundred yards wide, in either direction, as far as the eye could see. The huskies went out east and west scouting, but no use—the lead seemed to be equally wide everywhere. Crossing was impossible. It was a case of sit down and wait for the lead either to close or to freeze.

Even if we could cross to-morrow, the delay was heart-breaking, as we knew how vitally important it was to get out to the Commander with the fuel, grub, and the splendid dogs in our party. Yet we couldn't do a thing. It wasn't the physical side—it was the mental side of the game which was "undiluted hell," just then. As the Commander had said, "The only variation in the monotony being that it occasionally gets worse." The ice on the far side of the lead was

drifting steadily eastward, although there was no wind, and so we had to follow the line of hummocks eastward a ways and camp.

On March 6th, we were up and scouting before the first streak of daylight and did not find much to comfort us. The lead had widened. If stationary, it would have frozen over strong enough in twenty-four hours for us to cross; but, with devilish ingenuity, it was going apart just fast enough to keep a slight strip of open water in the middle, which smoked like coke-ovens, in the stinging air.

The only comfort in the day was the sight of the sun. At midday we were sitting in our igloos having a cup of tea. Now a small peek hole had been cut in the side of the house looking south. Suddenly my men looked up at me and a gladsome cheer rang out. They were pointing at my head and yelling, *"Suck-in-nuck! Suck-in-nuck!"* ("The sun! The sun!") Through the hole a beam of light came falling right on my head, and, as I jumped to my feet, my eyes were dazzled by the sight of the dear old sun showing in a crack between the mountains. We streaked outside our igloo. Marvin and his men were yelling too, and then they joined us, and we cheered the sun for fair. Five months since we had seen it! It certainly looked GREAT!

March 7: The lead was still going apart. The sea ice was drifting eastward so fast that floebergs we'd marked out were out of sight in a couple of hours. The Lord only knew where the trail was. We didn't.

For the sake of doing something and giving the men something to think of instead of the horrible inactivity and delay, we went east several miles to where the Captain's trail was. Here our hopes sailed high, for apparently the lead was closed. But when an empty sledge was rushed over the pressure ridges to investigate, the report was merely that a large island of ice floating in the lead had become jammed against the shore ice. Hardly were the men off when it broke away and sailed down the lead.

We camped here the 7th, 8th, and 9th. There may be a HELL in the next world, but nothing worse could be devised by fiends than the gnawing agony of that long wait beside that black lead which wouldn't close, and, ever widening, would not let itself be frozen over.

We felt that unless the Commander had been held up by open water at the end of our fifth day, he was ninety miles out to sea; that, even if we could cross the lead, we did not know whether we could recover the trail. With the easterly drift of the ice, we didn't know but what

the trail was somewhere off Cape Colan, thirty miles away.

To add to our troubles, the huskies were up in the air. One or two would return to Camp Crane every day to see the cripples and, on coming out again at night, would tell us how Inighito and Ooblooyah wanted to go to the ship, and they finally informed us they were going to take them there. That was a pleasant lookout. Yes? I don't think. Marvin rising to the emergency said, "Very well, go ahead," but before starting he wanted them to know that such a course would cause them and their families to get chucked off the ship; which would mean a *rather* long walk to Etah. So their idea went into the discard.

Keshungwah and one or two more were doing their best to demoralize the others. Their arguments were that we'd all surely die out at sea anyhow, and that was all right for a single man, like Marvin or me, but for those with wives and kids, nix. The ship for theirs. One huskie, however, when my division was inbound, had dumped off his bag of gear at the first igloos and was now going around swearing an incandescent glow at the sea ice for stealing his things. That helped keep him from deserting.

Marvin and I would pace back and forth and

wonder if the lead would ever close. In 1906, when thirteen marches out, he'd gone back to land for more supplies and, on leaving the land, had been held up two days by open water. Then by forced marches he had made up so much lost time that he was only two marches behind the Commander, when that famous six-day storm broke loose and smashed the trail beyond hope of recovery.

Now it looked as though we wouldn't get out to Peary again; so, besides knowing the success or failure of the Expedition might depend on our catching the others, we also thoroughly comprehended that, if we did not get out, we could never explain it, and at home there would always be the question of someone having lost his nerve.

March 10: *In action again, thank God!* During the night Kudlooktoo's team broke away from its moorings and improved the occasion by lighting out for Camp Crane, four or five miles away. He got away on their trail at once. Shortly after, at daybreak, on coming out of our igloos, we found THE LEAD CLOSED.

Frantic with delight, we broke camp. Someone sung out that he'd heard a rifle shot. We climbed up on a pressure ridge to see what was doing and incidentally to see if Kudlooktoo was in sight. To our great surprise we made out

two sledges going over the spit of Cape Aldrich. There could be only one explanation—sledges from the main party with news for us. With a double team of dogs, Marvin and Seegloo hustled off to intercept the newcomers. Soon he came back jubilant, with Panikpah and Poodloonah, who had given him a note from the Commander.

The note, dated the 7th, informed us that the Commander had been held up by open water for three days, four marches out, and that he hoped to cross the lead the same day. He said that Panikpah had a bum shoulder and a mild case of nerves, and that Poodloonah a bad case of cold feet, so he had shipped them back to land. He ended by saying to hustle for all we were worth.

The men told us they had been camped on the other side of the lead for two days, unable to cross, with mighty little to eat, and that (to our great surprise and relief) the trail was within a mile of our camp, to the west. Whereupon, while none of us were looking, they tried to swipe some of our best dogs, but, though we weren't Sherlock Holmeses, we detected the effort, and gave them the g. b. p. d. q.

Then, after the five days of wait, we got under way. On reaching the trail of the quitters we headed north along it. Between the land and

the sea ice was a long stretch of rubble ice and pressure ridges over which the going was frightful, with the pick in use every foot of the way. You had to fight for every yard-gain here as you'd do on the football field. Finally we struck the old trail on the far side, and on an old floe we passed Panikpah's igloo, where they had waited for the lead to close. A little further on we picked up the load of provisions Kudlooktoo had dropped when he had returned to land for a new sledge in place of his damaged one. When we reached the first encampment it was dark, overcast, and blowing, so we camped.

Everyone was feeling just too fine for words at the idea of being at it again. The Commander, if he had crossed the lead the 7th, couldn't be more than seventy miles ahead. We had a fighting chance to catch him!

Karko got so excited at the idea that he went bughouse, stripped his kooletah off, and began running around outside, gunning for trouble. After some difficulty, he was spilled into my drum, where he insisted on trying to butt the walls down with his head. Finally, we got his clothes on, and sat upon him till he got less energetic and strenuous. Then we turned in and slept—"a fighting chance" our last thought.

March 11th came clear and calm. We were at

it early. Between the first and second igloos had been the young ice whose breaking had faulted the trail nine days before, and a further movement didn't do a thing but make bad going. Luckily the trail wasn't badly faulted.

On reaching the second camp the kettle was boiled. The ordinary program included two meals per day, but with the forced double marches we had to make, to win out on our stern chase, another meal thrown in in the middle of the day helped us to keep the steam in our boilers up to the 200-pound mark and to win out. Tea down, we struck the avenue once more and reached the third encampment. Just south of it we passed a bear track two days old. The Eskimos got very excited at seeing it.

March 12: Another fine day, another double march. Only one day behind the main party! Yea! touchdown!

A rapid run of five hours over tidy dragging brought us to the Captain's fourth igloo. Here we boiled the kettle and gulped down—no fletcherizing here—our hot tea, pemmican, and biscuit, as we all had a sneaking notion we had work cut out ahead before we ate again. A mile beyond the igloo we came to five igloos placed fifty yards from a lead half a mile wide, which was now frozen over.

There we found a note from the Commander dated the *11th*—the day before:

"4th Camp, *March* 11, 1909.

"Have waited here (6) days. Can wait no longer. We are short of fuel. Push on with all possible speed to overtake us. Shall leave note at each camp. When near us rush light sledge and note of information ahead to overhaul us.

"Expect send back Dr. & Eskimos 3 to 5 marches from here. He should meet you & give you information.

"We go straight across this lead (E.S.E.)

"There has been no lateral motion of the ice during 7 days. Only open and shut. *Do not camp here.* CROSS THE LEAD. Feed full rations & speed your dogs.

"It is *vital* you overtake us and give us fuel.

"Leaving at 9 A. M., Thursday, Mar. 11.

"Peary.

"P. S. On possibility you arrive too late to follow us, have asked captain to take general material from your bags."

Lord, how encouraged we felt when we read this! He had left here thirty hours before and was now a march and a half ahead. My team improved the stop by a general scrap, and when the traces were unsnarled the others were out of sight across the lead. After medium going, I overhauled Ross Marvin about eight miles farther on, and just as he was caught up with, my sledge and a hole jumped into each other's arms.

Then, being pretty tired, we broke open a can of pemmican.

After a while, Ross took my team for a change, and the very first move he made to get the load nearer the Pole was to smash the whip-stock over the back of a refractory canine—a way of inducing lazy dogs to proceed we koblunaks (white men) frequently indulge in. The Eskimos are more careful of their stocks. They get on top of a lazy dog, get a back hammer lock, and proceed to chew his ear. An "eat 'em ALIVE-O" effect. Toward the end of the march we came to another Big Lead, as wide as the first one, but found it frozen over. It was on this lead that Marvin, on his return journey, fought his last battle with the polar ice, and I know how sandily he did it.

As we were crossing, a light breeze sprang up and, with the thermometer at minus 53°, we had to hustle to keep warm. Arrived at camp after an eighteen-hour march and found the four huskies in one igloo with the tea ready. Old Kyutah, whom none of us had seen since a bad smash early in the day, had not appeared yet, so we all huddled in one igloo.

For once, both my feet got chilled at the same time. By the time one had been warmed up to a temperature a little above the freezing point, the

other had made such a desperate attempt to beat out the thermometer that when I got round to it the heel was frozen. Karko, who was bughouse the night before, was Johnny-on-the-spot now and thawed it out on his stomach while I tea-ed and biscuit-ed it, cussing the disaster the while.

Just as we were turning in, with snapping whip and yelping dogs Kyutah arrived—said that the young ice in the darkness looked like open water and he feared he came too late. Then Marvin explained the situation to the men. Said we were one march behind the Commander, and that, if we were able to double march to-morrow, we'd catch him; but we were afraid that as a result of these two forced marches the dogs would be too tired to do better than hold their own, so he called for a volunteer to go ahead with an empty sledge and overhaul the flying leader, to tell him we were hot-foot on his trail.

The man we least expected to spoke up at once, a man who, on the previous expedition, had been a member of Clark's Starvation Party, who, blown to the Greenland Coast, destitute of supplies, were found in the nick of time by the Commander in what would have been their last camp —Seegloo. On top of two forced marches, with less than four hours' sleep, he pushed on. Now personally, I think that is one of the finest dis-

plays of nerve I have ever known. To go ahead with no grub on his sledge, in danger of being cut off by wind or open water, in spite of his terrible experience with Clark, means—O Lord, that's sand, and don't you forget it!

March 13: A couple of hours later, the remnant of the North Polar Flying Squadron up-anchored and opened the throttle. March 11th was a forced march. March 12th another one and no mistake. This, combined with little sleep, did not leave us or the dogs with very much steam to drive ahead, even under forced draught. A stern chase is always a long one, as we found out. Our poor dogs were all in, hanging their tails and not pulling well. The inevitable result was that we were simply unable to double the march, and could merely hold our own. The Commander wasn't letting the grass grow under his feet after the delay at the big lead. His first march was a hummer, and the next wasn't so far behind. When I reached camp, poor Marvin was having trouble with his feet, having both heels touched up, Karko was busy with a broken sledge, and so, dead tired, we turned in.

March 14: Before sunrise we were on the road. Everyone was feeling fine as frog's fleece, ready for another double march. It was catch the Commander or croak. A couple of hours

later we met the Doctor on his way to shore, with Wesharkoupsi and Arco. All hands halted while news was exchanged. He told us that the Commander was waiting for us at the camp a few hours on—that Seegloo had overhauled the party at dusk the night before. Then we shook hands and hit her up on the home stretch of our long race.

In the bitter air and intense silence, we could hear the yelping of the dogs of the main party hours before we sighted the longed-for camp, perched high on a knoll of ice. Lord, how good it looked! A few hundred yards from camp I saw the Commander coming out to meet me. When we shook hands it was the proudest and happiest moment of my life. We'd won out—a ninety mile, four-and-one-half day race to V-I-C-T-O-R-Y.

As we shook hands, I said the two weeks since February 29th, when I'd last seen him, were the longest I'd ever put in.

Reaching camp, the huskies took charge of my team and tethered it up for the night, while I, freed from family cares, hiked to the igloo presided over jointly by Mac and the Captain, where I found Ross and the rest of the outfit getting outside hot tea. There I heard bad news. Poor Mac had frozen his heel very badly the

morning of the 11th, the day he left the big lead, but had not noticed the damage till the next day. Now, it had all festered and was in very bad shape, and he had to return to land the following day. What awfully hard luck! It was just heart-breaking.

The remainder of the day was put in straightening out the loads. We brought three and a half standard loads and about thirty gallons of alcohol, so the danger of a shortage of fuel was avoided.

Just before turning in, Marvin and I joined the Captain and Mac in their igloo for about fifteen minutes, and we had a final song, *"Amici usque"*; but we couldn't sing it as we had two weeks before at Columbia. Mac was too downhearted and so were we at his bad luck. Then we broke up. As Marvin and I went to our respective igloos, we shook hands. "Cornell always was strong on cross country," I remarked, and he said, "Yes, that's so. But it hasn't been a two-mile race nor even a cross-country one. It's been a Marathon race and a damn long one."

The night before, Koolatoonah, the last man in, had said he thought he had heard a dog team way behind, but no one paid any attention to him. However, just as the igloos were being completed, the crack of a whip and the "Huk! huk!

huk!" of a huskie to his dogs were heard by all. The men jumped onto the tops of the igloos—all were wildly excited at the prospect of news from the missing—and wondered who it could be. Most of them picked the newcomer as Karko. None imagined for a minute it would be Seegloo, and when he finally arrived everyone was extremely surprised. Now just a word about what he had done. This camp was at 84° 29′. The third igloo was about 83° 32′. With less than four hours' sleep, he had covered the fifty-seven geographical miles in an air line. We calculated thirteen miles to every ten miles of northing. That makes about seventy-four miles over sea ice in really a single march—a record Mr. Seegloo has a right to be proud of, and we were in luck to have such a comrade and fine dog driver in our cross-country team. He might have frozen stiff—but never his nerve.

Monday, March 15: Kudlooktoo officiated as alarm clock, bringing us back from the Land-of-Nod at six A. M., and as the sun was poking its nose up in the east we were lashing up for the day's work. Marvin and the Captain, after a good-bye to Mac, trudged off together, picks over their shoulders, to improve the trail Henson had made the day previous, and Mac, with two husk-

ies, headed back for land. How we hated to see him go off limping!

The advance from 83° 7′ to this camp, 84° 29′, had cost two of the staff, six Eskimos, thirty odd dogs, and eight sledges.

My dogs generally managed to cause me all manner of solace during a day's march, and some of the other teams were equally kindly disposed toward their drivers. Their ministrations were keenly enjoyed by any others not suffering from similar ecstatic thrills, as, for example, a little exhibition Seegloo put up a mile from camp, in a series of pressure ridges and smashed-up ice. He had just passed and was heading for the Pole on his third speed when the bridle line snapped, and the dogs advanced the spark till they were ditched a hundred yards or so ahead by Karko. This was repeated twice in the next ten yards, to the accompaniment of vocal cordite.

When the Commander went by with a couple of sledges, he gave me two dogs from his team. Toward the close of the day, one of these dogs got loose and ran ahead. Now the trail made by Henson had been severed by a lead, and the loose dog followed Henson's trail and not the one made that day, and the mistake passed unnoticed. The result was that the sledge got in

a bad place, the dogs in the water worse off still, and all were in the full enjoyment of misery when the Captain came to the rescue. The Commander had anticipated trouble and, as I was behind the others, asked Bartlett to wait and help me over. We were soon joined by Egingwah, whose sledge looked as if Ursa Major had pawed it, and who had gone back for one of two cached there. Between us, my sledge was extricated. Half a mile farther on, a small lead prevented the party from reaching Henson's igloo.

The ice forces got to work on the pan our igloos were on, slinging up a small pressure ridge fifty to sixty yards away. The Commander remarked it would be a good scheme always to have my mitts handy at night, so as to lose no time in making a quick getaway in the event of a pressure demolishing our joint or of a crack forming in it, when we'd have had the pleasure of seeing half our shack sailing north and the other bound for the Bowery.

March 16: The lead closed slightly and froze over so that we were able to cross. A bit beyond we came on Henson's ranch. The Commander gave me a Peary sledge in place of the ordinary Eskimo one, and, with a lighter load, better weather was made. At the start I had one pick,

but managed to increase the collection to three before reaching camp, retrieving two on the trail, and a can of pemmican as well. The going was pretty good, but the march was not longer than eight miles.

March 17: St. Patrick's Day, but we didn't have any green stuff to display in honor of the occasion, and the patron saint of Ireland got revenge because after about six miles in a jaunting car we struck a bog of rubble and smashed-up ice which made it terrific for the sledges. Just beyond, we came on Henson and his party of three Eskimos, with three sledges, completely wrecked, from which they were making two new ones. Though sheltered by a snow wall, this job—an all-day affair—was not pleasant, with the thermometer in the fifties.

The Commander had lightened my sledge a good deal to enable the Captain, who had been extremely sick at the seventh camp, to ride some of the time and get rested up.

March 18: Marvin, after a short sleep, started ahead to pioneer the way, with orders to lengthen out the marches for two days. He obeyed, traveling twelve hours and making an actual gain of at least seventeen miles. The rough going improved, and we struck several stretches of young ice which totaled several miles. My

sledge load was emptied the night before, so, the Eskimos being much better drivers, the Commander told me to go ahead with the Captain, to improve the trail with a pick and incidentally to get a few photos.

The Captain nearly went on a little exploring on his own account. He was carrying his pick in his hand with the handle under his arm when he slipped suddenly, fell, but promptly recovered himself. One end of the pick rested on the ice, the other touched his throat near the jugular vein.

During the march we passed several breakdowns. Among the first was Ooqueah, one of the Captain's two men. Pretty soon we saw another fellow in the distance, working on a damaged kamuttee. Says the Captain, "I'll bet that's Harrigan"—his other man. Sure enough it was, and as both reached camp long after the others, his igloo was not completed until late.

The Commander, whose star huskie—Egingwah—gets his igloos done long before the rest, asked Marvin, the Captain, and me in for a mug up on the *toyoi* (hurry-up) cooker. There's nothing like hot tea. It will warm you down to your very cold toes in really wonderful style. Nothing like it.

March 19: Marvin crashed forward for nine hours and made good for about fifteen miles. The Captain is certainly flirting with Fate. To-day he attacked a large mass of ice which blocked the trail. The pick glanced from the ice and cut through the outside of his kamik, slightly damaging his big toe. An inch more and the pick would have gone through his foot, and then he'd have had a lovely time going back to land.

This photographic game out on the sea ice is an easy one—not much. The lens frosts if you look at it. The metal parts of the machine burn your fingers like hot iron—and the sun is so low you get bum photos anyhow.

Henson had tough luck. He didn't have a sledge, and his outfit was on Ahwatingwah's, which broke through the young ice, soaking Henson's wardrobe.

March 20: This was my farthest north. I would have given my immortal soul to have gone on. I was in luck to get as far as I did. As a matter of fact, the Commander lugged some of us a good deal farther than necessary, knowing our feelings. I never felt so bad in my life as when I turned my footsteps landward, and I hope I never will again. Still, it was part of the game. When the Captain of your eleven orders

you to go to the side lines, there's no use making a gallery play by frenzied pleas to be allowed to go on.

"Forth from the glacial coasts
They strode with their dogs and their furs,
And their shadows were the ghosts
Of old adventurers;
For the barrowed dead rose numb from the night
And followed their path by the igloo's light
Through storm and the smothering infinite.

. . . . . .

Silent, and one by one,
Southward the forms turn back,
But one, who walked alone,
Held still his starry track,
Till the vast sun circled the ocean's sill
And the luring star in the void stood still,
And the mind of man had wrought his will." [1]

The Commander walked a way on the homeward trail and told me to be especially careful of the leads and under no condition let the sledge or the huskies get ahead, as, homeward bound, if I got into trouble, they would not come to the rescue.

I'll never forget my last good-by to Marvin. He was lying on the bed platform of his igloo resting up, waiting to take a shot at the sun at

[1] Extract from a poem by Percy MacKaye, composed for the National Testimonial to Commander Peary, February 8, 1910.

noon, and as I crawled in through the door he gave me a slip of instructions as to what grub I was to cache at Fanshaw. Our talk was short. Somehow one doesn't feel like it on such occasions. I said I hoped Peary would take him to the Pole, but he wasn't hoping for any such luck, as there wasn't food enough. Then we shook hands, and I said we'd meet inside a month. As the Captain put it in his good-by to Marvin five days later, "I'll see you again in one of three places, Heaven, Hell, or the *Roosevelt.*" But it will not be on the *Roosevelt* that we shall see that bright, smiling face of Marvin's.

The men returning were Ahwatingwah, a first-rate man who had a tendency toward a variety of lumbago which laid him out periodically—and it would have been rather inconvenient to have him so afflicted out there. Then there was Inighito, one of the best of Eskimos, who had brought his heavy sledge so far without a crack in it, and who was extremely anxious to go on; but another malady had laid him so low that he could hardly walk, so he had to return. Finally, there was Koolatoonah, a good man but afflicted with foot inertia, and the Commander didn't want any mollycoddles with him. We had sixteen dogs, all bum ones, six days' rations of biscuit and twelve of pemmican and alcohol, and

one sledge. There was another cached at the seventh camp, and some more grub at the fifth—if we managed to hold the trail that far!

Just as I left, the Captain with his division was starting on ahead to pioneer the road. The main party now consisted of ten sledges and about eighty dogs, Henson and Marvin each having a team. As we started back, I knew that from now on the Eskimos would need no urging to travel long and sleep little and hustle all the time. It was now simply stoking for the turbine dogs in driving our Sledgetanias. We were extremely anxious to get to land, to hold the trail before a wind wrecked it beyond repair. Besides, a prolonged gale might have blown us over to the Greenland Coast and that would have been a nuisance, so we had every reason to hump.

We made our old camp in fast time, boiled the kettle, and lit out again.

Half-way between the eleventh and tenth camps, Inighito said that the jolting of the sledge over the rough sastrugi nearly killed him. He was all bunged up, could walk barely a step, and had to ride on the sledge. He was evidently in great agony, so there was nothing to do but built an igloo. The poor cripple kept the rest of us awake half the night with his groans. We'd have had to stop soon anyhow as one run-

ner of a sledge which had split clean in twain showed signs of senility. We had to drill holes on either side of the rent and the gimlet in my hunting knife wouldn't make large enough ones. But we got over that by blowing a few with the .44 carbine. Nothing like being up against it to make you think.

March 21: Tea down, I hustled out of the igloo at once, leaving the Eskimos to break camp, while I went on ahead to hold the track. The dogs would go faster with a fresh trail to follow. If the pike were faulted by a lead, I might be able to cross and save valuable time by picking up the trail on the other side, or, if impassable, scout in both directions, searching for a feasible crossing. Before leaving, my huskies told me that if young ice or a lead were reached, not to go ahead and try to cross it, as I was not so familiar with young ice as they were but, as there was no use of my going through, to wait until they arrived, when we could cross together. This was mighty good advice and was adopted. As I found out later the Commander had tipped my men off to keep their eyes open for inexperienced me when we took to leads.

We came to a lead ten yards wide, where the ice had split since we'd passed on the outward march, and the sledge broke through the stuff,

soaking everything on the rear end. After a hasty lunch at Camp Number Ten, we beat it for Number Nine, where we slept. When we got near enough to the camp to see the igloos, we were stopped by a lead, some of which was covered with young ice, but with a good deal of open water in the neighborhood.

Koolatoonah took the pick off the sledge and, sliding along with his feet wide apart, tested with his pick, the ice bending beneath him to a sickening extent. He crossed over, but said he had his doots about its holding the sledge, so we scouted in both directions and finally got the kamuttee over at another point.

March 22: Without trouble we reached the eighth camp, where we lunched; but near the lead where my team had taken a bath on the upward trip there was a series of cracks, leads, and open water, which gave some difficulty. Near the seventh camp I came to a lead about a foot wide, which had just formed and which was going apart, about six inches a minute. Inighito and Ahwatingwah were a hundred yards behind, hobbling along, while Koolatoonah was a quarter of a mile back, unsnarling dog-traces. I hollered to let them know what was doing, and Koolatoonah let the untangling go till another time and came up on the dead gallop. By that time the lead was

getting fairly respectable in size; but we crossed safely, though the rear of the sledge broke through, drenching everything.

The advantage of not depending on whisky in this climate was shown when I opened my bag to get a dry pair of socks. I found my whisky bottle smashed and the socks soaked, so the change wasn't made, steady feet being preferable.

The next morning we got the cached sledge into commission and paired off. The day started in cloudy and windy; but it cleared, and after a few hours the land could be made out, seventy odd miles away. At first I thought it was a mirage. We had lunch at the first camp we came to, Number Six, and half-way to the next one the trail was faulted but was recovered for the first and only time to the west of where it had been left. That was the only trouble experienced, and Camp Number Five was reached O. K. Here we came on half a dozen cans of pemmican, which had been part of Seegloo's load. The dogs had been fed on half rations since leaving the main party, and so far only one had been killed to feed to the others, as we wanted to have as much beef on the hoof as possible should we be held up. This addition to our supplies was celebrated by giving the dogs a square meal all round.

March 24: Till to-day our marches had been about fourteen to sixteen hours long, but, after eight hours, during which we crossed a great deal of young ice, we reached the southern Big Lead, which had a stretch of open water twenty odd yards wide in the middle. We went on a lengthy scout on each side, but we couldn't get across; so we built an igloo on the edge of the lead and sat down to wait for it to freeze over. As we were putting up the shack, the huskies pointed to the new moon and said when it was over the extreme cold would be gone. What was most aggravating was that, high on a pressure ridge on the other side, we could see the piles of old pemmican and biscuit tins used during the six-day wait at Delay Camp. The Commander had built them to blaze the trail by. Had we been able to cross we'd have found a nice village, with "To Let" signs to burn; but, as it was, we had to erect an edifice quick on the jump.

I had the scare of my life that night. You know when we lay down to sleep we withdrew our arms from our sleeves and folded them across our stomachs or disposed of them in a similar manner to help keep warm.

Well in some way, I managed to sleep on top of one wrist, and happening to wake up I could

PEARY'S SECOND SUPPORTING PARTY

Ahwatingwah, Borup, Koolootingwah and Inighito. (Koolootingwah holds ice to be melted for tea, Inighito a can of biscuit.)

feel "no feel" in it, and couldn't move either wrist or fingers. Of course the horror of the thing hit me at once. "I've frozen everything from my wrist down! Here's where I lose that member and get a hook." I got my good hand on the disabled one as soon as I could and great was my relief when I found that it was still warm, the complaint changing to cramp.

After breakfast, the first man out said the lead was practicable, and we broke all records getting things on the sledges. In our hurry to cross before the lead went apart again, it's a wonder we didn't leave half our loads behind. As it was, the only article forgotten was the division teaspoon, a solitaire which the four of us used. We crossed the lead where it had been open the day before, the ice swaying in waves beneath the sledges and ourselves, and we were very glad to leave that moving sidewalk behind. A little beyond this Koolatoonah found that the alcohol cooker had dropped off the sledge, and the idea of chasing back for it did not improve his naturally sweet disposition.

We made Camp Number Three in eight hours, had tea, chopped up a dead dog found there and fed it to the others, and reached Number Two in four hours more. The coast line was very distinct now; but the high mountains, which could

only be seen when far out to sea, overhung those we were familiar with, and none of us knew exactly where we were going to land.

March 26: A mile beyond camp was a high pressure ridge, beyond which were twenty yards of open water and a similar ridge on the other side. I prowled around for a bit, looking for a way to cross; but, to my relief, when the men arrived the lead had closed sufficiently to weld the small pieces of rubble ice into a solid mass, over which we were able to pass.

While descending the far side of the first ridge, the sledge got away from Koolatoonah and me and went down like Barney Oldfield breaking records. Of course one dog had to get lazy at that minute, let his trace get slack, and the next instant this was caught round the usual hitching-post, the dog was jerked back, up into the air, and wedged in a bad hole in a wonderfully neat and effective manner. We had to get a pick to extricate him.

From this point to Camp Number One, we crossed a series of cracks and leads, some a hundred yards wide, which afforded some diversion, as they bent in ripples under us and we never knew when we'd be due for a bath. The beauty of a bath under these conditions is that if you go in to your neck it's your last bath on this earth.

Just as a fish, caught and thrown on the ice, is frozen stiff in two minutes in these temperatures, so should we be in a little longer time. In America, if you managed to get out of such a hole your troubles would be over, but here they'd be just commencing. So we fellows knew it would be easier to stay in the tub and die easily than to try to get out and die a little later. It was die anyhow, and getting out would merely prolong the agony.

Arrived at camp, the men, who were beginning to lose their fear of the sea now that we were so close to terra firma, suggested we sleep there; but, remembering that five-days' wait beside the land lead, I insisted on keeping up on our toes until land was reached, so, after a mug up, we set out on the home stretch, with Cape Columbia looming up ahead.

Some three miles north of the glacial fringe a lead opened its three-hundred-yard-wide mouth; but we successfully bridge-worked the chasms between its lonesome teeth, finding the trail four hundred yards to the eastward. Each day it had been getting fainter and fainter in this direction, till, just beyond Panikpah's igloo, we lost it for good. Luckily for us, the land lead which had held us up for so long was frozen over. However, it was about a quarter of a mile wide

and was under quite a strain. It hummed with the vicious hiss of a buzz saw in a lumber camp, and that sound on all sides of us made dogs and men step lively, all right, all right.

On the far side the ice was wickedly smashed, and the holes were lined with deep, soft snow into which we stumbled and fell at every step, but we were now on land and our troubles were ended.

CHAPTER XI

LAYING DOWN CACHES AFTER REACHING LAND—RETURN TO THE SHIP

WE landed on the glacial fringe at almost the point we'd started from. Then we headed for Camp Crane, and what a feed we had —men and dogs—just about four pounds per dog, and an amount in proportion for ourselves. Eat, eat, eat, then turn over and sleep, sleep, sleep, then tackle the grub again. We hadn't been through a starvation experience, but we'd covered two and a quarter degrees in seven days with two men on the bum, so we felt like celebrating. Everything was dried thoroughly.

About the first thing I saw on reaching Camp Crane was a note from Mac, saying he and the Doctor had reached Columbia all right in four and five marches, respectively, from Number Seven, then had gone to Ward Hunt Island to lay down a cache, and were leaving for the ship the 23d, four days before we arrived.

A two-days' rest, while it wasn't needed, put us in fine form. Both cripples were all right

again, so Inighito was given three dogs and a rifle, and he headed for the ship, while, with the two other men, I sledged towards Cape Fanshaw Martin, 80 odd miles away, to leave a cache for Commander Peary or any of the other fellows who might be blown off that way. I got a long lead on the sledges, as they had to go to the cache at the end of the spit for more rations.

Leaving the land to cross Markham Bay, I stepped on what looked like good snow, when the whole business gave in. I felt myself going and threw my arms wide apart and managed to catch myself. I had stepped on a snow bridge covering a tidal crack, and just missed a twenty-foot drop into the crevasse. Later, the huskies managed to spill two dogs down it and had to lasso them. The Devil was now trying to eat us after having failed on the Polar Sea.

A good nine-hour march brought us to Mac's igloo near McClintock Bay.

March 30: We marched eight hours over fair going, camping in a wind far beyond Ward Hunt Island, and next day we reached McClintock Bay, after pushing our feet for nine hours on the asphalt. It was the same across the spit of Cape Alexandra, something Commander Peary and Aldrich didn't find. The wind simply raged en route.

Ahwatingwah went into the hills east of Cape Alexandra, but found nothing except an old musk-ox track. We saw a flock of four ptarmigans, thus far the first signs of life.

The wind seemed to have been engaged for daily afternoon performances, and, at three P. M., as Cape Richards was rounded, it swooped down with a "T'row him down, McClusky" effect, forcing us to camp.

The map is a trifle wrong. The first indentation in McClintock Bay seems to run in about twenty miles, while the other two probably intersect, forming an island.

This was April Fool's Day, all right, and I created the rôle of goat. Our oil supply was none too plentiful, and of course I had to upset half a quart over the floor of the igloo. Luckily the huskies weren't inside at the time, or they'd have handed out some well deserved comments.

Right near camp we passed a bear track about two months old. The line of floebergs had apparently shifted farther out to sea than when Aldrich was here in 1876. There were a few floebergs *near* shore but these bergs were evidently one or two seasons old, as they showed the effects of the summer heat.

Though it was blowing enough the following morning to be distinctly unpleasant, we sallied

out to determine the best place to leave the food. After quite a scout, we concluded to locate it near the igloos on a high moraine about sixty feet above sea level and half a mile east of a small glacier. We put down fifty pounds of biscuit, ninety of pemmican, and twelve of condensed milk, with five gallons of fuel; so anyone coming that way in future years will find a lunch counter either there or in a polar bear.

It was blowing worse than ever when we woke up next day, so the inside of the igloo was good enough for us while that suffragette congress was in session. We sat around, laughing, talking, wondering where the Commander, the Captain, and Marvin were, and swapping yarns the while. The ventilation hole in the roof was doing its job a little too well, and, concluding to abolish the position, we looked around for something to stuff in it. A huskie got hold of his glove, stuck it on the end of a stick, and, too lazy to get up from his sitting position, pushed it in the hole. Unfortunately he was a little too strenuous, jabbing the mitt clean through, and the wind whisked it off, to the boy's disgust, as he had to dive outside and chase it while we rooted for him like a quadratic equation. This place, as the huskies say, was *"ah no hee tedickshuah shuttee shuttee"* ("blowing like hell all the time"), and we opened

our eyes to find a howling gale still on, outside.

Unfortunately our oil supply was nearly exhausted, and, unless we wanted to hang out here with no fuel, it was up to us to shake this Arctic Cave of the Winds on the double quick. Some oil was cached in the third igloo, twenty to twenty-five miles away, and we had a lovely time reaching it. For once, the huskies did not want to be glued to the sledges. We had to beat it in the teeth of a howling gale and drift which was so bad the dogs could hardly be induced to face it and which ripped and tore our faces. It was so cold we had to run practically the whole way, as it was that or freeze. Sticks, snowshoes, and the flat side of hatchets had to be used on the dogs.

All this was cruel, but, though we were cruel to the dogs, we were equally so to ourselves in the effort to push the Commander a foot nearer the Pole or to lay down supplies for his return; and no one knew where that would be. Every available means had to be used on our motive power, and while cussing may appear to have been the principal inducer, still, up here, as East of Suez, there are times when "there ain't no ten Commandments," and somehow in emergencies asbestos language talks.

When we had about reached Number Three of course the wind quit.

April 5th was fine, with no wind, though slightly overcast. After five miles or so the Eskimos caught up with me and doubled up on one sledge, while I took the other. We started to hit up the pace in this foxy fashion: We had an extra tin of pemmican along and chopped it up in small pieces, one of which we'd throw about forty yards ahead of the dogs. They would rush furiously for the extras, which were generally not in their bill of fare. The shouting huskies had got their team excited and were going like a comet on a down grade when suddenly they uncorked a couple of wild bleats, one man rolling off the sledge and the other springing to the upstander, and calling to the dogs to swing to the left. I was right behind, and, seeing them go through these maneuvers, didn't wait to ask the reason why but just did likewise, and then saw wherefor. They'd just missed going over the edge of a glacier with a sixty-foot sheer drop.

We went on after musk-oxen, but didn't have any luck. Now we felt that this was more or less of a pleasure excursion—a picnic in fact—and so took our time returning to Columbia, merely going at twenty-odd miles a day and reaching Camp Crane the night of April 7th.

On arriving we found no signs of Marvin's division, though we'd figured that if he'd turned back five marches after we had and had not encountered much open water, he'd be on land now. Still, with the spring tides we knew there were a lot of leads, so we did not feel especially worried about him. After twenty hours' drying at Columbia, we loaded up our sledges and dug for the ship.

The next day, as we pulled into Sail Harbor very late, we spied some tins of bacon, and as none had had a crack at anything besides pemmican, biscuit, and tea for nearly two months, let alone anything salt, I got next to an ax, smashed a tin open, and tackled some raw. It went fine, and after supper I concluded to have a fry, but not being a *cordon bleu* there was a mixup in signals with a smudge as the result. I stuck grimly to the job, determined to have some fried bacon or bust. The smoke, however, was too much for the men, who were quite under the weather.

We reached Porter Bay the next march, and on April 11th we let out on the final lap of the trip. Finally, when we swung round a point some four miles west of the ship and could see her slender spars sticking up over a hill, outlined clearly against the sky, how we shouted!

The huskies were a little ahead, and when I rounded the point both men were off their sledges going through contortions in a way to do credit to a yell leader at a football game: *"Oomiaksoah! Oomiaksoah!* ("The Ship! The Ship!") The Greeks may have whooped her up for the thalatta some, but I'll bet our diminutive cheering section would have drowned 'em out. We all got excited as the devil—the dogs too—and we set out on a dead gallop for the ship, rounding Cape Sheridan at full speed ahead and whooping her up like a band of Indians. Then came the handshaking all round, and what a glorious browse Charlie gave us. Just as I was turning in someone remarked it was Easter Sunday—the first I knew of it.

CHAPTER XII

MACMILLAN'S EXPERIENCE ON THE POLAR DASH—MARVIN'S DEATH—DEPARTURE FOR CAPE MORRIS JESUP—A MUSK-OX HUNT

THE second day after we got back, MacMillan and I set off to visit a couple of glacial caves which had evidently been formed by a river in the summer time. One was really a tunnel about four hundred and fifty yards long, while the other was just a plain cave. The way the ice reflected the rays from our lantern was wonderful. The floor was strewn with masses of ice of various sizes, which had come from the roof, and we spoke in whispers to avoid bringing any more to earth.

As we talked the northern trip over with Mac, I found out a lot I hadn't heard before. On the second day out, Marvin and Mac were taking a sounding in the lead which held the party up. In pulling up the wire the ice broke under Mac, dropping him into the icy water. He made a grab at the upstanders of his sledge en route and caught them, only going in up to his waist, while

Marvin whipped up the dogs and dragged him out. Mac set out for camp on the dead run and the Commander, seeing him come, realized what was up and, after helping him pull off his kamiks and socks, dried his soaking feet and legs with the shirt that was next to his own body and then warmed Mac's feet on his own stomach—but there was no drying that wet shirt over a stove. It had to be his own animal heat that would do the job.

Then Mac told how he had knocked out his men, making tea one morning at the big lead, and how worried the Commander was for fear that the huskies, already losing their nerve over the long wait, would think the devil had got into the stove and would desert. He said:

"Both of my huskies became unconscious from the fumes of the alcohol. When we had nearly finished our tea, one reclined on the bed platform as he usually does in the midst of his meals. I thought nothing of it. The steam from the hot tea prevented my seeing that our small lamp had gone out for lack of oxygen. Tawchingwa sat near me working his arm. I thought he was trying to get it out of his sleeve. I asked him if he wanted more tea, but received no answer. I then noticed his eyes were set and his breathing thick. I spoke to Wesharkoupsi and found he

had passed quietly away also. Took out the door to admit fresh air and awaited results.

"Soon the Commander came along and inquired what kind of a night I had spent. I told him I was all right but my huskies were not so well. By that time they were growing fearful, working their arms and legs to beat the devil. I held them down and tried to suppress the noise so that the other huskies might not know it. Gradually they became quieter and in a short time were themselves again, but feeling a bit dazed. I endeavored to make them think that they had been asleep. How well I succeeded was shown by the fact that when I lighted the stove for supper they both dived out the door and patiently waited outside until I yelled 'tea time.' "

It was midnight of April 17th that the familiar cry of "Kamuttee coming" ("A sledge coming") rang out, and we knew that Marvin's division was at hand. Now ordinarily the dogs come tearing in as fast as they can lick it, but these came in at a funeral pace, and Marvin's red toque nowhere to be seen. I thought it strange that he would let the Eskimos pass him so near the ship, and yet couldn't believe anything had happened, till Jack Barnes, who was taking tidal observations, ran out from the igloo, spoke to one of the

men, and then turned as white as the snow on which he stood.

Then I reached Kudlooktoo.—"Marvin gone. Young ice. I tol' him look out. I tol' him look out," said he, in a broken voice, pointing downward.

Good God! How terrible! During the winter we'd often thought how awful it would be should one of us be lost, but never really thought that there was any chance, and now, poor Marvin!

We couldn't realize it. It was too horrible to be true. Poor Marvin!

We got Kudlooktoo, who was a trifle more collected than Harrigan, the other man who had come back in Marvin's division, into the mess-room and began to talk to him. Marvin had gone on five more marches and had turned back the 25th of March. Open water had prevented him from double marching for several days—in fact they only made three miles in as many days on that account. Besides, the trail was badly faulted.

They recovered it near the fifth encampment on the outward journey, and the next morning Marvin, as usual, set out ahead of his men, as the rest of us had done. A few miles beyond lay the Big Lead, and when Kudlooktoo and Har-

rigan arrived they saw the back of his kooletah floating above the water. The air in it held poor Marvin up. They tried to get him out, but the ice was too thin and to their repeated calls he gave no answer.

He had evidently made a fine fight for his life, as the ice was broken in a circle ten yards in diameter, where he had made game and repeated efforts to get out.

They camped on the nearest old ice and the next morning found that his body had gone down. Near this hole, in accordance with their custom of not having things around belonging to one who has gone, they disposed of his bag which contained all the specimens of the bottom that the soundings had brought up, but luckily they had not thrown away his note-book. One sleep, and they reached Columbia, had two sleeps there, and three more brought them aboard.

In an expedition like this, when one is cut off from the rest of the world, the unpleasant qualities of a character are more likely to come out than the agreeable ones. If Ross Marvin had any of the former, they certainly failed to appear. How little did I think, when parting from him barely a month before, that I should never again see that bright, cheerful smile, that was in itself a force in the Commander's success. He

was a splendid fellow, a fine leader, and chuck full of sand.

I am sure Marvin met Death in a grand struggle in an attempt to heighten the glory of his country, battling alone against the forces of nature in the Arctic Wilds. I feel sure that he was proud of his finish and that a smile was on his lips to the last, and I can ask no more of fate than that it should grant me such a superb end.

Now Mac and Marvin were to have dusted up the Greenland Coast to lay down caches for the Commander should he hit that shore, take tidal observations, and decorate the map with a few more names. We got hold of Marvin's book bag, which the Eskimos had overlooked when they threw all the rest of his things in the lead, and turned everything inside out, trying to find out if he'd written down anything definite, but nothing doing. He gave full data about two observations he'd taken at 85° 48′ and 86° 38′, but that was all.

While looking over the poor fellow's things, we found a small package of letters marked with different dates which, evidently, he was to open every once in a while. In desperation we glanced through these to see if he'd made any memoranda

on a spare sheet of paper, but failed again. There was one letter marked "April 1st," and on opening it, there were only four blank pages. It was an April Fool Joke, but that letter was the last one he ever opened in this life, and there was something awfully pathetic about it. He'd expected to get some cheery words and instead drew a blank. I can imagine his disappointment.

Well, when we had somewhat come to, after the almost knock-out blow that terrible big lead had dealt, Mac asked me to go with him in Marvin's place, and I jumped out of my skin grabbing the chance. It was a trip I was dead crazy to take, and the only thing I was out for was to get on the road before any orders from the Commander necessitated my residing in Grant Land. It was up to us to muster every dog in this campaign—no excuses went. Within an hour of the arrival of the dreadful news a huskie shoved his throttle in his fifteenth notch and steamed away for Black Cliffs Bay after old Kyutah and every canine there.

That night was just one long nightmare. Hardly any of us slept, and every time I dozed off I could see poor Marvin in the water fighting so desperately, and then the horror of the thing would wake me up shuddering. "My God! It

can't be true!" But when I woke up to where I was, and what had occurred, it seemed too awful. Poor, dear, old Marvin!

It was a relief to get to work and have something to do to occupy our minds. Work is the best dope for a shock like that.

The dog census brought out the population as thirty-six, six full teams. We selected five of the huskies we wanted, and a gang was put working overtime in the erecting shop, repairing sledges.

We decided that a stay in the field till July 1st would make those at the ship appreciate us the more on our return, so we arranged to lay down a series of "Childs' " lunch counters every twenty miles or so from Cape Bryant to Cape Morris Jesup for the Commander, do a little work for the Coast and Geodetic Department, and try to survey Peary Channel.

Then we had to calculate about how much food we wanted, and per sledge it amounted to four hundred and ninety-six pounds, more than the standard for the Polar Sea, not including two tents, six rifles, ammunition, brandy, and tide gauge wood.

We saddled up and were on the lope thirty-six hours after the arrival of Marvin's ill-fated division. We had five cowboys with us. One, Kyutah, about fifty years old, was a man of great

experience and a fine hunter. Another, Kudlooktoo, had been with the Commander ever since his parents had died, way back in the '90's. He was very energetic, obliging, could understand more English than the other men, and was very anxious to go along. He was all broken up over the fate of Marvin, and we thought the trip would do him good and help him get over the shock. The others, Ahwatingwah, Koolootingwah, and Inighito, had been with me before.

We counted on putting on lugs and having a supporting party go with us as far as Cape Bryant. This time we tenderfeet explorers were going the whole distance, and someone else would do the turning back act. When we sent that bunch to the side lines, Mac was to take a sledge, but till then he was unhampered and could go ahead, select a trail and do the pickax biz. With Mac ahead forming interference, we thought we might be able to signal for a run round the Black Horn Cliffs with some chance of not getting held for downs, though those gentlemen are generally as hard to round as Tom Shevlin's end used to be.

We had no trouble making it first down to Cape Rawson, but then, O Lord! The ice out at sea was almost impassable, and tremendous floebergs had been forced on shore, sometimes

forty and fifty feet up the mountainside. The wind had gouged deep holes around their bases, and this, combined with the hard, slippery surface of the snow, effectually drove dull care away in our attempts to get unusually heavily loaded sledges along. All seven of us would have to get hold of a single sledge, after first cutting a groove in the snow for one runner, then some would grab the nose of the sledge and keep it in the slot while others got behind and pushed. Even with seven on one sledge and a double team of dogs, we had great difficulty, but were lucky enough not to have to use chains to prevent skidding.

Once Ahwatingwah got ambitious and tried to show us how to hurdle a high fence. His kamuttee was agreeable, and the exhibition those two put up in that thirty-yard dust raising whiz down the mountainside, the broncho in the air and the rider on the sawdust, was great. Bottom reached, those two simultaneous equations were satisfied.

Finally, we saw some young ice a little way off shore, and, tying a long rope to the back of the sledges, we lowered one after another down a very steep slope to the good going below.

When we were driven by the poor condition of the turnpike to the land again, I got stalled

behind old Kyutah. His down-hill runner had a bad inboard slant, and would capsize at the least opportunity. Our sledges were so heavy it took two of us to right an upset, so I spent most of the next four miles going to his rescue. In a royal progress like this, one's face becomes blue searching for appropriate language. Just before reaching Black Cape, two of the men smashed their kamuttees very badly.

We used tents for the first time since fall and found them very comfortable, even with the thermometer at minus 15°. At that time we had not learned the numerous dodges as to how to keep warm in Eskimo clothes; but now it was too easy, and minus 15° was mere child's play to what had been experienced some six weeks before, on the polar ice.

A tent has one great advantage over an igloo: in an igloo, if you have a stove going to keep it warm, the roof melts and you're likely to have stalagmites form on your face just as you're dropping off. Geology in action like this is an anti-hypnotic. Now a tent has no such bad manners.

I was driving my old team, or rather, what was left of it: the old lop-eared black king dog, the paranoiac of the pack, two white dogs, brothers—one my special pet, and the other, on ac-

count of his capacity as an insurgent, called "The Devil"—and another, Leslie, who was born at Eagle Island, Maine. Poor Leslie was scared silly of a whip, and, if you looked at him, let alone set a motion with the whip his way, he'd howl as though being married. His vocal qualities were quite an asset to the team; for, when he uncoupled those millions of records that phonograph dog had taught him, the other dogs thought he was getting licked and, fearing they would get what was coming to them, would pull the harder in consequence.

On April 20th, our start was delayed six hours by the two smashups of the day before. Both sledges were badly fractured, and it took a long while to get them in plaster. Once under way, we traveled over a regular state road and got as far as Lincoln Bay. The next day we really struck our gait, marching as far as Repulse Harbor, more than twenty miles. It was very interesting to see that Marvin's tracks were still visible, although made in January and the middle of February, being now over two months old.

Marvin had taken two weeks to reach Bryant in January, including six days when he could not travel on account of bad weather, and had made the ship in five marches on the return.

Now we had hoped to reach there in that time, but one short march prevented. The delay was caused by Koolootingwah. That lazy specimen managed to smash the runner of his sledge clean in two in a collision with a hummock five inches high, opposite Black Horn Cliffs. It promised to be a long job of repairing, and we concluded we had better camp at once and set the other men to work helping him, rather than push on ahead, leaving him to do it alone and catch us. We were still too near the ship, and he might have dug out and left us.

When the referee's whistle blew the next morning, the huskie quarterback, who had climbed a pressure ridge near our tents, signaled for a run towards land, as the ice looked better. We hadn't been there long before the huskies said they must have been bughouse to have thought as they had. It was worse than what Sherman said war was, although a dandy sporting proposition, and we had a high old fight with the picks hewing a road half-way to Cape Stanton. The rough ice forced us in so close to the cliffs that we could almost touch them. Towering straight up for six or seven hundred feet, and almost jet black, they were indeed an imposing sight.

We were almost through the rubble ice, with

no casualties, when one of the cross bars of my sledge managed to split—luckily only a minor injury.

A little beyond we passed the real article in pressure ridges—one about seventy-five feet high. We camped opposite Hand Bay, near wolf and bear tracks. This coast was first explored by Lieutenant (now Admiral) Beaumont, R. N.

That night, after chopping up the pemmican for the dogs, I left the hatchet near the empty can, and one dog, in licking up the crumbs, let his tongue come in contact with the cold steel and neither 'd let go. The next thing he was squealing for help, the tool in his mouth, and it looked like a dental office.

After we had been away from the ship for three days, we evolved a scheme to get camp made quickly. Mac would tell his men they were much better than mine, and I'd tell my huskies that they made Mac's huskies look like thirty cents, and each bunch was naturally anxious to beat the other. The best way to "show me" was to show, and when camping time came the race to get the tupiks up was worth watching. To add to the interest and keep the men going, Mac and I would have a race of our own to see who would have tea done first.

April 24: Sixth march. We had a difference of opinion as to the best road and Mac and two men went along the shore while the rest of us thought we'd cut across lots, and swung out to sea. After several hours we headed in for shore, reaching it after a tough time, Mac showing up later.

He said that he had come to Marvin's tidal igloo, at Cape Bryant, and had pitched the tent. The Eskimos rummaged through Marvin's igloo and augmented our supplies with his tide gauge and a can of coffee. Poor Marvin told Wiseman, the fireman who had accompanied him here, that, as he didn't know where he'd hit land, he'd leave some coffee in this igloo. In 1906 he had been blown here from the Grant Land Coast and this time decided he'd have a private cache to rely upon.

The next two days we put in crossing the Keltie Gulf. We did not *enteuthen exelaunei* anything like *parasaggas deka*—not much. It was the devil's own job. Deep, soft snow mixed with good hauling, so very much intermingled that one moment it would be hard enough to hold you and the next you'd flop to the thigh. The sledges would slump clear up to the slats, sometimes.

Old Sol was there with the goods;—the glare

and dazzle of the snow forced us to put on goggles, and Mac lampblacked his face as a further preventive against going snow blind. He looked like a darned old chimney sweep.

About midday of the 25th, the cliffs on the east side of Sherrard Osborn Fiord loomed up very clearly, and Mac said he thought we'd be able to reach them in three hours. I put it at six; but we were both way off, for we did not reach Cape May till the end of the next day.

Lieutenant Beaumont succeeded in reaching the east side of Osborn Fiord in his Greenland Expedition in 1876, and a comparison of the great difficulties and hardships he underwent with what we did with ease may be interesting. He and his companions hauled their sledges, while dogs pulled ours; so the comparison is not between men, but between methods.

He left the *Alert* at Cape Sheridan on April 20th, with Lieutenant Rawson, Dr. Coppinger and twenty-one men, drawing four sledges weighted to two hundred and eighteen pounds per man (enough rations for fifty-three dogs). Passing Black Cape, the 22nd, he took five days to reach Repulse Harbor. He reached Cape Bryant May 9th, and his farthest on May 21st. The lack of anything to gauge distance by fooled him and his men, as it did us. He had to wade

through snow of the "consistency of moist sugar, two and a half to four and a half feet deep," and the cliffs he planned to reach in three hours required eighteen marching hours. He says, "The shore still looked about one mile off. It had looked the same for two days past, and, to our astonishment and dismay, we walked five hours without reaching it. Gray and I went on. It took us two hours more to reach the cliffs."

That is, for what we did in eight days, he required about thirty-two. At the finish we were fresh, and his party was all in.

On April 27th the ice was jammed so high and hard against Cape May that we had to go out to sea a hundred yards or so to get around it. Then we headed for the end of John Murray Island. When we halted for lunch nearly opposite the mouth of Nares Inlet, after a five-hour march, the huskies, as usual, scanned the shore for game through Mac's glasses. Soon Kyutah sang out in an excited voice, *"Oo ming muck! Oo ming muck, tedleemer!"* ("Musk-ox, musk-ox, five of them!") We looked, and five miles away we could see five black spots which looked like rocks. In fact we thought they were rocks and started to tell Mr. Kyutah that he had bum lamps. But one rock got up and moved toward another, and never having

seen rocks do that before we knew Kyutah was right.

Bolting tea, Ahwatingwah and I doubled up our teams, and away we went at top speed, every man putting on full steam, desperately fearful that someone else would get first shot. No team work in that hunt. Every man for himself. The run shoreward showed me a new phase in the art of dog driving. The huskies were in such a hurry none cared to stop to untangle traces, so all but Ahwatingwah, who had twelve dogs, did the job on the fly, the dogs going as tight as they could lick it.

The musk-oxen came into view again as we tore over a sharp rise near the shore. There they were, four hundred yards away, and we fellows running for dear life at the upstanders, jockeying for position and with fierce cries encouraging the dogs. The musk-oxen saw us and started to leave the country. They went for a quarter of a mile along the level and then, turning sharply, headed up a young mountain. We streaked that level plain like the Pennsylvania Special making up lost time. The Eskimos, knife in hand, were bending forward, and every now and then would cut a trace, and away a dog would spring—the fleetest in the team—shoot-

ing past us like a gray meteor. Then we hit the upgrade, mostly rocks, and bare at that, and all had to run. We were having a corking race, and in the thick of it I couldn't help laughing at Kyutah. He was generally very lazy or else showing signs of his age, because he was exceedingly averse to going ahead and taking his turn at breaking the trail. However, once in the fray, he forgot he had seen many, many summers, and he was in the van, going like a dinosaur jumping out of the Montana cretaceous, and catching sight of a Natural History Museum.

When we arrived at the top of the hill, the musk-oxen came into view. They rounded up splendidly, back to back, making ugly dashes at the dogs. One ox would tear out, the dog would dodge, then the ox wheeling about would get back to his squad at top speed, when another would bound out looking for a stray or stolen dog. Then they'd let up to get their wind, whet their horns against their legs, and challenge their enemies to buck their line. They were a wonderful picture with their long silky hair glistening in the sunlight. It was a pity to ring down the curtain, but it was they or the dogs.

Then, after we had skinned and cut them up, talk about a Donnybrook Fair! Thirty-six

dogs turned loose on the viscera, each one trying to gulp the stuff down and keep some other dog from butting in.

When we got back to our lunching place we found the tents up and tea ready, and all agreed Mac was indeed *poik* (very much to the good).

Oh, what a feast! Just as much as we could eat, then rest a while, and go at it again. If there is anything I love it is turning my dogs loose on all they can eat and letting them gorge till there isn't a kink in their accordeon pleating, as the poor brutes go empty often enough as it is. It was practically the first meat we'd had, aside from frozen dog and a couple of hares, since leaving the ship in February. As Gilbert puts it:—

> "For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
> Till a-hungry we did feel."

At each camp we had been leaving a cache for the Commander's party, in case it hit this coast, and for ourselves on the return. Our loads were now such that four sledges could carry them, so we decided to disconnect our supporting party—Inighito, Ahwatingwah, and Koolootingwah forming it. As usual when a break-up is effected, there was a good deal of delay.

THE TOILERS OF THE NORTH
Dog-power and man-power applied to a sledge on bare ground. (Photograph by MacMillan.)

Koolootingwah had a fine time with himself trying to get a tin of oil. He always was a hog, and, though we'd given him two, he thought he ought to have another. He didn't get it. I gave him a dog which had eaten so much it could hardly waddle, let alone drag a sledge, and took one of his good ones instead, when he put up such a kick it seemed like home, and I imagined that I was listening to McGraw telling an umpire what he thought of him.

Our loads were heavy, well over five hundred pounds, and the sledges broke through the soft snow repeatedly. We headed for the end of Cape Britannia, but eight hours brought us only opposite Stephenson Island. We pitched the tent and went on for one and a half hours with half loads. Eleventh march. For a while the going was the limit. We had to push the sledge for all we were worth and lash our poor dogs too, to get anywhere. It was fierce. Luckily for us it gradually improved and we pitched camp just south of Cape Frederick.

Kudlooktoo, after about four hours of marching, concluded his load was too heavy and dumped off about two hundred and fifty pounds. After supper he started off to get it. The next morning when we woke up, twelve hours or so after his departure, Mr. Kudlooktoo was still very

much hull down below the horizon. Now from the Commander's experience with some of these gentlemen, we thought he might have got lost in the jungle, in a mix-up with a bear, or else, coming to the conclusion that the going didn't suit his complexion, might be making a break for the ship. We knew he had a girl there whom he intended marrying in the fall, and one never can tell what influence these equilibrators may have.

Kyutah and I were just harnessing our joint teams to investigate and possibly engage in another stern chase, when the prod returned. It was quite a relief. The lobster, when we asked him what the devil he meant by taking over twelve hours to do a four-hour job, informed us that he went to sleep on his sledge and that, when he dozed off, his dogs would also promptly *dolce far niente* it. Then he'd wake, go ahead for a while, and the performance would be repeated. Sleeping sickness and the hookworm are evidently not unknown in the Arctic.

While cutting a way through some otherwise impassable ice, the pick handle broke, leaving but one good pick and a lance, for further visitations. We were just about all in when Cape Salor was reached, after a march long in hours but short in distance.

The thirteenth march was on May 1st, Dewey Day, and our luck changed. We left a cache of a few of the "fifty-seven varieties" at the Cape for two weeks. This lightened our loads some and, with better going, we made a fine march, reaching Cape Payer, and the succeeding march brought us to what on the map is the small indentation just east of Cape Wykander.

When we left the ship we had two bottles of gin and could only scare up half a flask of whisky. We wanted some more of that stuff, and Charlie suggested we take somebody's malt whisky. Now we thought it was more or less of a patent medicine, but, to our agreeable surprise, when he sampled it we found it was hotter than Three Star brandy and warmed us up fine. We used to dose the stuff with red pepper and tabasco to increase its steaming radius.

We had another good day making Mary Murray Island, on May 3d. Along Cape Mohn we sure did exceed the speed limit, whatever it might be in these regions, as we struck glass ice and really flew. We were thrown out a little by finding a fiord, half a mile wide and from five to ten miles long. Passing along Luigi Amadeo Island we came on a cairn built by Lockwood twenty-seven years before.

A little further on, Kudlooktoo spotted a hare

way up the mountainside and went after it. The animal started to explore the other side of the range, when he saw who was on his trail, and Kudlooktoo set sail in pursuit. Quite a bit after we'd got the tent pitched at the next island, he came in with the hare. As we were out of musk-ox meat, we utilized our exhaust in assuring him he was the entire plant and had all the others beaten to a standstill, to which line of hot air he agreed.

The sixteenth march: I had some fun on my own account before getting clear of Miss Mary Murray, this A. M. I got under way first, and showed poor taste in selecting a road over the pressure ridge:—

> "And there on a reef, I came to grief,
> Which has often occurred to me."

The mighty hunter came to the rescue, and, in getting the outfit over, the sledge turned a corking somersault on the downgrade and landed on its feet again. As usual, we followed the coast line of the next cape. The ice was piled high against Cape Hummock and we had to use all the available force to get one sledge over the barrier. We sure were stung.

Our sledges were left, picks brought out, and a way of escape finally located. The impedi-

menta had to be jammed over a very nearly vertical wall ten feet high, and then, beyond and above that, a lot more of the beautiful stuff. Before we got through, both huskies busted their sledges.

Cape Hummock is a departure from the precedent set by all the other capes of this coast. Usually, on their western side for half a mile, there is deep, soft snow, then a stretch of young ice followed by hard snow most of the way to the next cape.

Once around Cape Hummock we could see Brainard and Lockwood Islands, the farthest points reached by the two brave men whose names they bear. The first is a little bit of a flyspeck compared to the island named after the lieutenant, which is one of the grandest sights on the coast. High, precipitous cliffs on all sides, except where a big glacier comes down on the east.

As we swept by the northern face of the island we suddenly sighted the famous cairn built by these soldiers, which for thirteen years marked the farthest north reached by man. It is very conspicuous, about forty feet above sea-level. While looking at it the ice could be heard gritting and groaning on the edge of the glacial fringe.

As we were pitching the tent, the Nimrod of

the crowd, young Kudlooktoo, came into camp with three hares on his sledge.

The next morning, before mushing on, we took some time off to visit the cairn, the most famous of all this part of the coast. As we stood beside it we saw Cape Washington, less than a day's march ahead, and we could easily imagine the feelings of Lockwood and Brainard, when they reached here, after using all their food to the last possible amount. What wouldn't they have given to have gone on! And if they had, not sixty miles away they would have found all the grub they could want, musk-oxen to burn.

It seemed almost as though the spirit of Lockwood must have been hovering near. Anyhow, Mac and I were pretty much moved, and we gave a long cheer for both him and his great assistant, Brainard.

We tried to find the record Commander Peary had left in the cairn, but one side of the monument was all drifted in by the snow, and, not wishing to demolish the structure, we gave it up.

On coming to the western side of Cape Kane, we struck a tremendous pressure ridge two or three years old. A deep crevasse in it had to be crossed in going up, and two of Mac's dogs decided to explore its depths. He had quite a job yanking them out with a lasso.

On the far side we came to a grand, steep slope down which we coasted—the dogs on a dead gallop. Kudlooktoo tried to take too sharp a turn, and upset in fine style, which ruffled the composure of the mighty hunter not a little. Then out across Hunt Fiord, striking young ice and great going.

The scenery in this fiord is the finest we had seen. At its head are two or three hanging glaciers, and everywhere are high, black-rocked peaks, numerous glaciers coming down to the sea. O Lord, how grand! "I guess this beats teaching school," I said to Mac. "Or working in a machine shop," he replied.

We rounded Cape Washington, and after a while saw the tent pitched in the middle of Benedict Fiord, the huskies having gone ahead. The dogs, when they saw the tent, naturally put on a little more speed, and to wake them up a bit more Kudlooktoo got hold of his musk-ox skin and wrapped it around his body, then began to run up and down near the tent while we yelled, *"Oo ming muck! Oo ming muck!"* ("Musk-ox! Musk-ox!") to the dogs, which greased-lightninged it till they got near Kudlooktoo. Then he threw off the robe, giving the merry ha ha to the dogs, who smiled like sunbursts in return.

Benedict Fiord is another wonderful scenic touch, three great glaciers coming down to meet the inlet ice, and another one near Cape Cannon not quite reaching the sea.

The morning of the 6th we found it blowing like fury from the west, with the added evils of a snow-storm and a nifty drift, so we decided to heave to all day and eat.

While we were asleep, one dog inflicted life on a lot of pups, which the others of the team promptly ate.

When I stepped out of the tupik that morning to minister unto my sleeping angels, I found "The Devil" had got loose and would see himself damned before he'd be rounded up. Getting tired of playing tag all the time with me as It, I finally effected a capture by getting hold of a can of pemmican and going through the motions of feeding his friends. He never could resist temptation. He had done the same thing a day or so before, and had the handle of someone's whip hanging from his mouth, the lash being about twenty-five feet long. Mac got hold of the handle, and it looked like a ticker reeling off tape in a panic, while the dog sat on his haunches and tried to look as though he enjoyed it. I never saw a dog so unstrung.

Before we left the ship, old Charlie, the cook,

had given us a box filled with good things, with orders that it was not to be opened till the last camp, and all our way up, when we ran out of barber-shop talk we would start guessing what he'd put in that box. So it was quite natural that someone should mention it now. Someone said he wished this was the last camp, another suggested that maybe Charlie wouldn't mind if we disobeyed orders and opened it now—a series of arguments which could have but one result. The box was brought in; but, before opening it, we all took a final guess as to its contents. Mac guessed *reindeer steaks*—several of which, fit for the gods, we had stowed inside of us the day we left the ship, but that guess went wild. We scored bull's-eyes for the most part—bread, butter, and cocoa! Then we went for that spread like champions in a pie-eating contest, after which we turned in and slept like the gorged savages we were.

We got under way again at six P. M., and the day's rest and extra grub didn't do any harm, as we hit the line for fourteen hours and reached Cape Morris Jesup. There was a flock of crevasses en route, for the most part snow-bridged. My dogs crossed over one bridge all right, but when the sledge with me on top passed over, the whistle evidently blew, for the thing

quit work. Luckily for this member of the party, the ends of the sledge spanned the chasm, so that let me out.

A series of wavelike swells in the ice extended from the glacier to the line of floebergs—very similar to the swells off the Grant Land Glacial Fringe.

This is the true birthplace of the floebergs, and no mistake. Glaciers—nothing but glaciers. On the eastern side of the next headland a glacier of bluish ice comes down the mountain at a frightfully steep grade; and one plunges straight into the sea, while a little further up it has a gradual incline leading way back into the mountains. Half-way up it impinges against a sheer vertical black cliff, whose top looks exactly like the battlements of a genii castle.

"Piled by the hands of giants
In the godlike times of old."

CHAPTER XIII

ARRIVAL AT CAPE MORRIS JESUP—LETTER FROM COMMANDER PEARY—SOUNDINGS AND TIDAL OBSERVATIONS—MUSK-OX HUNTING

CAPE MORRIS JESUP was now ours—not as prominent or picturesque as most of the capes we'd passed, but far more distinguished, as being the nearest known land to the Pole.

As we bowled along, attention was attracted to a lot of blood in the snow, with the letters "R. MEAM," a code we interpreted as "Kudlooktoo has killed a rabbit." When we reached the huskies a little further on, Kudlooktoo said, "Did you see what I wrote with my whip-stock in the snow?" "Yes." "Well, what did it say?" "Kudlooktoo has killed a rabbit." "No, no; *Kyutah* has killed a rabbit," said Kudlooktoo, proud of the fact we had made out that someone had landed a rabbit, even if we were mistaken as to whose head the halo fitted.—*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*

After supper, the men, who had ridden most

of the way, said they were going after musk-ox, but Mac and I, who had hoofed the whole distance, weren't feeling quite so accelerationish. Well, they had no sooner gotten out of sight than, just as we were turning in, we heard a dog team coming. Our first idea was that one of our huskies was returning, but the yelps and lilts, came from the opposite direction. We rushed outside, and saw an Eskimo running towards us, but it would have required the Bertillon system to identify the man in his coat of dirt, sunburn, and goggles, as Karko whom we'd picked to go to the Pole, and three more huskies. We thought the Commander had hit the coast near us.

Karko wasn't long in dispelling the illusion. "Peary *Oomiaksoah. Tack-po-o-nee. Te-dick-shuah.*" ("Peary's on the ship. He went very, very far out.") Then we turned from Karko to see who the other men were—Weshar-koupsi, Ahwatingwah, and Inighito, the last two being two of the three men in our supporting party. Karko dived for his bag and dug out a letter addressed:

"Prof. D. B. MacMillan,
North Greenland Coast,"

which read as follows:

AT CAPE JESUP

"S. S. *Roosevelt,*
"April 28, 1909."

"*My Dear MacMillan:*

"Arrived on board yesterday. Northern Trip entirely satisfactory. No need of Greenland Depots.

"Captain came on board 24th. Concentrate all energies on tidal observations and line of soundings north from Morris Jesup, and use intended supplies for this purpose.

"A week or ten days' tidal observations and soundings ten miles apart up to 85th parallel will be satisfactory.

"I regard this work as second in importance only to the Northern work from which we have just returned, and the Jesup work will strengthen and emphasize the other.

"You will probably find the edge of the glacial fringe at Cape Jesup about 83° 40′ to 83° 45′, so that eighty miles (distance of your return camp) from Columbia will take you to the eighty-fifth parallel.

"Take two men, and two sledges well loaded, on the ice.

"Should you encounter the big lead (that is, conditions similar to our fifth march from Columbia) do not go beyond it. The season is too late. Young ice will not form rapidly.

"Rush things and get back to Jesup before the full moon of June 3, which will open up things again.

"Am sending you horizon and pocket sextant for lat. obs. at your furthest point.

"Variation at Cape Jesup 65° west so that your compass course will be N. E. by E. ¾ E. or N. 65° 00 E. for true North.

"Am also sending you sea thermometer, pocket aneroid max. and min. thermometer, also tidal books. These and the sextant and horiz. are packed in a box by themselves.

"Should you need either of the two men who bring this, Wesharkoupsi has been the longest at the ship.

"Send back my gray Angodoblaho dog, which I believe is in Borup's team, and substitute best dogs of those bringing this letter.

"If you need supplies at Cape Bryant send back memorandum and full instructions.

"Marvin's death a great shock to me and a great loss to the expedition in the future and to me personally.

. . . . . .

"Never mind about any Survey Work. Concentrate all your energies on Jesup and bear constantly in mind, as noted above, that I regard good tidal observations and a good line of soundings from there as second in importance only to the main northern work of the Expedition.

"You should be back much earlier than the first of July. In 1900 I left Conger April 11, in not as good shape as you started. Did not get away from Bryant till May 1, was on the ice five days, then made three marches to the S. E. from Jesup and was back at Conger midnight June 9.

"Am anxious to have you back earliest possible date.—Not only on account of open water in the channel, but for tidal observations at Conger.

"As noted above, you should have two Eskimos with you on the ice, and Borup should have two with him at Jesup taking the observations.

"If we put a boat on the Greenland side it will be at Cape Sumner.

"PEARY.

"Of course you will bring back the line and leads, the latter especially.

"You will find the lances effective for cutting out a cake of ice to serve as a ferryboat. "P."

When we saw "Northern trip entirely satisfactory" we knew he had the Pole, and we let out a series of Bowdoin and Yale banzais. We simply yelled ourselves hoarse and then began all over again, with the huskies in the game too.

Nothing seems too out of the way to happen. Here we were on the most northern spot of land on the earth, three hundred or more miles from the ship, and suddenly we had this cloudburst land on our heads.

Then we got to shooting questions at them. Karko and Wesharkoupsi had left the ship ten days before with one sledge, eight dogs, and the mail, with orders to overhaul us. Near Dragon Point, they met our supporting party, which had a tent, while Karko and Wesharkoupsi had none, so suggested that they join forces. Koolooting-wah was anxious to see his wife, so he said he'd go to the ship, but the other two hooked up with the mail convoy.

We turned in, and a few hours later were awakened by Wesharkoupsi, who sung out that he'd gone off by himself and had killed two musk-oxen, and had seen three more, which had escaped. That news was as good as a legacy to get the bunch sitting up and, in a few minutes, all but Mac, who didn't care for shooting, sallied forth after the game. On a low spit projecting maybe

seven hundred yards from the bluffs, we saw a dead musk-ox, and another one hustling for lands peopled by vegetarians.

Kudlooktoo and Kyutah then arrived with the welcome news of sixteen musk-oxen down and out. Ahwatingwah, Karko, and I, at once went over the bluff after those sighted by Wesharkoupsi. There they were, apparently two, about a mile or more off, but as we drew nearer they turned out to be four. They winded us when a quarter of a mile off, but were soon rounded up on a knoll where the dogs could make little or no impression. But our guns gave us what was needed, and we returned to camp.

Mac and I afterwards had quite a long talk on what we were to do. We'd lit on this cape with only what supplies were needed for the café to be provided for the Commander, and for two days for ourselves, during which we had planned to take tidal observations. But orders changed the program, the tidal stunt was to extend over a week, Mac had to migrate north and stake a few claims on the sea floor, and the trouble was increased by our forces being doubled. We asked which of the newcomers would like to stay with us and, when Wesharkoupsi and Ahwatingwah volunteered, we told the other two that the next day they were to start for the ship. By the time

Mac had his two sledges well loaded up, there wasn't much food left for the shore party, so Wesharkoupsi was told to light fantastic it to Mary Murray Island three marches back and bring up all the supplies left at the different caches.

May 9th, the party split, after a sound sleep. Mac, with Kyutah and Kudlooktoo, departed on their trip with two week's rations, while I started west to look for young ice, the only kind that a shaft could be sunk through for the tide gauge. After going to the end of Cape Morris Jesup and failing to find any, Wesharkoupsi was sent back at once with Karko and Inighito, with orders to bring all the oil, milk, and biscuits at our caches, and to do it *mucho pronto,* as Ahwatingwah and I were on half rations except for the musk-ox meat.

Then Ahwatingwah and I struck east. We hadn't gone very far before a sledge appeared, coming from that direction at top speed, and we at once recognized Kudlooktoo. He was a long distance away and it gave me that "goneness" feeling in the latitude of my belt that one has when thinking some bad news is coming his way. Kudlooktoo had brought a message of that kind before, and one was enough. To my first words he replied, "Mr. Mac *poik*" (Mr. Mac was all right), and then gave me a note from him.

Now our tools for pioneering had been reduced to a few lances and one pick. The huskies thought the lances would be sufficient for the work on the Polar Sea, leaving the pick and one lance to dig the tide hole with.

Well, Mac started out, and first flop out of the box, on trying to leave the edge of the glacial fringe, ran into an exhibition of rough ice and pressure ridges which made any he'd ever seen before look like ice cream sundaes in comparison. They saw that they had a fine chance, I don't think, of hewing a way through the scenery with the lances, so Mac sent word back that when the tide hole was finished to forward him the pick by bearer.

Of course at a critical juncture like this, wind, drift, and snow—a committee from one of the Arctic butting-in societies—paid an official visit, so, tide hole boring being impossible, Ahwatingwah was directed to pitch the tent while I took his team, having sent Karko to the boat with mine, and with Kudlooktoo started out to see what Mac was up against.

I arrived about one A. M. May 10th, and found that Mac was sure facing a fearful proposition, for worse ice I'd never seen. It looked as impassable as a canceled stamp would be at Tiffany's, so I told him to take the pick and I'd try

and sink the tide hole with a lance; if he waited till that was done he'd have to lose a day anyhow, possibly more. Meanwhile the wind had increased so we could see but a few yards in the drift, so the night was spent there. On occasions like this we used to fall back on the motto of the Tegetoff, "This too, O King, will pass away." At eight A. M. it let up and we said goodby. I hated to see him going out and me not with him, being very much worried as to where he'd bring up if a good, lively, easterly wind should think him *de trop;*—to hell and gone out in the East Greenland Sea—so I told him for God's sake to take care of himself, and that in the event of a prolonged gale I'd hike east and south, making caches for him.

Then I headed shorewards. The trail of the day before was *ausgespielt* under a foot of feathery snow. I went on a bee line of my own for the shore. With an empty sledge, this was possible. A few days later Mac followed this trail, and the way his men cussed the judgment shown in picking it was enough to dent my feelings.

On reaching the tent Ahwatingwah was ready, so we slung the rifle, lance, a shovel, and a coil of rope on the sledge, and went on a scout for suitable ice. This is not so easy as one might

think, as two things have to be remembered. The water must not be too deep for the tide gauge, and yet sufficiently deep so that it will not be frozen solid; in other words, so that the ice is floating on water, and not resting on terra firma, as otherwise land will be struck, and not pay dirt in the shape of water. In ordinary years, sea water will freeze to a depth of about eight feet. Finally we found some that Ahwatingwah said he thought would do, so we started in. We took turns with the lance and shovel, and dug a hole four feet in diameter, down, down, down, till at eight feet we struck *land,* after six hours' work!

By that time our mitts were so stiff we could hardly hold the lance, and we quit for the day. Ahwatingwah, in fact, could barely hold his whip, but he stuck the handle up his sleeve and grasped it weakly between his forefinger and thumb. All that hard work for nothing. Rats!

We were pretty stiff the next morning, but moved our tent to the theater of operations. Ahwatingwah said his familiar spirit was on his job and that fifteen yards northwest of our well was the spot. We played the third party's dope sheet and started in. When down seven feet three inches, Ahwatingwah said he thought we were near water and undertook to make the final cast.

The hole was so deep that the man making it could not get out unless assisted by a rope, which Ahwatingwah carefully inspected so as to be sure that that old oaken bucket shouldn't hang in the well too long. He gave me the end, saying when he struck water not to lose any time getting him OUT, as for some reason or other a bath didn't appeal to him this particular morning. I was ready for him but he was longer artesianing it than either of us expected. But finally, fairly seething, he drove the lance down like a steam hammer. He struck water that time and a young geyser four feet high and three inches in diameter, remarking "You may take it from me," hit back. Ahwatingwah let out a wild whoop, and, with eyes fixed on the spring, groped for the rope, calling to me for God's sake to hurry. When he finally clutched the line and I started to draw him out, what with his frantic struggles and the glass ice I stood on, he nearly dragged me into the spring as well. I asked him why he was so anxious to leave the sirens, but he thought he'd rather be on the outside lookin' in.

However, he and his dummy director were stuck on their diagnosis, and with reason. For example, in the preceding fall, Mac vaccinated the Polar Sea six times before he could get water through the thing's epidermis.

The next day the tide gauge was set up and hourly observations commenced. Knowing that a snooze and I were bound to connect, I was afraid that some observations wouldn't be made, but Ahwatingwah wasn't the only one who had a familiar, and it came over my private wire that there's nothing an Eskimo prefers to imitating us, especially if he can fool with a watch. So I told Ahwatingwah that he had a lot of gray matter where his brains ought to be, and that his education had now reached the point where he could be trusted with a watch. He was then made to understand that every time the big hand looped the loop he was to kick me in the ribs. The scheme worked like a soubrette in a star part, which was more than the tide did. At the end of forty-four hours I came to the conclusion that we must have struck some freak for fair, as there were one high and two low tides per day instead of two each. Where the shy one had gone, was beyond me. I concluded to finish out the forty-eight hours of observations and pull my freight to Cape Washington. Just a few hours before the time was up, sledges were heard coming, and running out we saw Mac and his men. I felt like Jackson greeting Nansen, and had never been so glad to see anyone.

He said he'd been out to 84° 15′ and had there

run into the Big Lead. He'd had a very stiff job going through the battered ice, the holes and crevasses of which were driven full of the light, new-fallen snow, in which he waded up to his waist, fell in up to his neck, and stumbled and crawled in till he was black and blue.

He had had one narrow escape. With his Eskimos, he was examining a lead to see whether the young ice was strong enough to stand for the sledges. One of the huskies accidentally let a lance slip out of his hands, and when it hit the ice it kept on going and went clean through the ice. He's some sprinter, is Mac, but he hadn't more'n got started before his men were on firm ice.

When Mac returned to terra firma, he found the shore party on very low rations, as Wesharkoupsi had not come in as yet. We were wondering what had kept him, or whether he'd met bear. So our relief was great when he frolicked in about twenty-four hours later.

Mac and his men first tried to dislocate their eating apparatus, and then all hands but me went off on a hunt. They came back about twelve hours later with a fine bull. The huskies cut loose about seven dogs to hold the brute at bay, and Mac got two photos of the fight. Unfortunately, the musk-ox managed to toss three

dogs and it looked as though he might put the whole outfit to the bad, so they had to shoot him before Mac got through.

After a good snooze, he relieved me of the maddening observations, which I'd been taking for sixty-nine hours, though I had managed to oversleep a couple in the middle of things. Then I turned in, and, after twelve hours' sleep, proclaimed a holiday, so, as it was needed, the rest of us sallied forth to make life miserable for the musk-ox, leaving the tide to do the same for Mac.

We rounded the extreme point of Morris Jesup, shortly beyond which we struck a fine sheet of slippery-elm ice. On the eastern side of a little bay the glasses revealed a musk-ox. We untangled traces and, after a great run over a fine sheet of glass ice, we came to sastrugi between it and the shore. The sledges took this at scarcely diminished speed. The ox was on a plateau, to reach which we had to go up a toothed rise, and when we arrived, all more or less puffing from the sharp run up the rocky slope, it was putting up a fine fight, charging fiercely at the dogs. I had Mac's camera and proceeded to try to get photos. I got fairly close—within fifteen to twenty feet—so close that the huskies were yelling at me not to go any nearer. The men were too damn anxious to kill it before things were

ready. More pictures would have been secured, but, unfortunately, one of the sledges got away from where the huskie had left it and the whole team came up on the dead run. The animal was full of fight and charged the dogs. I called to the men to shoot quick.

After skinning it, we got under way at once. As on a previous affair of this kind, the odd idea of getting first shot was an obsession, turning us into a lot of lunatics at large. This resulted in a free-for-all race for the next six miles. I was with Ahwatingwah's sledge, but he was more or less crippled by lumbago, and to help keep up it was up to me to run, which I did for fully half the distance. After quite a while three musk-oxen were sighted on the far side of a valley, and all hands headed that way. However, we were not destined to reach them, for, on rounding a sharp corner at the end of a gulch which opened out into a wide, rolling country extending out to Cape James Hill, we saw another herd. They stood in a long line, shoulder to shoulder, looking at us some two hundred yards away. Two dogs were freed and the lot rounded up a few hundred yards further on.

The kodak was put in action, and it was ticklish work. Oscillating between twenty and thirty feet of the herd, trying to work the finder

and keeping an eye on the lookout for a charge, is photographing under high pressure. The Eskimos were crazy to shoot and held off a few moments, but, unable to stand it any longer, let drive, while I hiked behind the firing line and called a halt on the killing.

When camp was reached, we took the cartridges away from the Eskimos. While skinning the oxen we saw twenty others grazing on the hills, and on the way back passed six. While we shot many, their numbers were too great for that to make any impression, and we killed only for food.

The tidal work occupied the next six or seven days. If there was anything I loathed it was taking these observations. It was great, watching the water climbing up and down a hole and, to rub it in, the ten-minute readings for one hour before and one hour after the high and low water, to enable the tidal curve to be more accurately traced, were the limit. To add to the enjoyment, the tides were most irregular, and often were so far behind the schedule, that, at the end of two hours of ten-minute readings, the tide had not reached the stand and showed no signs of it, and, before I got through, I'd find I'd been taking ten-minute readings for over four hours. For the first three days we had one high and two low

tides in the day, but after that it got more regular, and the range increased from six inches to over a foot.

The best part of our stay was the way men and dogs gorged, especially the latter, poor fellows. It was the first time since they'd left huskie land that they'd had their fill. There was mighty little left of a musk-ox after six dogs had had a twenty-four hour seance with it. The meat was stacked in piles around our tents and men and dogs had all the tenderloin and sirloin they could stand.

The huskies made a sort of "shako" of musk-ox skins for all hands, and we got out the rifles and drilled the bunch a couple of times. "The Morris Jesup Irregulars" weren't much on looks, but the cash register showed a lot killed, and none wounded except the dogs.

At Cape Morris Jesup we saw the advantages of not being smokers. The Eskimos, who in the last two expeditions had learned to smoke like chimneys, ran out of tobacco. They suffered like the dickens from being deprived of it, and tried to improvise smoking material out of pieces of paper, steeped tea leaves, and grass.

Almost at the water's edge, at the most northerly spit of Morris Jesup, we found sections of the sledge the Commander himself drove when

he rounded Greenland for the first time, in 1900, and we used parts of it to repair our own damages.

A bench mark on shore was sunk, a young cairn slung up, and the following record left in it:—

"Cape Morris Jesup,
"May 23, 1909.

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

"Acting under orders of Lieut.[1] R. E. Peary, U. S. N., commanding North Polar Expedition of Peary Arctic Club, we left the *Roosevelt* on April 19th, in company with five Eskimos, for the purpose of making a cache of supplies at Cape Morris Jesup for the support of the northern party, to take soundings on the Polar Sea as far as the 85th parallel, and to take tidal observations for a period of ten days.

"Last sounding at 84° 15′, depth of 91 fathoms.

"This morning at 1 A. M. we completed our tidal observations. Tidal gauge situated from this bench mark 1133 ft. 4 in., bearing N. 43° 30′ east, depth 16 ft. 4 in. of water.

"Mean range of tides for period .52 of a foot.

"Will leave for ship to-day.

"D. B. MacMillan,
"George Borup,
"Assistants to Peary."

That done, we took the liberty of cutting an hourly observation and went up to see the Com-

[1] An error was made in the title and overlooked.

mander's cairn. We decorated it in honor of the Great Discovery with all our flags, American, Bowdoin, Yale, Worcester Academy, and Groton. For the past few days these had been flying over our tent poles and our camp had looked very gay.

At one A. M. Mac took the last observation. To celebrate the occasion more properly, we got all the huskies around the hole and had them give a cheer. The Yale Frog Chorus was a bit beyond them, but *Timah* (through) wasn't, so they got this out with well oiled delivery—"*Timah, Timah, Timah,* Rah! Rah! Rah! *Timah, Timah, Timah!*" Whereupon we conspuez-d the hole and swatted it with a bum harpoon. Then we hit the trail.

CHAPTER XIV

THE START BACK TO THE SHIP—FINDING PEARY'S RECORD AT CAPE WASHINGTON

THE heavens, according to the dope of their press agents, the astronomers, would sport a full moon on June 3d, and of course the joyous tides wouldn't miss the event, and syzygy! what don't they do to the channel ice. It made us anxious to pass it before trouble came to bat.

At the start, Mac and I, though we'd been up for twenty-four hours, felt as though we could heel-and-toe it all the way to the ship in one march, but, after eight hours, began to realize that we'd backed the wrong horse, a state of affairs that a halt, at first every hour, and then oftener, attested. Once, to try out Eustace Miles's relaxing theory, we sprawled out full length on the snow. Mac told a funny story, and the last words were hardly out of his mouth when he sledged into dreamland. I remember laughing at him for going to sleep so quickly, and then he was pounding me on the back, with "Wake up, and get a move on!"

We hadn't had much exercise during the stay at Morris Jesup, and so hadn't "come back" very much, but felt fine next morning when we broke out topsails. The course was a sporty one, plenty of casual water in the shape of tidal cracks, many being near-crevasses.

Once we came to a whopper and I, who was behind, came up and took it on the run. Mac, out of the tail of his eye, saw me jumping, involuntarily Bleriot-ed, and we crossed the crevasse side by side in the air. On landing on the other side Mac remarked that, in view of a possible finish in the crypt of one of these chinks, it would be as well not to repeat the operation in that way, but rather to *après vous, mon cher Alphonse.*

When we reached Cape Washington it was about three P. M. In our haste to leave Morris Jesup we had started at the wrong time and, instead of somnambulating by night and sleeping by day, we were doing the opposite. The result of this was we traveled when it was hottest, most uncomfortable, and when the glare from the sun from three to six P. M. was directly in our eyes. So when we got to Washington we pitched the tents and decided to wait a few hours till the sun migrated to the northern horizon.

None of us had a very high opinion of Wesharkoupsi. He was the huskie who had come to

the United States in the '90's, and even since then had been dirge-ing about having a pain in his chest. On the Polar Sea it developed into cold feet or locomotor ataxia, so that Peary sent him back, with the first supporting party. How sick he was appeared when he ran the last fifteen miles to the ship without stopping. However, he gave us an exhibition which slightly changed our opinion of his character.

At Mary Murray Island, on the way up, a very handsome bitch in his team in a lucid interval had a couple of by-products, which he was very anxious to save. Of course on the march, if left unprotected, they would have frozen, so Wesharkoupsi put them underneath his shirt, tied a string tightly around his waist, and carried them sixty odd miles that way till he caught us at Morris Jesup. Then he toted them back to Miss Murray when he went after supplies and, when he toddled into our camp at Morris Jesup that morning, the first thing he did was to take them out of his patent incubator and turn them over to their mater.

In the eight days we put in taking observations, the dogs had grown enough not to need the ministrations of Wesharkoupsi to such an extent, so that he used to put them in an extra kooletah and sling 'em on the upstanders of his sledge.

Every time we stopped to rest the dogs, the mother would hop upon the sledge, and Wesharkoupsi would take the pups out and turn 'em over to her to get their certified dope.

One day we were going along, Mac riding on Wesharkoupsi's sledge, when he chanced to look back and saw a small, furry wad in the snow twenty yards to the rear, with the dogs in Kudlooktoo's team making frantic efforts to reach the buffet. He (Mac) covered that distance in about two seconds and managed to rescue the pup. It had crawled out through the armhole of the kooletah.

Both pups—all body, mostly stomach—mounted on four short, stumpy legs, looked like young hippos. Kudlooktoo suggested that they wouldn't be bad, split and broiled! Wesharkoupsi didn't enthuse.

While at Cape Washington we found the Commander's record in his cairn, but as it has been published the copy we made is omitted.

Mac's right ankle was bothering him a lot, and at first we couldn't imagine how he'd hurt himself. Then I happened to remember the *Mal de Racquette* of the Canadians, and told him the unaccustomed snowshoeing through deep snow was responsible for the damage. Mac simply had to take to a sledge for a while. The

attitude of the huskies toward an outsider riding was peculiar. They regarded it as effeminate, and bad form, for a man who hadn't a team to get a lift from another. It did no good to tell them that the dogs belonged not to them but to the Commander. If an Eskimo rode on his own sledge it was all right. If one of us did, he was classed as lazy. So, not wishing that label, we fellows footed it most of the time in the Arctic. Had Mac walked, as he wanted to, we wouldn't have made a mile a day.

We pushed forward and reached Lockwood Island four A. M., May 25th. Just as we were leaving the island, in all its splendid loneliness, I saw a little snow bunting perched on a rock overhead, and when it burst forth in song it was the sweetest thing I ever heard.

May 27: The travel was beautiful and again we doubled our upward marches, reaching Cape Salor, over forty miles away, in thirteen hours. Passing along Cape Neumeyer we noticed a few empty tins, two picks, and some dog and rabbit bones, all that marked the spot where the Commander had landed in 1906, when he was blown so far off his course by that memorable six-day gale.

I shot two ptarmigans, but the dogs raided the sledge when we weren't on the *qui vive* and got

the benefit of them. We didn't pitch the tents either that day or the preceding, as it was pleasant, and so warm we slept in the open.

May 28: We had a slight difference of opinion before getting to John Murray Island. On our upward trip, in rounding Cape Frederick, we had met with very stiff going. Kudlooktoo said he didn't care to tackle that route again, but would try the one overland across the island and trust to luck he'd find a pass between the mountains.

The rest of us thought we'd stick to regions we knew something of and not fool with the unknown, so we split. Well, the joke was on the majority, for it was the devil's own job to round Cape Frederick, the open water forcing us in to the shore. When finally we had mashied and niblicked ourselves out of everything but long grass, we swung around a point, and there, far out on the glacial fringe, was Kudlooktoo, but the fair green being soft and bum put the brakes on our progress, and we camped near Beaumont Island.

We made up for our relatively short march on the following day by denting the Great White Way for eighteen hours and so successfully that we covered three of our upward marches and camped beyond Cape Bryant.

It was one of those infernal gray days when

the sky was full of clouds and there was no horizon. The clouds and snow blended together so effectively that there was no relief and you couldn't see the snow you were walking on. The light came with the same intensity in every direction. You couldn't see with your goggles, and without them you were snow blind. You were liable to walk over a cliff or to run slam bang into a vertical snow wall. It sort of got you going. Chief Wardwell, in 1906, while hunting near the ship, walked over a hill with a 60° slope, and picked himself up after a 200-foot roll, unhurt. Had been unable to see what he was coming to on account of the gray day.

When we got to Cape Bryant, we saw the first sign of summer! The snow was on the melt fast, lots of fresh water around the floebergs, so we didn't have to melt ice to have tea.

The huskies would not stop near Marvin's igloo. They avoid anything connected with the dead, and we didn't want to stay there either. It made us think too much of the great tragedy of the Expedition.

A bit beyond we came on a small piece of bare ground and, for the first time since starting, pitched our tent on other material than snow.

Yesterday, when we decided to camp, Kudlook-too, who was a bit behind, went steamin' by, head

up, tail over dasher, pushing on his sledge, never deigning to look at us, and as the boy said, "Pa's steppin' high—it's his usual way." Stopping a hundred yards beyond and deploying himself, he surveyed us scornfully. *"Tupik shew tee, tupik shew tee,* no good." ("Tents all the time no good.") Well, to-day, after twelve hours, Mr. Kudlooktoo thought we'd proceeded far enough and suggested we take a sleep. We demurred and informed him that *"Tupik shew tee,* no good," and that we intended to camp some fifteen or twenty miles beyond. Kudlooktoo was getting tired and a couple of times he dozed off on his sledge. Once his team seized the opportunity afforded by their master's condition by proceeding vigorously to settle some of their differences, and the ensuing general scrap had the traces "a-lying in a frightfully dissolute state." This gave the rest of us a long lead and, with all tires flat, he wheezed into camp the last one. We'd covered fifty sea miles, and Kudlooktoo seemed peeved.

May 30, Decoration Day: We beat it for twelve hours—a long march—but easy as compared with the eighteen of the day before. During the day we saw our first seals, three of them in fact, but left them unmolested.

Then we prowled ashore, crossing a beastly pressure ridge, and found a splendid ice foot,

down which speedway such fine time was made that camp was pitched at Repulse Harbor. On the hill over the camp was Lieutenant (now Admiral) Beaumont's cairn where he left his famous record:—

"We will go as far as we can. God help us."

Kyutah, the last over, got trapped in a healthy looking pressure ridge, and Kudlooktoo went to his rescue. The idea of one Eskimo deliberately backstepping a quarter of a mile to help another out of a hole was a bit unusual. They were so cussed independent that they hardly ever asked for assistance, let alone give it, their attitude being every-man-for-himself-and-the-devil-gobble-the-hindmost. We asked Kudlooktoo why he went to the old boy's rescue. He said the only reason he knew was because Kyutah wasn't as frisky and chipper as he used to be.

Though the huskies adopted this attitude of "self-help" towards one another, they were always willing to help us fellows. They evidently sized us up as being most amusin' green and decrepit.

We were all snow blind more or less, and found it no joke. It was like a bad case of pinkeye.

Just as we turned in for the night, we heard

Eskimos spieling at their dogs, and poked our heads through the door of our flat to see what was doing. Surprised? No. Nothing ever surprised us any more. There was Coadey, one of the sailors; Karko, and Aletah, with two sledges. They had crossed the channel a little south of us and, in the fog, had not seen our tents. In fact, they were just making a cache for us at the cairn, when they happened to see the tupiks not two hundred yards away.

The huskies say we do nothing but spout hot air at every opportunity. Before the night was over we asked if they didn't think they could do something in that line too, for our crowd sat up all night listening to the small talk and scandal retailed by the newcomers.

May 31: We tripled our upward marches for the third day running, and reached the ship. While following a team through some bad ice, my left leg went down a crack, and I came within an ace of snapping the old thing in two. As we swung into view of the ship, all hands gathered at the rail to greet us, and most conspicuous, and smiling like tooth powder ads., were the admiring ladifrens of our comrades. When the latter saw them, each Eskimo put on his new musk-ox toque, then strode proudly forward,

"And looked like a warrior, after taking a drink,
With his scent of cloves around him."

Then we hustled aboard to congratulate the Commander on winning the four centuries' race to the Pole.

CHAPTER XV

COMMANDER PEARY'S SYSTEM COMPARED WITH OTHERS—HUNTING TRIP TO CLEMENTS MARKHAM INLET—CAPTURE OF MUSK-OX CALF—AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—PHOTOGRAPHING MUSK-OX

WE'D made eight marches in nine days, had covered about two hundred and seventy sea miles, and had arrived three days before the full moon, so we felt quite ge-stuck on ourselves when we shinned up the side of the *Roosevelt*. After the Commander found out how many days we'd been on the road, he said, "Well, well! You've beaten my old record all to pieces!"

It seemed queer to be on the ship with the Pole on board and the principal object of the expedition accomplished.

If a digression into a field I do not feel competent to enter is permitted, I would like to make a few comparisons, not at all invidious, but

merely to illustrate Commander Peary's system, and to this effect will quote from a letter:—

"The Commander has been just great. This expedition from start to finish is a picnic compared to what sufferings most Arctic expeditions go through. We went in parlor cars, thanks to the Commander, who has worked the Arctic ice problem out, and down to a science. Instead of the inactivity of previous expeditions in the winter, we were all out, most of us going five hundred to six hundred miles.[1] Thirty years ago a man during the winter venturing on an extended journey of several hundred miles would have been committing suicide. Nares, the leader of the English Expedition of 1875–6, says that men can't face a wind in a temperature of minus 30°, but we did that, and a darn sight lower, in the wind. He also says, 'Only for life or death must a man go out in the fearful cold of March.' We went out all winter, and the English didn't start from the boat till April 2.

"Just one example of the advantage of dog power instead of man power: Beaumont, a man of indomitable energy, went to his farthest on the Greenland Coast in about thirty marches, which Mac and I covered in eight in spite of two short ones on account of smashed sledges. He and his men were dead at the end, but we were going at a canter. Returning, we did it in two and a half marches, and he required ninety days on account of sickness, etc.

[1] Publishers' Note:
The total sledge journeys in statute miles were about:

Captain Bartlett	2450 miles.
Dr. Goodsell	1750 miles.
MacMillan	1866 miles.
Borup	3255 miles.

"Another point: In a country where the English found no game they died of scurvy; where Greely, Brainard, and Lockwood, fine men as they were, could obtain no game, we, through the Eskimos, never were in want of fresh meat.

"Greely, speaking of Lockwood's and Brainard's work, says about as follows concerning an attempt to beat their mark farthest north, obtained on the Greenland Coast, 'that only perfect ice conditions, indomitable energy of leader and men, would enable their record to be smashed.' They took a whole season to do it. We did it, and a good sixty miles more to Morris Jesup, in eighteen marches after arriving back from the northern expedition, and with ridiculous ease;—just a picnic from start to finish. This is not blowing my horn, but simply to state a few facts that will speak for themselves.

"These performances were due to the great system the Commander has developed; to his breaking us in in the best way, so that when we started north in February, Doc, Mac, and I, who had never been in the Arctic before, had stacked up against conditions many other expeditions would never dare face, and had sledged enough to make us veterans. Result: confidence in ourselves and equipment, and, what's more, as to the conditions likely to be met with."

. . . . . .

On June 7th, Mac left for Fort Conger with Jack Barnes, the sailor who had been with him in the winter at Columbia, and Kudlooktoo. The same day saw my departure for a hunting trip, with Egingwah, of North Pole fame, and Aletah. The sledges were almost empty, and, the macadam being in great shape, Porter Bay,

thirty-five miles away, was reached in seven hours, and the next day brought us to the mouth of the Inlet.

We had been sent out to get fresh meat and a couple of days afterwards were skimming full tilt along the smooth ice of a big lake which we discovered near the head of the inlet when suddenly old Egingwah separated himself from an excited cry: *"Oo ming muck soah!"* (Musk-ox). There, not four hundred yards away, were three large ones on a bluff. The dogs, on the *qui vive* from Egingwah's warning, saw them almost as soon as we did, and a trio were unleashed, with us following. It was the devil's own job scaling the bluff. Though not more than forty feet high, it was almost sheer, very muddy, and, to add to the fun, a sweet layer of ice was underneath; so, slipping and falling, we reached the top serenely out of temper.

There a delightful joust was being pulled off in strictly rough-and-tumble catch-as-catch-can style. The three large musk-oxen, with a calf, were back to back, charging fiercely at the dogs and paying no attention to us. My kodak was started clicking, and six exposures of the set-to having been obtained, the men were told, "Gridley, you may fire when ready."

It's much more exciting hunting these ani-

mals with a camera than with a rifle. With a rifle you aim, Bang!—it's all over. But with a kodak you have to get very near, you shoot, and shoot, and keep on shooting, and the animal is still up and going, unhurt, and then if he charges you you have no gun to rely on, but it's up to you, as animal versus animal, to dodge him.

When the three were down, and skinning operations started, the calf showed no desire to leave the neighborhood. In fact it had to be pushed and shoved out of the way. When they were all skinned, including its mother, and the skins folded up, the men went after the dogs. The calf, evidently thinking its mother's transformation not especially becoming, started to beat it. Its hobbles came off and it went for the mountain like a coyote after a jack rabbit. Calling to Egingwah, we started on a cross-country run, but Aletah, the cripple who was staying back with the teams, came to the conclusion we had tackled too fierce a proposition, and cut loose Egingwah's big, gray king dog, the best musk-ox dog in the push. We knew now it was up to us to overhaul the poor little calf, which was still going very strongly a hundred yards ahead, before that gray streak caught it, as then it would be "some more work for the

undertaker" and no mistake. We won the race, but only by an eyelash, finally cornering the calf after about a mile run. Then we started off for camp, the calf in my lap. En route a brant goose sat down a hundred yards from us, and Egingwah cut its neck off with a bullet—shooting some.

The question before the house was: How were we to keep our calf alive? Aletah had a brilliant thought, and got a dog harness and slipped it on the captive. That had him finely tethered. Then, after consultation, we put half a can of condensed milk in a quart of water, warmed it up, and of course Mr. Musk-Ox, not being used to that brand, declined, so we had to resort to a little forced feeding for a couple of meals. Egingwah pried its mouth open, Aletah held its feet so it couldn't protest too violently, and I poured the stuff down its throat. Then it was the acquired taste for him.

The calf's actions were very interesting. The musk-ox instinct of liking to have its back to something was very strongly marked in it. It would back up against a sledge, on top of which were the skins of its old companions and, if the sledge wasn't going too fast, keep walking backwards with its tail glued there. It was very tame, following us around like a dog. At times

it made quite determined efforts to get in the tent with us, and always went to sleep as close to it as possible. In fact, the man who slept on that side of the tent was kept warm by the musk-ox on the other side of the canvas. However, the calf seemed very stupid in some ways, for it showed no fear of the dogs—did not even condescend to give them the right of way, in spite of a couple of scrimmages which nearly had a fatal termination for the youngster.

A very interesting feature of this country was brought to light by Egingwah. About 150 feet above the lake and 1000 yards from the Inlet, we found a log some five feet long and five inches in diameter, in a fairly good state of preservation. How it came there is a mystery. It shows conclusively that this country has been rising steadily (the clam shells found high up in the mountains show that, of course), but this piece of driftwood must have come in here when the ice in the Inlet "went out," an occurrence which had not positively been known to take place. However, this wood probably could have come here only under those conditions.

The scenery up the Lake was grand, resembling greatly the Greenland Fiords near Jesup. Near its head, on opposite sides, were two glaciers, with vicious crevasses, coming down

toward the lake at a fearful grade. At the very head was a glacier of the hanging type, going back into the hills at a gentle slope, though how far couldn't be seen, because it curved behind a mountain. On its northern side a cliff of brown-blackish rock came down sheer to meet it. Yawning crevasses were everywhere.

The next day we motored towards the ship. We'd hoped to make it in three marches, but found frightful going all the way, and it took almost twice as long—five marches—to put us there. The first day of our return trip, Egingwah distinguished himself by dropping two bosun birds on the fly with his rifle at about thirty yards' range. We'd been shooting at 'em pretty often, but never with success, till one came sailing over Egingwah's head and he let drive and got it—to our stupefaction. However, he didn't let on *he* was surprised, not much. Merely turned and said he guessed he was hot stuff. Pretty soon another flew by and he let drive and got that—to his stupefaction.

The night of the 16th, we camped at Cape Richardson. I told the Eskimos that the white men knew a great deal and that the next day the sun would grow dark and that we would not see it. They asked what I was driving at, and were told that the moon would come between the

sun and us and so shut out the former. Egingwah looked at me a minute, and pointing to the sun, said, "Where is the moon? If it is going to block off our view of the sun, it must be near the sun. Yet we can't see it. Where is it?" and thought I was trying to fool them. However, the next day, when we were about six miles from the ship, the sun suddenly broke through a rift in the clouds. Egingwah noticed it first and when he saw that glim half doused he yanked the surprise-screech stop out of his vocal organ, and possibly added another specimen to his small collection of what an Eskimo doesn't know and we do.

We had a fine job fording the Sheridan River. The snow in the hills was very much on the melt, and the river very high. As we drew near the ship the huskies got to yelling, *"Pickaninny oo ming muck,"* so that when we arrived all hands were assembled to admire our menagerie. We felt very much pleased with ourselves at having brought the animal a hundred miles on a sledge to the ship, but any swelled head that might have been in evidence as a result of our performance collapsed about twenty-four hours afterwards, when the Commander went out on the quarter-deck and saw the calf stretched out nearly dead. We brought it in, and Charlie, the cook, gave it a

hot-water bag and all the dope we could think of to cure it, but no use. It most unkindly persisted in its efforts to kick the bucket, and we sorrowfully saw the result of five days' care, as well as a hundred odd miles of walking and the last half of it swimming, wiped out. Poor little chap!

A little later I went on another hunt with two Eskimos. On the second day, while crossing Ross Bay, while floundering through deep, soft snow of the consistency of political candidates, hawk-eyed Ooqueah sung out, *"Oo ming muck soah."* Seegloo saw it at once, but, even with the glasses, it took me quite a while to make out the musk-ox—a solitary bull on a bare patch of ground. Blending remarkably with surroundings, he was hard to make out at all. The sun had been shining brightly all day, but now we noticed a heavy bank of clouds scurrying towards him, and it was a race whether I got to the musk-ox before they reached the sun, with the chance for good musk-ox photos as the prize. We humped some, but the clouds won. There was so much bare ground we couldn't let some of the dogs round him up while the others pulled us and the kamuttees up to the scene of action, so we just took a couple of dogs and upset the sledges so the others could not follow.

The old bull was so fast asleep that we got to within a hundred yards before he woke up, and we sicked the dogs on him. They might have been so many Jersey mosquitoes for all the attention he paid 'em. He merely opened his controller a notch or two for four hundred odd yards till he got his back to the edge of a ravine with a sheer drop of thirty feet leading to a talus slope, and then proceeded to sharpen his horns on his forelegs—no rocks being available for stropping purposes—and dared the dogs to come on.

I then had my fun trying to get blue prints of him. After one roll of films was used up, I ran back a hundred yards to reload the camera, but that roll needed a steam dredger. My fingers got to stammering, the cartridge jammed, the Eskimos wanted to kill the musk-ox, which in seven-league boots was prancing all over the lot, and while trying to focus with one eye, the other eye had to bulge in his direction, to avoid intersection of our orbits.

One time I got about ten feet from him as he stood broadside on, and secured his chart, when one fool dog was disobliging enough to run between. The brute joyously handed out an "Oh, welcome to our city!" snort and charged the dog, which thought it could find sanctuary between

my legs, beating it accordingly. I thought otherwise and proceeded to do stunts in the sprinting line that would have made a real crack green with envy. The Eskimos saw the reception committee headed their way and—expatriation appeared attractive—and there we were, all five traveling at marvelous speed, headed for Shackleton, the honored guest seeming to have teeth, claws, and tail loaded with a sting, in addition to horns. It was like the darky and the b'ar.—"Lord, if you won't help me, don't help the b'ar, and I'll show you the finest b'ar fight you ever saw." Luckily that cavorting third rail decided to let up, after forty-odd yards. Just after his charge, he tossed one of the dogs, and then I sung out to the huskies to shoot, and his skin was soon drying.

The dog sent winging by the bull was injured very severely, much worse than we thought at the time. One horn penetrated the abdomen and a piece of the intestine about four to five inches long came out through the hole. She did not bleed, apparently. I tried to operate but failed. The phenomenal endurance and toughness of the huskie dog was again in evidence, for she did not die, as we all expected, but kept pulling as well as any dog in the team till we got back to the boat—in spite of six inches of red intestine

hanging out. She must have suffered, but her grit was so superb we hoped to save her. Not once did that spiritedly curved tail vary from those of her team mates. She was a grand superdog.

The sport, and the way we struck it reminds one somewhat of Canada. The sledge takes the place of a canoe, dogs instead of paddles your motive power. Your rifle and shotgun are handy, game plentiful, good going, fine weather. It's GREAT!

When the tent was pitched, it was the usual, "Gentlemen, dinner is served." Musk-ox steak, one and one-third geese, and I drew the prize of a couple of eggs found in one bird.

June 21, the summer solstice: The sun was at its highest, it was noon in the long Arctic Day.

The beginning of the march was a home exerciser and pocket gymnasium. The snow was so soft I had to go over the ground three times on snowshoes before it was practicable for the dogs. The sky, too, was cloudy, there was a heavy fog, and the wind was too gusty to steer a compass course by. Even with one, it was more than I could do to walk in a straight line. Nothing to fasten one's eyes on. The huskies solved the difficulty by trying to make me keep in line with the two sledges. In that way the course was

steered, and we camped a bit beyond Colan. The next day we struck wonderful going, better than any in the neighborhood this year. The melting had not yet touched this part.

For comfort in traveling, probably the last two weeks of April and the first three of May are the best in the Arctic. At this time, however, it was very sloppy, and our feet were always wet, being very much parboiled at night. As soon as we got into camp, we'd all hurry to get into dry foot-gear. A couple of pairs of heavy woolen socks were sufficient to keep one warm. If the sun was shining, the kamiks and sheepskin socks were hung up and we'd have dry ones to put on in the morning. If not, then they went on wet.

I had a good scare thrown into me, all right. About seven miles from camp, the sledges overhauled me and as the dragging was fine I sat down. After a bit I noticed my extremities were cold, and getting more so, but this was put down to their being wet, the kamiks having gotten soaked about three hours after leaving camp. The danger of their getting frosted did not occur to me. Happening to feel the kamiks, and finding they were frozen stiff, I shook the sledge and did a 440 dash to restore circulation, and then made a lightning change into dry things.

When Camp Crane was reached, I found a

scene quite different from what I had last seen. The six igloos were gone, gone was the snow; and all the scraps, empty tins, broken sledges, dead dogs, and old harnesses which had been hidden by the snow were now very much in evidence. As soon as the tent was pitched, the huskies proceeded, of course, to overhaul everything to see what they could find of value, but nothing doing.

After breakfast, we adjourned to the spit of Cape Aldrich, and there, on a spot commanding a good view of the coast line both east and west, we put up a *sa-ga-muck-toe* (cairn) to mark the spot where the Expedition had left the land. The cairn was of a more imposing design than any of the huskies had seen, and when finally assembled the *"Ayes"* and *"Now-wey-ohs"* of admiration were a treat to listen to. The "Air Ship Sign Post," as the Chief dubbed it, bore the following notices on its four arms:

"Cape Morris K. Jesup,	May 16, 1900, 275 miles."
"Cape Columbia,	June 6, 1906."
"Cape Thomas H. Hubbard,	July 1, 1906, 225 miles."
"North Pole,	April 6, 1909, 413 miles."

Below, in a frame of very solid construction, was the following:

"PEARY ARCTIC CLUB NORTH POLE EXPEDITION, 1908

S. S. *Roosevelt*,
June 12th, 1909.

This monument marks the point of departure and return of the sledge expedition of the Peary Arctic Club, which in the spring of 1909 attained the North Pole.

The members of the expedition taking part in the sledge work were Peary, Bartlett, Goodsell, Marvin,[1] MacMillan, Borup, Henson.

The various sledge divisions left here February 28th and March 1st, and returned from March 18th to April 23rd.

The Club's Steamer *Roosevelt* wintered at C. Sheridan, 73 miles east of here.

R. E. Peary, U. S. N.

Commander R. E. Peary, U. S. N., Comdg. Expedition.
Captain R. A. Bartlett, Master of *Roosevelt*.
Chief Engr. George A. Wardwell.
Surgeon J. W. Goodsell.
Prof. Ross G. Marvin, Assistant.
Prof. D. B. MacMillan, Assistant.
George Borup, Assistant.
M. A. Henson, Assistant.
Charles Percy, Steward.
Mate Thomas Gushue.
Bosun John Connors.
Seaman John Coadey.
" John Barnes.
" Dennis Murphy.
" George Percy.
2nd Engr. Banks Scott.
Fireman James Bently.
" Patrick Joyce.
" Patrick Skeans.
" John Wiseman."

[1] Drowned April 10th, returning from 86° 38′ North Latitude.

While the sky-scraper was being erected, the huskies thought they'd put up a cairn of their

own, so they made a cross out of boards a couple of feet long. Very carefully, with nary a sign of a grin, they piled rocks around it, and guyed it down with some wires. Then, borrowing a pencil from me, and a piece of paper, they put some hieroglyphics on it and stowed it away in the rocks. Everything they did was strictly *en regle.*

This ended, Seegloo turned to me, and pointing to a good sized lead and the water sky at the end of the glacial fringe, asked if I remembered that six-day wait for the lead to close, three moons before. Good Lord! It seemed countless centuries since, and yet in that ninety days the Pole had been reached! And poor Marvin —we could not think of it or realize as yet that he wouldn't come back, but far out there he still was. However—

". . . la moins triste et plus pieuse tombe
C'est la terre qui s'ouvre à la place ou l'on tombe!" [1]

[1] Rostand's Chantecler.

CHAPTER XVI

END OF THE HUNT—PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS' EGGS—WIDOW BUSTER HAS PIBLOKTO—MONUMENT TO MARVIN

ON our return, as we were going down a hill four hundred yards long, the dogs caught sight of a leming running for dear life, on the top of the snow, about three hundred yards away. I thought we'd been going some before the leming was seen, but we hadn't. The dogs knew that meant a mouthful for one of them, and both teams set out for the prize. A Roman chariot race wasn't in it. I felt sorry for the leming, but those brutes couldn't be stopped, and with one gulp it vanished down the throat of the king dog.

The next day we headed shipward, and reached her in four marches. The only excitement we drew was when less than a quarter of a mile from the ship. The Sheridan was much higher than when we'd left and, as Seegloo was trying to negotiate its mouth, his sledge derailed off a floeberg and landed upstanders down in a

pool of water. Now the sledge's taking a drink amounted to nothing, but in a bag on the upstanders were all the films taken on the trip and the kodak as well, let alone the rifle and field-glasses. I was about a hundred yards away from the scene and yelled to him to get in the game and save the outfit. Mr. Seegloo, however, great as is the nerve he had shown himself to possess, was not especially anxious to wet it by jumping into a pool so muddy he couldn't see bottom, and shied. I could swim, so didn't mind a bath, and on arrival plunged in. It took five minutes to get the sledge out. Luckily, the kodak was wrapped in an oil-coat and wasn't wet, nor were the films, in their tins.

On June 28th, the next day, Mac came in from Conger, and the whole party were together at the mess-table for the first time since Christmas. Then we realized, probably for the first time, that poor Marvin wasn't to return. His place was empty.

The succeeding two and a half weeks were occupied in scouring the surrounding country. The Commander, who was very much interested in ornithology, was out for the scalp of every bird's egg available, and all the Eskimos were put at this work. Whenever they'd report a nest with eggs, I'd visit and photo it, and then

the egg would be brought to the ship and Mac would operate and blow it. As a rule, these aquatic birds took special pains to construct their nests on young islands in the middle of lakes, and would with devilish ingenuity select the ones surrounded by the deepest water, to be secure from foxes.

Now if you are suffering from ennui and need diversion, strip off your clothes and wade out waist-deep in ice-cold water, stepping on sharp stones every once in a while, holding a kodak in one paw, and praying to all that's holy that you will not slip. Then take a photo of an egg in its native habitat, grasp it in your free hand, and paddle shoreward.

We got two sets of eggs of the Tringa Carnatus—the knot—the eggs of which had never been obtained in the Western Hemisphere before. This *was* a trophy, for fair. Then we got eggs of the redthroated diver, old squaw, arctic owl, arctic tern, snow bunting, and bosun bird.

Most of the bird country seemed to lie on the other side of the river and the stream was now so high that we could not ford it.

There was a huskie lady, a widow, dubbed "Buster Blanket" by our facetious cook, and she distinctly contrived to dispel dull care in a way

widdies alone are capable of. One night after supper we heard a commotion for'ard and word was passed that "Buster's got piblokto." The "Scientific Staff" promptly proceeded to take such observations as the weather and place of the forthcoming performance permitted. As Mr. Adams puts it, when she

> "announced a meetin' in the public hall the
> seatin' o' the same was found inadequate to
> 'commodate the gang."

There was the lady in a pool of ice-water, breast-high, right under the bow, looking like an inebriated fish treading water, singing like a siren, and banging her hands together: "Yah! Yah! A yah yah! Yah!" If she'd had more pleasant surroundings she'd have made the Lorelei look like the hat father wore on St. Patrick's Day, and, for repetition of her words, a church choir stunned in an anthem.

The entire population of Cape Sheridan soon joined the gallery, and many were the opinions as to the best way of getting the lady to ice or dry land. None of us was stuck on pretending she was a bird's egg and wading after her, so some fellows got up in the bow and tried to lasso the heifer, but, as we were not cowboys, she was perfectly safe. Others got a rope, but every

time she saw the rope start to grow taut she'd duck and it would merely scrape her back.

Finally, we got a long sledge, and while our 250-pound Chief Wardwell stood on one end to act as a counterpoise, another fellow climbed to the front. The widow dodged his embrace but we rang in another sledge, and finally the old girl was saved, though not until she'd given a good imitation of a cat arguing with fly paper.

On another occasion her high spirits broke out again and she mermaided it in a stream of ice-water a hundred yards wide, side wheeling it towards the mouth of the river 400 yards away, and we all trooped out to see what her farthest would be. After going most all the way she condescended to come ashore, and we slung her upon our shoulders and carried her to the ship, yelling and cheering as a crowd does when they carry off their winning team.

A few days after that, Buster and Inaloo, a lady whose tonnage was over two hundred, and who at our functions was given parking space, started a duet in the piblokto line. Now, Inaloo had a husband and three sons aboard, so before she got going on an exploring tour her family, not being keen for a cross-country run, collectively, lovingly embraced her, laid her down

gently, and proceeded to sit on different parts of her deck, singing, "Don't get married any more, Ma," and when it looked as though she might adopt too many suffragette methods and put her family on the bum, there were enough of us ready to lend a helping hand to show that here, at all events, the male sex ruled. But mother hasn't spoken to father since.

Seeing she couldn't do anything real bad, she proceeded to give as fine an imitation of all the inhabitants of the polar regions as you'd want—from the growls and snarlings of a dog team having an argument, and the cry of a burgomeister gull, to the snort of a fighting musk-ox, the hoarse grunt of an infuriated walrus, the blow of a narwhal. Buster, in the meanwhile, having no family, was let severely alone till, becoming jealous at receiving no attention, she began to raise such a Ballinger of a time that, as there weren't enough of us unoccupied to unnightmare her, we solved the problem by rolling her up in a blanket, strapping her to a board, and hanging her up on the boom of the foremast. There she hung, swinging in the breeze, with only enough leeway to move her head, swear, ululate, and spit.

After the 10th of July, the men were engaged in getting the things ashore on board. The

stiffest job was the anchor, which couldn't train down to under two thousand pounds. We got that on a sledge and then all the huskies, with a few of us, got hold of a drag rope. We only had to haul it from the shore to the ship, but till we started in we never really appreciated what the English Expedition was up against. Their sledges were almost, if not quite, as heavily loaded, and it was the stiffest kind of work. How they ever managed to do as well as they did is wonderful. In the fall, when the ship was unloaded, we all had wondered how she ever held so much, but now there was not much left of our "three years' supplies." We all had "emergency bags," packed with what furs we were not wearing and articles we'd want most in the event of a smashup, hung out on deck in convenient places, so if wrecked en route home we wouldn't be all day picking up the flat.

About the last thing we did was to put up a cairn overlooking our winter quarters, with a cross on top—a monument to poor Marvin. It bore this inscription:

In Memory
Ross C. Marvin,
Age 31.
Drowned April 10, 1909,
45 miles north of Cape Columbia,
Returning from 86° 38′.

THE TENDERFOOT AFTER HIS POLAR PICNIC
(From a photograph by Clarence H. White.)

CHAPTER XVII

HOMEWARD BOUND—SEAL SHOOTING—MEETING OF THE BRIDE WITH THE GROOM WHO WENT WITH COMMANDER PEARY TO WIN HER—MAC SHOT

JULY 17: The ice between the *Roosevelt* and the shore was all moth-eaten and rotten, on our "date of sailing." Our protecting line of floebergs had been gradually melting and floating off, so that there was nothing to stop the *Roosevelt's* finding herself high on shore if the polar pack came her way, and though it was really too early for the channel ice to be well broken up, we had to get out of our winter quarters.

For about twelve hours before we left, the Captain was having the time of his life blowing ice off the propeller. Every charge of dynamite shook the *Roosevelt* from stem to stern, to say nothing of us. The Captain used to leave those trouble sticks lying around his room as though they were so much Huyler's, so we who weren't candy kids didn't visit the magazine chamber as much as formerly.

At different times during the winter, we had been wont to talk of how fine it would be to hear the throb and beat of the engines once more, but when the Captain grabbed the handle of the telegraph and shoved it over to full speed ahead, and the *Roosevelt* shot forward into her own once more—the right to ride the open sea—it seemed the most natural thing in the world. We didn't do much toward getting to New York in the first few hours, but the day after we broke out of winter quarters we saw old Cape Joseph Henry disappear from view for keeps as we rounded Cape Rawson. The natives were soon rung in to assist the crew. Some took their place with the watch, and others helped feed the fires. They took keen interest in watching the engines go. Their attitude when we told 'em that the machinery was made by white men was, "Nix, old boy, you can't slip one like that over me. You people never made it. You got the devil to make it for you."

The 19th it was evident that the Commander had adopted new tactics in our retreat. The *Alert,* in 1876, had hugged the shore, seeking shelter, when the leads closed, in a niche in the floeberg wall, and in 1906 the *Roosevelt* did the same, but got severely punished and almost destroyed when, for three days, every flood tide

took fiendish delight in pushing her ashore at Shelter River.

This time the Commander decided to drive her out in the middle of the channel, and repeat the drift of the *Fram* in a minor way. We lay out there with the fires banked in the one boiler we were using, ready to take advantage of any opening in the ice. It was drift, drift, drift, till finally, about the first of August, we found ourselves nearly in the middle of Hall Basin, opposite Fort Conger. You might think it must have been monotonous, but there's where you're off. We had a regular insane Fourth of July celebration the whole way and, if you want to see for yourself what track the *Roosevelt* followed, all you have to do is to dredge the bottom and where we passed you'll find nothing but lead.

The day we left Sheridan the Commander gave every man aboard fifty cartridges for his rifle. Whenever anyone sights a seal he hikes for his gun, and anyone who sees another humping himself on the dead run, dives for his igloo like Collins beating out a bunt. The result is that when the seal comes up for another view of the scenery there are at least ten, and maybe twenty, rifles on the loose. Everyone is so anxious to be the one that makes the kill, to shoot first, that there's always some guy, generally Karko, shoot-

ing from the hip. With every huskie as jumpy as a new arrival in a Keeley Institute, the seals are sure of old age, and if any are killed they are below the horizon. Any within the three-mile limit is plugged at and, as a result, for every one we get, its weight in lead has gone overboard.

Kyutah's deer and the musk-ox were the last fresh meat we'd had, and that was long since gone, so we were all anxious to secure more. The Commander soon came to the conclusion that the proportion of seals killed to those we had designs on was pretty sad, so we had target practise to select the three best shots, who were delegated to do the shooting, and it was astonishing to see what bum marksmen some of the men were.

A day or so after, Mac did himself proud, and took a hot bath. He thought he'd like to cool off and asked me if I was game for a swim. Now there happened to be a pool ten yards wide alongside the ship and, as it was snowing at the time, we had reason to hope he'd pull off the cooling process. We came hiking out on deck before the watch knew what was up and then, as we jumped on the bulwark and started to dive in—no standing around wondering how cold the water was—we heard a by no means smothered exclamation from the huskies: "Mr. Mac *piblokto! Piblokto* Borup! *Tak-hu!*" (Look.)

We dived off, and didn't splash around long, just raced for the opposite side of the tank and crawled out. The water was so cold we couldn't feel it, and so was the snow under us.

The Eskimos had never seen anything but an animal; a dog, bear, or seal, swim before, and couldn't make out what the devil Mac and I were up to, and thought we were crazy, and, "Believe me, Judge," so did everyone aboard.

On the night of August 1st-2nd, a school of narwhals came up near the ship, and a couple of huskies manned the two available kayaks and went after them. They monkeyed back and forth and we gave up hope that they'd get the harpoon into one. About two P. M., Seegloo came running into the mess-room saying Ooqueah had harpooned a narwhal, and asking for a whale boat.

I made tracks for the Captain's room, told him what was doing, grabbed my Sauer, and hustled on deck. Coadey, four huskies, and I manned the after port boat and away we went. After half a mile we came up to the kayaks and caught sight of the narwhal, with the seal bladder in tow when it came up to breathe. We didn't fire, waiting for Aletah, who was in one of the kayaks, to harpoon the fish again. After several attempts, all unsuccessful, the narwhal left

one lead and came up in a narrow one filled with small chunks of ice. The whale boat was hauled up on the ice and away all hands went. Pretty soon that animated drill came up, and most everyone took a crack at it. It rose to breathe every hundred yards or so. When it dived it went deep, taking the seal float along, so that the first intimation we'd have of the fish's reappearance would be the float popping above the water. Then whoever saw it first would yell, and all hands, strung out for a good hundred yards along the lead, would come up on the jump, and, when the whale appeared, let it have a volley. Its head would come up in a curve, followed by its body and sometimes by its tail. Unfortunately, by the time the rifles were sighted, the head was under water and lead elsewhere was useless.

After a chase of half a mile, however, the narwhal began to weaken. It rounded up in a pool thirty yards in diameter. Now right here the proceedings were a bit dangerous, for two other huskies from a second whale boat, who had been trying to get near enough to harpoon the animal again (one was carrying a float, the other the lance) were right opposite, across the pond. I was afraid that the huskies on my side, in their excitement, would see the narwhal only, when

it came up, and shoot when it was in line with the men on the other shore. Luckily they kept their heads enough for that and, though their shooting was wild in the extreme, no one was hit.

Finally, the narwhal was all in and someone managed to get a shot in its chart house. It lay in the middle of this pool and we couldn't get at it. Then one huskie had a brilliant inspiration and suggested that I shed my clothes, swim out, and tow her in!

When we finally got it to the ship we found that its dimensions were:

Weight,	1700 pounds.
Length,	12 feet, 8 inches.
Circumference,	7 " 10 "
Width of tail,	3 " 2 "
Sex,	Female.

We took a photo of the cross-section of its head and skull, and it was extremely interesting to notice how much of the head was fat and how very small the skull and brain were. A lucky shot, and no mistake, to get a bullet home in that brain.

About ten A. M. of August 4th, a lead opened and the stokers were told to get up the fires. The ship worked her way slowly out, and just north of Joe Island struck so much open water,

with never a piece of ice or ice blink in the southern horizon, that the second boiler was fired up and away we went on a cruise through a regular open Polar Sea effect, till we hit Kane Basin, where we saw our first iceberg of the year. We started to break records by steering a compass course through Kane Basin in a fog, but we bumped the pack and hove to.

About one A. M., the 7th, we inspanned again, with the wind coming from the south'ard. As we passed Victoria Head the wind increased to a gale—a regular hurricane in fact. All the ice was sent scudding Poleward, and the wave effects, almost up to a stage manager's standard, were welcomed by the *Roosevelt* with a gladsome scream as she romped in, but, being just out of the ice, she was not quite warmed up, so her spitballs and fadeaways weren't what we knew she would hand out later. She'd been as steady as a church for over a year, and the things in our igloo were not ready for the shaking up that followed.

Everything went on the floor. The stove in the fo'castle upset; all the books in our mess-room library sought lower latitudes; Charlie was busy dodging his aviating pots and pans. Then too, the starboard amidship whale boat, which fell for the ladies every time, woke up, caught sight of

an Eskimoiselle, and dropped. Luckily, a rope caught the falling boat and when close to the deck held it for a minute, giving a team of dogs, which were asleep under it, time to escape.

All the dogs promptly got seasick. The huskie ladies, as well as such of their husbands as were not occupied in stoking, or busy on deck, shut themselves up in the fo'castle and each and everyone was sick.

The boat was swung into shelter near Cape Sabine, slightly northwest of Cocked Hat Island, and was moored to an old floe. Not long after that, a berg some one hundred and thirty-five feet high and one hundred and fifty yards square thought she'd take a whack at us, and only snappy footwork saved us from that clinch. Early the next day it cleared, and we started for Whale Sound to get between seventy-five and a hundred walrus—grub for our Eskimos for the winter. They'd been in the far north during the best part of the hunting season and the Commander said that as winter was soon due, it was up to us to lay in a good supply of food for them.

Before the Great Walrus Hunt began, the *Roosevelt* visited all the different settlements of the natives in the neighborhood, and we had a chance of studying other huskies besides our old friends aboard.

At Nerke, the first place we touched, we heard that Dr. Cook had come back early in the spring with his two boys and that he had told the white men at Etah he had been a long way out on the sea ice and that he'd gotten far north, but the natives said he'd lied; that Itukishoo and Apellar had said they had gone no distance north over the sea ice. As for Dr. Cook, he'd gone to South Greenland.

The men who took him to South Greenland brought back a variety of grippe which spread like wildfire among the local inhabitants. When we arrived, the plague had nearly run its course, but we on the *Roosevelt* were just fruit for it, and all the huskies and about half the whites were all—no use going into details. Anyone who has had "flu" will understand, and such as haven't will later.

At this place we paid a visit to quite a heroine. A day after the ship had called here on her way to the walrus grounds, a bear raided the joint and this old gal was the only soul within twenty miles, but she got next to her hubby's rifle and soon had a stream of lead headed bearwards. The enemy was repulsed with no dead and one wounded, but succeeded in beating a safe retreat.

At each settlement, two or three men, the best hunters, joined us, with their harpoons, lines,

drags, and floats. The man we were most interested in was An-mo-lak-toe. About five feet nine inches, built on the powerful lines of an athlete, with a very determined face; his was a record to be proud of. He rounded Greenland with the Commander in 1900, went with him to 84° 17′ in 1902, and 87° 6′ in 1906, and he has the real fighting spirit.

In 1902, as they were passing Cape Frederick VII, he saw the Commander looking wistfully back toward the Polar Sea, and coming up, said, "Never mind, Peary *aksoah.* You try again with more Eskimos and dogs, and get where you want."

Then one of the giants, the star harpooner of the tribe, came aboard—Teddylingwah. He was close to five feet eleven, and must have weighed one hundred and seventy pounds.

When we came to Itiblu we were all on the *qui vive,* for here dwelt the girl who had been Ooqueah's steady. But her father, a conscientious believer in that "everybody works but father" business, preferred to keep his girl to wait on him rather than let her go north with her husband on the ship, and as Ooqueah was poor, with "a busted sledge and a bum harpoon," as one poem on him expressed it, his wife had to obey her dad. Now, however, Ooqueah had all kinds of money,

three guns, a whale boat, and food to burn. His father-in-law could raise no kick now about his being unable to support his wife in the style she was accustomed to.

So we all waited to see how they greeted each other, after a year's separation. When we landed, we saw her, all rigged out in a brand new suit of clothes, looking fine, nice and clean. She took no notice of Ooqueah, but just stood and talked to some other affinity, while he went off and conversed with some of the other people of the settlement. They never seemed even to look at each other. Then we all got in the whale boat and rowed off to the ship, she in the stern and Ooqueah at bow oar. On reaching the *Roosevelt,* he got into his kayak and that was the last we saw of him for ten hours, and for a whole week we never saw them speak to each other, and yet we knew that he was fond of her and she of him. "How delightful to be married!"

At one settlement we saw how ingenious an Eskimo can be. One chap had disabled a tendon in his thumb in such a way that, though he could close his fist and thumb O. K., he couldn't pull it back where it belonged, so he got over that difficulty by making fast a rubber band to his wrist and thumb, and the rubber would flip his thumb back in fine style.

I was waked very early and effectively one morning, almost as much so as Mac, but I guess neither of us wants to slide from sleep on similar lines again. A loud report, which shook the walls of the room, was the first thing I was conscious of. Now a gun going off wasn't a thing to get excited about, and I was sort of dimly, sleepily wondering what they were shooting at, when I heard from Mac, in a little different tone than usual, "My God! He's got me!"

Then I found myself in the middle of the floor. Mac was sitting up in his bunk hanging on to one arm and looking out of the port-hole. I saw a round hole in his right shoulder, and blood everywhere. "Well, this is as good as an alarm clock, isn't it?" said Mac. Neither of us realized where the bullet came from. We thought it had come through the port-hole, and Mac was anxious to get out of his bunk in case more lead was due, so he was put in my bunk. Then Charlie poked his head through the door and when he saw me stripped, but covered with Mac's blood, his jaw dropped about a mile. "Get the Doctor," I said, and he disappeared. Then we heard the calm, matter-of-fact tones of our Chief Engineer: "Well, well, who've I killed now?" as he started to track the course of the bullet from room to room.

That shot was a wonder. Chief Wardwell had been unloading a 40-82 Winchester in the mess-room and had been a little absent-minded as to where he pointed it. The explosion usually attendant on such gun play followed, and the bullet went through the Mate's room, over a box he and Charlie had been holding down a few minutes before, missed the Bosun's head by two feet, paying no attention to the Mate as he lay in his bunk, then went through the next partition. Mac was lying with his face to the wall, his left hand up to his right shoulder. The bullet, mushroomed from .40 to .60 caliber, made a five-inch wound on the top of his forearm, came out just below his wrist, then into his body just above the collarbone, missing the subclavial artery by less than an inch, and came out five inches lower down, grazing the end of one of his fingers and hitting the wall on the other side of the room, to be found later on the floor. To put four holes through one man, never break a bone or cut a single big artery or vein, and barely miss three other men, shows an ability to handle a rifle hard to duplicate. That pay-as-you-enter bullet knocked down fares, all right.

When the Commander heard the news he was very much upset, and came into Mac's room and told him, with tears in his eyes, he'd a good deal

rather have had it happen to himself than to Mac, and we could see that, if ever a man meant what he said, Peary did.

When the Doctor came in he found Mac

". . . . . spread
Very loose on the strand"

but soon had him glued together.

Now Marvin had sat at the foot facing the Commander at the mess, and when he didn't come back Mac had taken his place. There were only four of us left at the table, with Mac on the sick list, and if I had taken the empty place, the sitting arrangement would have been better, but it remained unchanged because, while not superstitious in the abstract, in the concrete it's different.

I'll bet I spent more joyous seconds in the water than anyone else on board. I was coming aboard after the kodak on a ladder thirty feet long, stretching from the ice to the boat. The rungs on the last six feet were gone. When I was reaching out for the gunwale, the ladder started to slip. I saw it going and tried to hustle, but no use, and the ladder and I started on tidal observations. Ootah saw me winging, and I sent him a C. Q. D., "Get the sugar tongs. Father's teeth are in the soup." When

the water was struck Ootah was holding down the other end of the supporting party. While scuttling in this cussed water, which was "of the chilliest coolness," I could not help thinking I might have been in Europe enjoyin' myself if it hadn't been for that damned Christopher Columb.

CHAPTER XVIII

MEETING WHITNEY—DR. COOK—LAST WALRUS HUNT—ARRIVAL IN LABRADOR

MAC'S last bit of active service before the Chief got out for a record had been to kill a cow walrus which had a calf. They towed the mother to the ship, and the calf followed. The young one was captured and hoisted on deck. Few walrus have ever been taken to civilization and we were in hopes of bringing this one back alive. After a few days we found that our baby, weighing five hundred pounds, wasn't keen on civilization or the milk bottle.

One morning he started off in a Seeing-the-*Roosevelt* rubber wagon, and fell down the hold among the dogs on top of the coal. A relief party was formed, the dogs, which were trying to eat him alive, were driven off, and the windlass set going to hoist him out. But we couldn't save him, as he really wouldn't consent to eat a thing.

As we swept around Cape Alexander there was only one question on our tongues: Was there a ship at Etah; had it gone to the south

or hadn't it come? Then Etah Harbor opened up, but with nary a vessel in sight; however, a whale boat under sail soon appeared coming full speed our way, and we could hardly recognize, in the furclad figure at the helm, Harry Whitney. We gave him a royal welcome, and at once were chock-full of questions. How were they all? Had they had a good winter? What luck did he have on his shooting tour in Ellesmere Land? Did he get any bear?

While at anchor near Etah, Itukishoo, Panikpah, and Apellar came on board, and we asked them what Dr. Cook had really done. A full report of the interview with Dr. Cook's Eskimos appeared in the newspapers shortly after our return to New York, so it will not be repeated here, except to say that we pretended to know they had been far north and tried to make them admit they'd been ten or fifteen marches out to sea and no land visible, but they stood by their statements that they'd been only two marches out in the direction of Dr. Cook's Boreal Center.

Ashore, we saw the sledge Cook had used. The Eskimos said that this sledge and they had been inseparable companions during the whole trip from Etah to their farthest, two marches north of Cape Hubbard, to Cape Sparbo and back to Etah. Except for its being shortened,

the sledge was the same as when it had left Anoratok. Now it weighed probably thirty pounds and was very flimsy—yet had only two cracks in it!

The casualties among our kamuttees, on the first day's march from Columbia, were two so wrecked that their owners had to go back after new ones, and about six fairly well laid out, and not a day's march but what a lot were badly damaged, till finally, on the 16th of March, Henson's party broke all three of theirs so badly they had to build two new ones out of the three derelicts!

Our sledges weighed seventy-five pounds on an average, and the larger ones ninety-five, and, with their solid runners, were infinitely stronger than the one shown us as having been used by Cook. So one glance was enough to show us it couldn't have tasted much polar ice. Old Ootah, of the North Pole party, glanced at Cook's sledge with a scornful grin.

Though my note-book has something more about our talk with the Eskimos, here's where I quit, even if

> "We couldn't help perceivin', when we took to inkstand heavin', that the process was relievin' to the sharpness of debate." [1]

[1] Bret Harte.

Four days after our arrival, we were ready to start on the second lap of our homeward trip. The boilers and machinery had been overhauled, the remainder of the stores cached a year before had been brought aboard, and about six o'clock we got under way.

Here we left Ootah and Egingwah, two brothers, who had gone to the North Pole, and with all their plunder they were indeed millionaires. They had a whale boat apiece, besides a 40-82 Winchester rifle, a carbine, a Remington shotgun, cartridges, reloading outfit, powder and shot to burn, together with a tent, oil-stoves, tea, coffee, pemmican, biscuits, wood for their sledges, and a lot of walrus meat.

We were sorry to see them go, and they us. Egingwah's wife, Inuaho, wouldn't stay with the rest of 'em on the point to watch us steam out of sight. We saw her wiping her eyes and crying as she slowly made her way to her tent and disappeared. She'd done a lot of sewing for me, and I'd given her a lot of loot in return, and just before we left I took a look in her tent to see how much she had collected. Right on top, so that all the dames in Eskimoland might see and admire, were a looking glass and a long pair of rubber gloves.

At each settlement our old friends were leaving fast. At Nerke, Buster Brown and Monkey had gone ashore. Monk was so excited that he forgot half his things and all his cartridges, and had to swipe a kayak and foot it to the ship to get them. At Kar-nah we said good-bye to Karko. Now long before I had promised him my revolver if we caught the Commander in our dash after him on the Polar Sea. I told him then I'd give it to him at Etah, thinking he was going to leave us there. However, when he concluded to go as far as Kar-nah, he was informed that he'd have to wait till we reached that place before the weapon was his. He thought I was trying to start a squeal and not give him the gun at all, till it was pointed out to him that he was a congenital gun fool and that, while he was a bum shot at game, he might wing one of us when absent-minded, and that if he'd only stick to his own system I didn't care how many holes he put in it, but no Swiss cheese for mine, thank you. So, as he stepped over the side of the *Roosevelt* at Kar-nah, I presented him with my .38 Army Colt and two hundred rounds and, as we steamed off, he could be heard banging away as he cut loose with his new toy. Mr. Harte's lines about another fit Karko like a clothing advertisement:

"Light and free was the touch of Thompson upon his revolver;
Great the mortality incident on that lightness and freedom.
Yet not happy or gay was Thompson, the hero of Angels;
Often spoke to himself in accents of anguish and sorrow,
'Why do I make the graves of the frivolous youth, who in folly
Thoughtlessly pass my revolver, forgetting its lightness and freedom'?"

I got behind the smoke stack.

'Twas shortly after leaving this place that we fought our last battle with the walrus and for fair it was an elegant scrap.

Two ice pans a couple of blocks apart were loaded with walrus taking life easy, when Henson and I each headed for a different house-party. Matt took the near one and I the other, —he showing head-work by not firing until he saw I was ready.

Bosun Murphy, a veteran walrus hunter, was coxing my boat, and he pulled off a peach of a stalk. The pan we were after was surrounded by others, all on the move in the current. He steered us between a couple so close together that we almost scraped both. We slid out of the moving strait squarely onto the sleepers some of which at once sang their swan song.

While I was blazing away, the crew was rowing and just as the last cartridge in the gun went

off we hit the pan. One of the sleeping partners, the chaperone of the bunch, was the last to wake up—naturally. Sliding down the banisters at a tremendous gait, she rammed the boat, nearly upsetting it. She gave us the slip, luck and the referee being on her side.

The battle was one-sided after that for a few minutes, till a monster bull showed up right near us. He'd evidently been the H.R.H. of the Whale Sound Tuskers and showed he resented such familiarity by promptly attacking and putting on the bum the float Matt had so unceremoniously attached to him.

When a walrus gets his blood up, the sealskin float is really too easy, as all he has to do is to rear up, come down on the tell-tale, pinning it between his tusks and chest, and it's good-by float.

We did not care to see him eloping with so much of the Expedition's property and sent him a special messenger who for once went with the speed of a bullet. But there was no headin' him off. He dived taking his float right with him. We knew that that angry devil wouldn't quit before having a crack at us, and felt like the skipper of that schooner when Wellman swooped upon him; only we'd get no warning, and didn't,

till something exploded under the stern. Our Bosun, standing there peacefully sculling, aviated. Before he could break the over-sea record, a huskie reached out and brought him back to earth "wiping with his person casual dust upon the floor."

That torpedo had its war-head on all right as he blew a fine hole in the bottom of the boat, but owing to a double-bottom effect we could not get at the leak. One man had to be called away from the ramparts and get busy heaving out the ocean. The brute dived again and came up for air fifty yards away. He got a .33 soft point in the head and dropped out of sight.

Talk about your surface tension! Never had the ocean so interested us. We simply couldn't take our eyes off it. We knew if he tried to make it first down in the same spot again he'd go the length of the field for a touchdown and then we'd be at his mercy. He remained below so long that we were beginning to feel the need of a nerve tonic. Just as Kudlooktoo suggested that possibly we'd killed him, Ahwatingwah sang out *"King ee mutt—King ee mutt"* ("Back her! Back her!"). Too late; that delayed pass nearly did us. The stern seemed to jump squarely out of the water, a hole you could stick your foot

through appeared within an inch of the Bosun's foot just above the water line, and that gentleman, looking over the other side of the boat at the time, started to give battle to the foe on his own ground.

I looked over the side; there he lay tusks up in the water, his body touching our badly battered craft. "Strike two, this is too easy"; and he pulled off another fancy dive just ahead of the bullet. We thought we'd heard yelling before, but never did the huskies separate themselves from such a racket as they did then. He dropped back for a kick, but it was a fake, and he came our way like a flying wedge going up the field. At this point, luckily for us, his career ended. How that gallery yelled! We hit for the nearest ice float and reached it just in time. Yes, walrus hunting is tame. What! I don't think.

A few days before, Henson in one boat and Mac and I in another had raided a herd of fifty asleep on a pan. It was blowing some and the choppy waves made the shooting look as if the guns had spiral barrels. Well, we opened the ball and touched up a couple but didn't kill any. They came tumbling off the pan heading our way. Matt handed out a few as they passed him

but they evidently sized us up as the desirable party, paying no attention whatever to Henson's remarks.

Then Wesharkoupsi stood right behind me and when he saw we were in for a submarine attack he began to tune up, telling us what he'd do and shaking his harpoon in a regular "Let me at 'em" effect. Suddenly a giant bull rose out of the water just alongside of Wesharkoupsi. He threw his harpoon, but as the barb came off he might as well have heaved a lead pencil. The walrus gave a derisive grunt, dived, and a second later shot out of the water on the other side, deluged us with his liquid assets, and came down slap-bang on the gunwale of the boat opposite me. By this time Wesharkoupsi was high in the air and out for an altitude record. Instead of throwing his harpoon he threw his soul into his yells, and just spat in the brute's face.

The other huskies were trying to back water or hit him over the head with the oars, nearly side-swiping me and incidentally short-circuiting their cussing at Wesharkoupsi, the walrus, and everything in general.

Weshar, seeing his atomizer was N. G., came to life enough to throw his barbless harpoon, but it bounded so far off the rubbery hide we could not recover it to see what further foolishness that

gentleman would oblige us with. A quarter of an inch more and the walrus would have had his tusks over the gunwale. I'll be darned if I was keen to try Mr. Sverdrup's idea: If a walrus gets his ivories over the side of your boat, you must not hit him. Oh Lord! no; as that will make him reverse his screw and upset you. Just grab the two tonner gently and firmly by the tusks and drop him overboard—or words to that effect.

All this time the walrus was sitting alongside of me asking if there were any more at home like Wesharkoupsi. It was easier to pull his whiskers or smash his mug with my fist than shoot. If I held the gun to my shoulder the muzzle would stick beyond his head, so firing from the hip he got the *entente cordiale*.

Harry Whitney had come aboard at Etah, as it began to look as though his relief ship would not materialize, and at Tick-la-houni we went ashore after hare and he made one of the finest shots I ever hope to see—picked one off on the dead run, about four hundred yards up a mountainside.

Whitney and I got to talking about the killing power of a .22, and when I expressed surprise at Kyutah's killing a reindeer with one, he said he'd killed two walrus calves and one fair

sized bull walrus with his .22 automatic. Of course that meant he got them in the brain. Still, that indicates a lot of penetrating power.

The morning of the 23rd, we steamed out of Whale Sound and headed for North Star Bay. About midnight, I couldn't sleep any more and took a stroll. After a bit I turned in again, first asking the Bosun to call me the moment we got to North Star Bay, but I hadn't been asleep more than two minutes, it seemed, when I heard a thump on the door and yelled "Come in," thinking it was someone with the news we were at the Bay. In came the Commander, with the words, "Here's your morning mail," and handed me letters.

You can bet it didn't take me long to get on deck and find out where the mail had come from. Not a hundred yards away was a schooner flying a red ensign, "The *Jeanie,* St. Johns, N. F.," sent up after Whitney and Dr. Cook.

She didn't look particularly strong to pay a visit to the Arctic, but her skipper, Captain Sam Bartlett, has all kinds of nerve and would ship for the Polar Regions in a bath-tub if necessary. Our Captain's younger brother had the call of the wild in his system, too, and had shipped as a sailor aboard the *Jeanie* to come to the rescue of his more famous brother.

The *Jeanie* had two passengers aboard, Fuller of the *New York Herald,* and Mene Wallace. The latter, a full-blooded Eskimo, had been brought to the United States with his family in the '90's, and when his family died he was adopted by an American gentleman. He was at that time a very cute kid. As he grew up he began to get a lot of notoriety and said he wanted to go back to his own land again. Finally, when the *Jeanie* sailed, he was given a place on her.

Some papers had Mene down as saying he was going on a Polar expedition of his own—that when he met Peary he would ignore the Commander. As a matter of fact, the Commander called him into his room, asked him what sort of an outfit he had, and when he saw what it was—simply what the young huskie stood in—he gave Mene a first class equipment, rifle, shotgun, ammunition, food, wood for his sledges, stuff to trade with his friends, etc.

Poor Mene had completely forgotten his own lingo and we had to interpret what he said to his own race. However, he hadn't forgotten his watermanship. The first thing he did was to get very gingerly into a kayak and go ashore.

After reading my first letter, subsequent proceedings interested me no more, for it contained the bitter news that Harvard had beaten Yale at

football, and it took me so by surprise I couldn't get used to it. Besides, to quote another's remarks on the subject, I'd always regarded Yale teams as an investment, and now it looked as if they might be a luxury.

As we rounded the mountain of Oomunnui, a whole fleet of kayakers came out and told us there were some big igloos ashore, and sure enough, a little further on we saw two houses—the beginning of the Danish invasion. As the *Roosevelt* was maneuvering for a good place to anchor, she suddenly ran slap-bang into a bar and got aground half her length, with her bow raised way out of the water. Her engines were reversed, and when the auxiliary schooner *Jeanie* joined us, she tried to pull us off our perch, but there wasn't much doing till the tide rose. When at last we were off the bar, the work of transferring coal from the *Jeanie* to the *Roosevelt* commenced.

Then we went ashore to visit the first houses we'd seen since we'd left Turnavik the year before. As we landed we saw a couple of half-breed Eskimos, clad in far more civilized togs than we were, coming along the shore to bid us welcome. They handed us a letter, "To all whom it may concern," saying they were missionaries.

They invited us to their houses and there we met wives, who looked almost like white women, and a few million kids more or less. They looked weak and sickly compared with our robust aborigines aboard. They could speak only Danish and South Greenland Eskimo, so we, who knew no Danish and only the lingo of the Smith Sound Tribe, had some trouble conversing with them. In fact, the result was more like the cheering sections of two rival deaf and dumb institutions.

They had a young organ, which, in spite of its description defying powers, "pizened the air with melody" as Rex Beach says, but did not make us light out, and afforded a good deal of entertainment.

We were very sorry to see missionaries entering this field. Our natives are the happiest people in the world and their virtues are above those of the average white man and, as for their vices, many white men are so much worse that it seems laughable for missionaries to come and improve the Eskimos.

The Eskimo loves nothing better than a revolver, and it is sure the missionaries will receive attention if they follow the example of the preacher at Nugget Gulch:

"An' he packed a pa'r o' yelpers as evangelistic helpers, an' he slammed 'em on the table in a quite impressive way."

A bit after breakfast the next day, the 25th, we made Cape York. As usual, it was guarded by a large, white squadron of King Cold. The Commander, Matt Henson, MacMillan, who had recovered so much that he could row, and I, went ashore. There, on the extreme end of the Cape, about fifty feet above sea-level, we saw three boxes which the huskies had told us had been left by a large ship. We opened these boxes and found that they'd been left by Captain Adams of the Scotch whaler *Morning* of Dundee on June 17th, and contained a lot of mail from home. The Eskimos had regarded the boxes as sacred and had not dreamed of molesting them, though for all they knew their contents might have been extremely valuable to them.

We stayed there all the 25th, getting the ship in final shape for the roughhousing she'd get before we hit civilization, and early the next day the last family of Eskimos left us.

All but a hundred pounds or so of the walrus meat was gone—gone were all but twelve of the dogs and twelve pups—and say, maybe it wasn't

lonely with all our old friends—Eskimos and dogs—away. No one butting around our rooms, no roughhouses in progress. To hear the cry of "Seal!" ring out and my artillery be the only piece in action instead of the brigade which used to line the premises! They certainly had contributed a lot to help pass the time—how much, we didn't realize till they'd all gone.

Without them and the dogs, the Pole would have been impossible. Those dogs! How I grew to love them; as one can love only those with whom he has fought shoulder to shoulder; and I trust my last battle has not been fought alongside of my stout-hearted, steely-sinewed comrades.

At last Smoky Tickle was reached and from the wireless station there the Commander sent his famous message. The trip was ended and we fellows were to be scattered all over. There was Mac, quiet, determined, very sandy, one of the strongest men physically I know; the Doctor, anxious to do his share of the sledge work, for which he volunteered, always with an eye to our physical necessities and the success of the Commander. Then, Matt Henson, a jack-of-all-trades, and differing from that person in being apparently a master of them all; a dandy sledge maker, good shot, and as good a dog driver as the

best Eskimos. Many have been the criticisms of the Commander for having taken Matt with him in the final dash, but we who knew his merits felt that Matt, from his long training in the North, thoroughly deserved to go.

Then there was Captain Bob who did more than anyone else to help the Commander nail the Pole. His great seamanship and knowledge of ice navigation had put the *Roosevelt* at Cape Sheridan. His tremendous endurance and ability to keep going for ever showed themselves up on the Polar Sea, where for seventeen of the twenty-two northward marches he pioneered the way, and on his way to land sometimes marched forty hours without sleep. And besides all this what a dandy, lovable fellow he was.

We fellows may go on other expeditions, but it was Commander Peary's last. What a leader to serve under! Always kind, considerate, giving us fellows good advice, going out of his way to help us. Had the Commander been the grim, military martinet or despot his enemies make him out to be, he could never have gotten the work out of either the Eskimos or us fellows, and it was due only to his great determination, his never knowing when he was licked, and his ability to encourage and hold all of us together, to hold every man to the main purpose of the Ex-

pedition, that the American Flag is where it now is—at the North Pole.

"The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night;
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern Light."

And so the history-making expedition was over, and, instead of being happy at the idea of getting home again, we were a sorrowful lot. What wouldn't we have given to have had the bow of the *Roosevelt* turned the other way!

THE END

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